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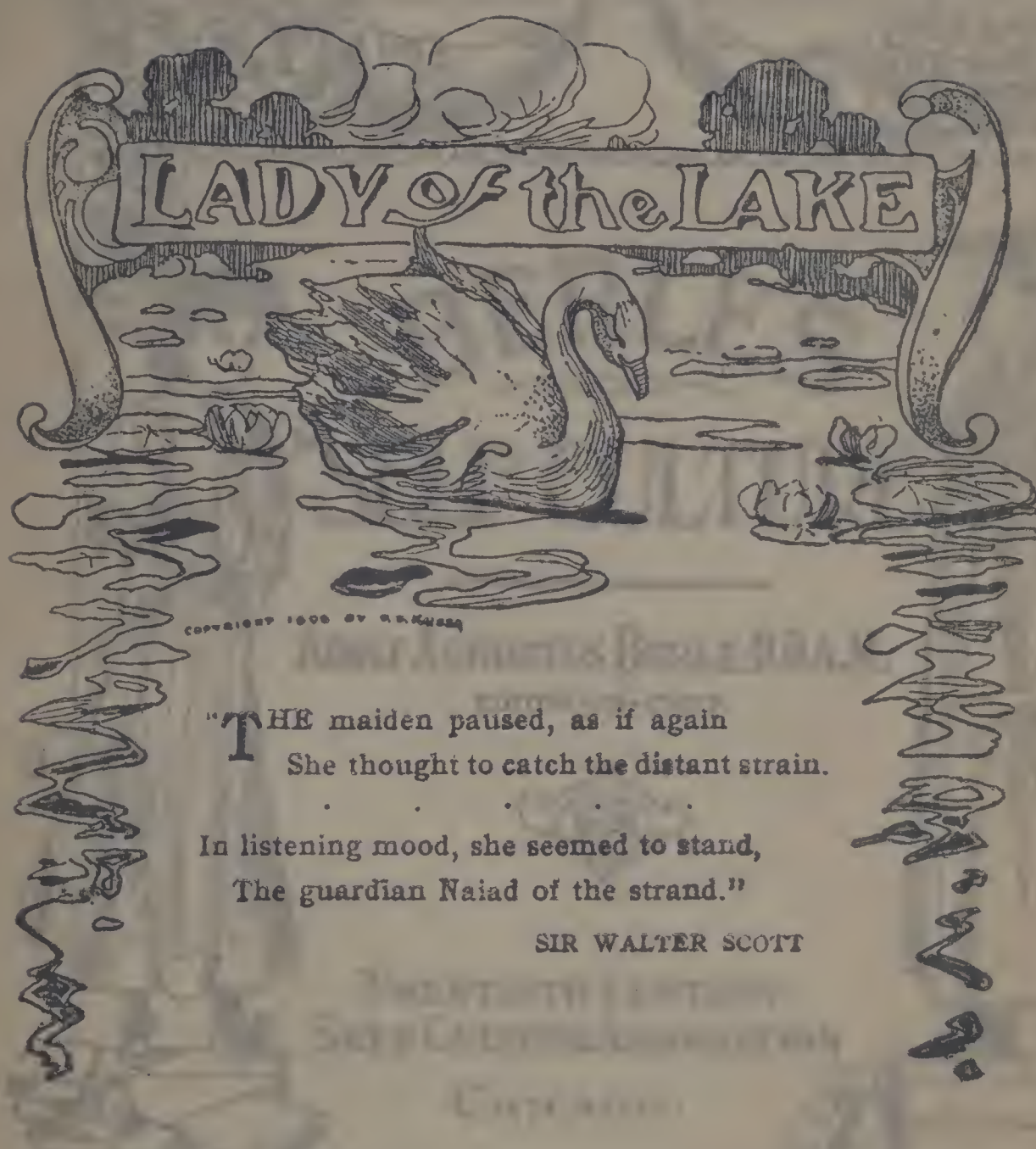
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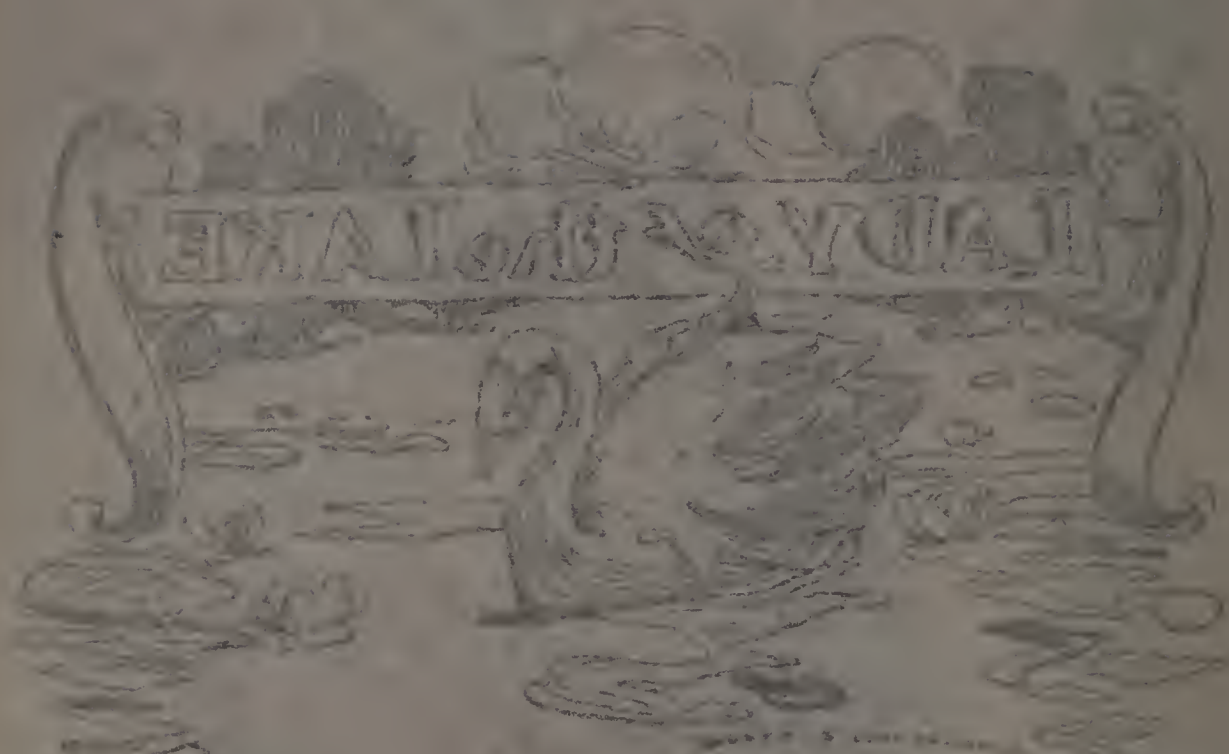
LADY OF THE LAKE

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THE maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand."

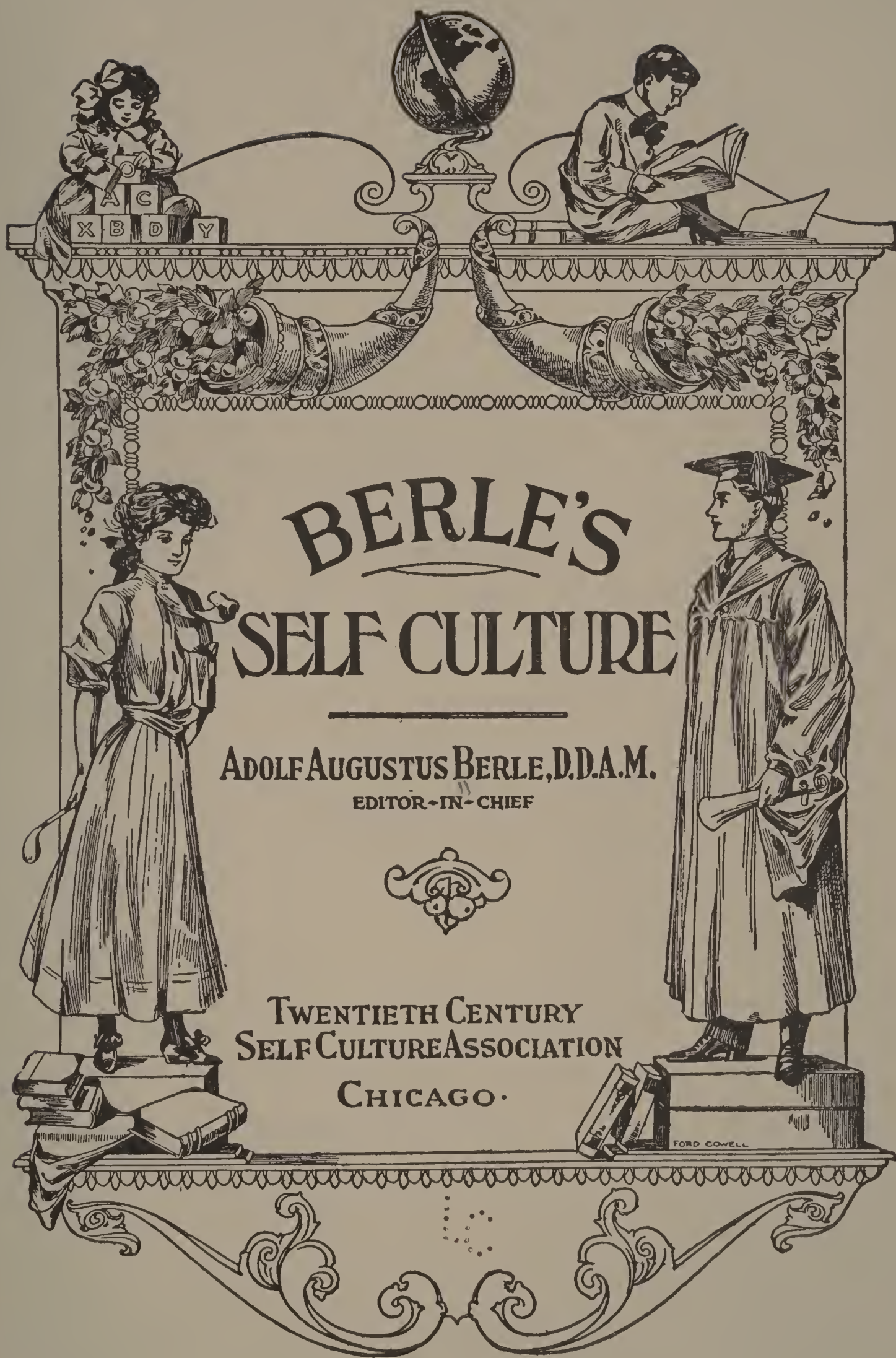
SIR WALTER SCOTT



*By the author of
The Lady of the Lake*

*By the author of
The Lady of the Lake*

THE LADY OF THE LAKE
IN THREE ACTS
BY W. S. GILKINSON
AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN
ON THE 15TH OF SEPTEMBER 1840
BY THE ACTING COMPANY



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BERLE'S
SELF CULTURE

VOL. II

FAIRY TALES, MYTHS
AND LEGENDS OF MANY LANDS

BERLE'S SELF CULTURE

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INTRODUCTION

MYTHS, LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES

DR. A. A. BERLE.

EVERY individual epitomizes in himself the story of the race. This is true both of his physical and his social and his intellectual life. We pass through the stages which the race passed through though we are not conscious of it because the form of the manifestation changes with the period in which men live.

Myths represent the childhood stage of the intellectual life of the world and are born out of the sense of wonder. The primitive man looked out on what to him was a wonder world and at every stage he was confronted with things which challenged his imagination and his sense of wonder. Knowing nothing of the laws by which the world is governed, and long before the stage of explanation and investigation, he gave personality to everything around him and so filled the world with the strange beings who are now known to us in the mythology of the world.

It was not only to living things that he gave personality—Trees, Rocks, Mountains, Streams, Caves, all acquired a being to him and he gave to each of them something that spoke of his own experience and personality. When he looked up into the sky and saw the planets, the stars and other heavenly bodies he instantly thought of them as beings who did the wonderful things that he saw being enacted in nature. The sun, the moon, naturally took the chief place in his thought as the principal heavenly bodies, and around these he grouped his heavenly family. In the same way he gave personality to storms, to thunder, to lightning, and all these gained a regular place in his habits of thought. One of the strange things about this habit was that he was governed by the impression they made upon him. If their influence was stern, strong, and severe, he thought of them as magnified men. If their influence was gentle, helpful, and tender, he thought of them as women. Thought hardly being developed, he lived in a world of sense and feeling. Fear also had a large place in the making of myths and this was especially

true when he came to things which seemed especially remote and strange, like dark caves into which he feared to enter.

Thus in the various mythologies of the world we have reflected the life and habits of the people but of the great stellar bodies and the main forces of nature there is a singular resemblance in the myth wherever found. Fear, Hope, Joy, Triumph, and Defeat, are alike, wherever experienced, and so where these main emotions are represented it is found that the myths look alike except for the garment in which they are clothed. From the names of these Nature Gods, as they are called, we can almost reconstruct the life of the people who invented them just as today we can recognize the period of time in which a given work was written by the words which are used in it.

From the myth came stories about the subject of the myth. When the SUN GOD came into being there soon came stories about the god, what he did, with whom he had relations, with whom he had wars, for at this period men spent most of their time in fighting, and what happened to him in victory and defeat. It was in this way that legendary stories came into being and with each succeeding generation these legends were expanded and developed till at last they came to be regarded as history. Many of the stories about the foundation of nations and peoples are of this class. Time gives a glamour and glow to the personalities thus talked over in the evening after the chase around the campfire and in the hut, and there grew up a series of persons whose business it was to make such stories and sing them, and thus the old bards came into being. Even the most civilized races of today have many such legends which they regard as serious history. It is the habit of peoples thus to explain their great men and thus they often give their great men supernatural birth, sometimes gods for fathers or goddesses for mothers, to explain the wonderful deeds which they performed. The best example of this process is found in Homer and Virgil, where dimly remembered or mythical stories are made to do duty as the beginnings of history. Think how many funny stories are attributed to Abraham Lincoln which he probably never heard, much less invented. But people like to think of him as illustrating everything with a story and so they have invented hundreds of them and given the authorship of them to our great martyred president.

While this process was going on there grew up a distinction between the tales which had to deal with these mythical beings of the forest and stream and these grew into those which were pleasant and those which were not agreeable and the stories

about these came to be what we now know as fairy tales. The fairies were supernatural beings who could appear or disappear at will and had all kinds of magic at their command so that they could annihilate space and time and perform all kinds of wonderful things. There were good fairies who helped human beings and there were bad fairies who hindered them. Sometimes they took pity on poor mortals and then they were great friends. They could transform themselves into human beings or animals at will, and so appear at the most unexpected times. The fairy lore of all nations really tells the story of the struggles of those peoples, since they invented the fairies to explain to themselves why they had good luck or bad luck or why they had misfortunes which gave them anxiety or pain.

Side by side with the fairy tales arose the folk tales, which represent one step nearer to fact and history. After the fairies began to disappear people began to see that what they did was what their forefathers did and the fairy story gradually changed to a tale of the people and their wanderings and experiences, and so we have the folk tale. By this time the people began to have a more settled life and think through their own lives and how they came to be what they actually were. They still did not reason very much and knew nothing of the great laws of nature, of science, or of the powers which govern and direct the forces of the earth. But with the folk tale we come out of the twilight of myth and fable and legend into history, and real things begin to appear as the things they actually are.

Mythology and fairy lore and folk lore used to be regarded merely as matter for the play time and imagination of children, but we now know that these stories are really a living picture of the human mind growing up and coming of age.



EUROPE.

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FAIRY TALES, MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MANY LANDS

CUPID AND PSYCHE

(GREEK)

THERE was once born to a king and his queen a daughter whose beauty was so great that none could behold her without loving her passionately. She was the youngest of three sisters, and her name was Psyche, which means, in Greek, a butterfly, and, by adaptation, a soul. So lovely was she that men likened her to Venus, the queen of love, one of the most powerful and most jealous goddesses of heaven.

When Venus heard of the worship that was being paid to the young princess, she was much enraged, and declared that she would punish such a presumptuous mortal. Accordingly, she sent for her son Cupid, himself the god of love, a mischievous and tricky youth. He promised readily enough to undertake her request, and flew down to the room where Psyche was sleeping, where he drenched her with the waters of unhappiness from his mother's garden. Then he touched her side with one of his golden love-shafts, which caused her to awake.

As Psyche opened her eyes, her full beauty was revealed, and the young love-god was so startled that he wounded himself with the same arrow that had just pierced her. Invisible as he was, he tried to undo the harm of the waters he had cast upon her, and sprinkled joy upon her. Then he flew away.

Now Venus' hatred soon began to make itself manifest. Great though the beauty of Psyche was, no man wished to marry her, and her parents were in despair. At last they sent messengers to consult the oracle of the gods; and these brought back a strange, disquieting answer. It was somewhat after this fashion: "Psyche is

destined for no mortal lover. The husband whom the gods have decreed for her dwells on a mountain-top afar off. He is a monster most fearful to behold, and none can withstand his power."

This terrible doom filled all the people with grief, and particularly the unhappy parents, whose cries of despair echoed through the palace. Psyche herself was the least troubled. She did what she could to console her mother and father, and begged them to make haste to obey the command of the oracle and take her to the place where she should await the husband whom the gods had chosen. Accordingly this was done.

Psyche, left alone on the top of the mountain to which she had been conducted, suddenly felt herself being lifted up by the strong arms of the gentle wind-god, Zephyr, and carried away, she knew not where. At last he set her down on a flowery bank, where she fell asleep. When she woke, she beheld near by a beautiful grove, with a path which led to the doorway of a beautiful palace.

She entered the great hall, and, though she saw nobody, she perceived that all was in readiness for some expected guest. Everywhere there was great richness and luxury, but not a soul in sight. Soon, however, a voice whispered in her ear, saying,

"Lady, all that you see is yours. There are many of us here, unseen, to serve you, and to obey your lightest behest. Do but command, and we will perform your bidding."

Quickly the time sped away, and at last it grew dark and Psyche was left alone in her chamber. As yet she had not seen her husband. He came only at night, and departed before the day dawned. There was no doubt of his love for her; it was manifest in every action, in his many caresses, and in his passionate eagerness for her welfare. On one point alone did he deny her least wish.

"Can you not love me, unseen?" he would ask, when she begged that she might see him face to face. "I would not have your love for me rest upon that which you beheld; who knows but you might hate the sight of me? Neither would I have you adore me, lest thus we bring down the anger of the gods."

For a time this satisfied Psyche, and she asked no more. But after a time the memory of her parents came to trouble her, and one day she begged her husband to let them come to visit her. He did not enjoy the thought, but at last agreed to let her sisters come for a visit. It was not long before Zephyr brought them, as she commanded him, and she made haste to show them the treasures of her palace, the like of which they had never seen before.

Now the two older sisters, when they beheld the magnificence of their sister's home, were filled with a great envy, and they began to ask many questions concerning the palace and its master. Psyche assured them that her husband was a singularly loving and beautiful young man, but not satisfied with this, they forced her to admit that she had never seen him.

When they heard this, the two elder sisters proceeded to suggest all sorts of dreadful possibilities, and began to advise Psyche what to do.

"You remember the oracle," they said; "perhaps this is some horrible being. You ought to find out about it. Why don't you take a knife and a lamp, and steal to your husband's side while he sleeps, to look at him. If he is a monster, you can kill him at once; and he need never know that you have seen him."

As long as her sisters were in the house, Psyche managed to refuse all that they asked; but when they had gone back to their homes, she found her curiosity so great that she could not resist doing as they had suggested. What she beheld was no monster, but the young god Cupid, so much more beautiful than she could have believed that in her surprise she stooped over him, and by accident let fall a drop of oil on his shoulder as he slept. This wakened him, and without a word he rose, and flew toward the window.

With a cry of longing Psyche was after him; but she fell to the ground, unable to follow his flight. He stopped a moment, to tell her that he could not bear her suspicion, and therefore must leave her forever, since in marrying her he had braved his mother's wrath. Without another word he departed.

When the day came, she found herself on the top of a hill near the city where her sisters lived. To them she went for comfort, but in their hearts they rejoiced over her misfortune, and thought that they themselves might succeed in winning the lost husband. Therefore they made haste to the hilltop, stretched out their arms to Zephyr, and leaped forth. But as there was nothing to receive them, they fell, and perished miserably, as they deserved.

As for Psyche, she determined to seek throughout the world till she found her husband, and she wandered day and night, hither and yon, hoping to learn something of him. One day she beheld a temple in the distance, and went toward it, praying that she might find her lord within. It was a strange place, she found when she entered, strewn with grain, harvest-implements, fruit, and many other offerings, all dropped without order or purpose. And Psyche, knowing nothing better to do, set the place to rights.

Now the temple belonged to Ceres, goddess of the harvest, a kindly mother; and she remembering her own daughter Proserpina, inquired of Psyche how she came there. When she had heard the whole tale, Ceres offered her own opinion. This was, that Psyche would do well to go to Venus, acknowledge her wrong-doing, and beg forgiveness. This Psyche agreed to do.

Now, Venus received her in no friendly spirit. Indeed, she was most angry and declared that there was but one way to find out whether she were fit to be the wife of Cupid, who, she declared, was grievously ill from the burn which she had given him with the drop of oil. She led Psyche to a great storehouse full of all sorts of grain, mixed in a tremendous heap, and bade her sort them all into their proper bins before the eventide. Then she left the girl to her task.

Then Psyche realized that Venus wished to destroy her, and she sat still crying. But Cupid had overheard his mother's commands, and he sent a company of ants who swiftly sorted the grain, and disappeared before night. When Venus returned, all was as she had desired it to be.

But she was not pleased. She declared that on the morrow Psyche must go to a certain grove and bring a lock from the fleeces of each of the golden-haired sheep feeding in a nearby pasture.

Psyche obediently undertook this commission, and with the help of the river-god, who told her what to do, she was able to complete the task. Venus was no better pleased than before, and told her in round terms that she was certain she had not performed the task without help of some sort. She had planned another task. "You shall go down to the kingdom of Proserpina, and ask her for a jar of her beauty for my use. Bring it to me without fail, and look you do not presume to open it on the way," she commanded.

Then Psyche was sure that Venus wished to kill her, and she was on the point of throwing herself down from the hill, when a voice whispered to her a better way, and instructed her how to reach the country of the shades through a cavern near by. Faithfully Psyche descended, and received the jar of beauty; but as she had almost reached home, she was so tempted that she opened it, intending to adorn herself for her husband's sight. But the jar held Sleep, and instantly she fell down in a sound slumber.

Now Cupid, having fully recovered, went to help her, and gathered up the Sleep, and restored it to the jar, and sent Psyche onward to Venus. He himself made all haste to Jove, and begged for her so earnestly that Jupiter gladly consented to the wedding. Thus at last Psyche was united to Cupid, and was made an immortal like the other gods.

THE DOLPHIN'S PRESERVER.

(CHINESE)

ONE cool evening the Emperor Huan went out on the lake which bounded one part of his castle garden, to fish. He carried with him, according to the custom, several of his friends and courtiers, in addition to the slaves who rowed his boat. With him was a par-

ticular favorite, Lou Chi, a young man of pleasant manners and charming disposition.

For a long time they fished without success. Then the emperor felt a pull on his line, and drew it in to discover nothing more rewarding than a dolphin, with a little fish holding firmly to its tail. This amused the courtiers greatly, and they were about to kill the creature when Lou interfered. He thought he detected an appeal in the beast's eye, and, acting on some impulse which he could not name, he begged the emperor to cast it back into the water.

The emperor was a little surprised, but good naturedly agreed to do as he was asked, and as they were disentangling the line, Lou took the occasion to fasten a small piece of plaster over a place where the dolphin had been wounded in being drawn on board the ship. Then it was put back, and nobody thought any more about the matter.

Several years later, Lou Chi, who had been absent from his home for many years, begged permission from the emperor to go for a visit to his parents, who were old and feeble, and this was readily granted to him. He set out at once, accompanied by his servant, to cross the lake on their way. They had not proceeded more than half the distance when a sudden storm came up. For a time they hoped to weather it safely, but it grew stronger and stronger, and finally wrecked their boat, and they found themselves clinging to the spars, and being driven toward land.

Both Lou and his servant were nearly dead from exhaustion and exposure when they were at last driven ashore, and lay for some time unconscious on the sand. Lou was the first to regain his senses. He went to his servant, whom he found stirring, and as soon as they felt strong enough, they set out to find help.

Inland they wandered, seeing no sign of human dwelling anywhere. They were growing very hungry when suddenly they heard the sound of riders approaching. Fearing lest they might be enemies, they stepped into the thicket, and beheld, a moment after, a group of lovely girls go galloping past, evidently returning from

the hunt. The last of them was so lovely that Lou's heart leaped at the sight of her.

"Evidently there is a castle near," he told his servant, "if we can find it we shall be able to get help." So they followed the riders and presently found themselves before a gate, which was luckily open. There was nobody in sight, so they went in, and found themselves in a lovely garden, which, as they could see, belonged to the women's apartments. When they tried to find their way out, they only succeeded in losing the way, and presently reached a small summer-house, where they sat down.

Here they were found by a young attendant, to whom they told their story, and who explained that they were in the private gardens of a princess, whose permission she must ask to do anything for them. She departed on this errand, and left them alone once more.

Now Lou Chi, whose thoughts had been on the young lady whom he had seen, presently spied a silken handkerchief, and having nothing better to do, pulled out his writing materials, and began to compose a verse in her honor, which he wrote on the silk. He had scarcely finished it when the attendant returned, saying that her mistress had ordered food sent them. She appeared to be hunting for something, and soon perceived the handkerchief. Her horror was unbounded when she beheld the writing.

"Wretched man!" she cried, "why have you done this? This is the princess' favorite handkerchief, and you have spoiled it with your scribbling. What she will say I cannot tell." She hastened away, leaving them both full of apprehension. Soon she returned with guards, and they were conducted to a chamber, where they were held prisoner.

"My mistress would have forgiven you the impertinence, on account of your verses in her honor," said the girl; "but by ill luck, as she was reading it, her mother, the queen, entered, snatched it away from her, and left in great anger. It is by her orders you are imprisoned. Tomorrow you will be brought to her for judgment."

Had it not been for the fatigue of the experiences through which he had passed, Lou would have spent a most unhappy night, for he well knew the anger of an irritated sovereign; but as it was, he and his servant slept deeply. The next morning their guards brought them food, and after they had washed and dressed they were taken into the great audience hall.

On a lofty throne before them sat a very beautiful lady, clothed in all the splendor of a queen, and surrounded by numerous attendants. They prostrated themselves before her, and waited for her sentence. To their astonishment, she appeared most gracious. She began at once to inquire who they might be, and Lou told her frankly.

“And these verses are yours?” she asked, showing the handkerchief. He confessed that they were. While he waited for his punishment, she began to speak. To his surprise, her voice was very kind.

“They are excellent verses, and for that alone I should be inclined to show you mercy. But there is a stronger reason why you deserve leniency from me. Do you remember a certain dolphin whom you rescued from the death your master proposed?”

She paused for an answer, and Lou confessed that he did.

“I was that dolphin” resumed the queen. “You must know that I am no mortal like yourself, but a powerful fairy, and can take what form I wish. The little fish clinging to me on that occasion was my daughter. Not only did you save our lives, but you bound up our wounds—and for this I owe you a debt which it pleases me to be able to repay.”

At a signal a curtain was drawn aside, and the young princess came forward, even lovelier in her court robes than she had been in her hunting dress.

“I have determined to give you my daughter to wife,” said the queen, and Lou was so overjoyed that he threw himself at her feet in a passion of gratitude.

The wedding ceremonies were held at once, and for many months Lou lived quietly with his bride. One day,

however, he expressed a desire to go out on the lake, and his wife at once assured him that a boat could be found for him easily. Soon it was ready, a fairy thing, equipped with the utmost magnificence, and manned by handsome slaves. Lou and his wife went in, and were rowed out into the lake.

Now, some of his old friends at the emperor's court were out sailing that day, and they beheld the ship in the distance. Soon one of them recognized his old friend sitting in it, and beside him a very beautiful woman, evidently his wife. They hailed the ship, and presently Lou himself came on deck to see who it was.

When he recognized the courtiers, Lou sent word that they should be brought aboard, and served a most wonderful banquet to them, the like of which they had never seen before. To their questions he replied without hesitation, telling them of all that had happened to him, and admitting his marriage to the woman of whom they had caught sight. He sent word to the emperor through them of his good fortune. At length they took their leave.

After this he made frequent visits to the court of the emperor, always superbly attended, and giving evidence of the greatest prosperity and happiness. He had several children, and altogether lived a life of the greatest satisfaction.

THE GOLDEN APPLES OF IDUNA.

(NORSE)

ONCE Odin, the father of the gods, was out journeying with Loki, the mischief-maker, and Hoenir. At the close of their day's travel they killed an ox, and set it on the fire to boil. But though it bubbled away merrily, the meat would not cook. They heaped on wood, but still they could not hasten the cooking. Presently an eagle flew down beside them, and suggested that he could hasten matters if they would give him a share in the meat. To this they agreed; but when the time for dividing the food came, Loki, angry at the size of the piece which he selected, picked up a long pole and struck at him viciously. The eagle flew upward at the

blow, but to the astonishment of the gods, the pole, with Loki clinging to the end of it, stuck fast to the bird. Loki did his best, but he could not let go.

As a matter of fact, he was the prisoner of one of the storm giants whose name was Thjasse. When they reached the castle, the giant informed Loki that he would set him free on one condition, namely, that he bring to him Iduna, the lovely goddess who kept the golden apples of youth in her care. Loki was obliged to consent to this arrangement.

One day, therefore, Loki presented himself at the garden, and was welcomed by Iduna with her customary kindness. He began without delay.

"I have found a tree which bears far finer apples than yours," the mischief-maker stated.

"That cannot be," declared Iduna.

"Come and see for yourself," Loki urged her. "Bring a basket of the apples to compare." Thoroughly deceived, Iduna made haste to obey. No sooner had she stepped out of the garden than the giant, in his eagle dress, swooped and carried her off. Loki, deciding that his presence was not desirable, made haste to betake himself as far as possible from Asgard, the city of the gods.

It was some time before the gods missed Iduna. But after a time they began to feel the need of the beautiful apples, and they asked in vain for the keeper of the garden. When they realized that she had been kidnapped, they called a council to determine how to get her back again. As they looked into each other's faces they could see what her absence meant to them all, for there were things the gods had never seen there before. Gray hairs, faint lines, hollow cheeks, had appeared suddenly, and signs of approaching age were plainly to be seen in every godlike countenance. They moved with a stiffness and weariness such as they had never before felt, and they could not fail to realize that only the return of Iduna could save them.

"Who can have done this?" they questioned; and as they looked about they missed Loki, and they knew, past

doubt, that it was he who had been the cause of the misfortune that had befallen. In wrath they sent to fetch him to Asgard, and soon forced him to confess what he had done, and where Iduna had been carried.

“Since you have brought this sorrow upon us,” the gods declared, “you must be the one to repair the damage. Bring back Iduna.”

But this was only part of the problem. How was it to be done? After much thought Loki set out for the giant's castle, provided with a cloak of feathers for himself and Iduna, and anxious to do his best to repair his mischief, for he realized that he too would suffer with the gods in the loss of youth.

Fortune favored him, for the giant Thjasse was away fishing when he came, and Loki made his way into the castle without trouble. Here he discovered what had happened. For Iduna was a brave goddess, and when the giant had demanded that she give him the apples he desired, she refused without delay. At this he was very furious, and he seized the basket from her by force, but this did him no good. As he put his powerful fist and thick fingers into the basket, the apples shrank in size, until they were no bigger than peas, and do what he would, he could not get at them. In a rage he shut Iduna up, hoping that in time she would do as he wished.

All this Iduna told Loki; and he explained his plan of action. He would change her into a nut, and then wrapped in the cloak of feathers, which gave him the form of a falcon, he would fly with her to Asgard.

They started upon the instant, and were able to gain quite a start before the giant returned from his fishing expedition. But when he missed Iduna, he donned his eagle form, and set out in pursuit.

Meanwhile, the gods were watching with the greatest anxiety for the return of Iduna. At last they beheld a falcon, sailing in the distance toward Asgard. Hope rose in every heart. They began to give thanks for her deliverance.

But their delight was premature. For suddenly Heimdall, the watchman on the walls of Asgard, cried out in

horror, and pointed toward the north, where could be seen an eagle in pursuit. It was the giant, and he was gaining on the fugitives.

Then the gods held council, to know what could be done to aid Loki in his escape. Many were the suggestions offered, until at last they hit upon a plan, suggested by the low, heavy flight of the eagle. They gathered chips, twigs, branches, all that they could find that would burn, and these they ranged on the walls of Asgard. Then they kindled a fire.

The falcon drew nearer and nearer, with the eagle in close pursuit. Presently he reached the walls, with their ring of burning flame. He rose easily, sailed over the fire, and dropped exhausted inside the city walls. Iduna sprang forth from the nut, unharmed by her imprisonment.

Swiftly the eagle approached. When he reached the barrier of the flames he too tried to rise; but he was wearied, and far too heavy to mount as he had need to do; and soon the flames scorched his wings, so that he fell into the fire, and was killed.

You can guess the rejoicing at Asgard, and the pleasure with which the gods felt themselves growing young once more as they tasted the apples which Iduna carried. They gave themselves over to pleasure and merriment.

But the danger was not over, for it was not long before there came out of the north one who demanded redress for the giant's death. This was none other than the giant's daughter, a handsome girl, who threatened to make war on the city.

When this was made known to Odin, he sent for the girl, and asked her how she might be appeased, and what they could do to make her relent. She listened thoughtfully, and at last gave her answer. If she were allowed to marry whatever god she chose, and could be made to laugh by the gods, she would forgive the wrong done to her father, she said, and be reconciled to the gods.

The gods conferred over this demand, and at last decided that it was a fair one, but that they ought also to impose their own conditions in addition to hers. They stated their case to her;

“You may have whatever god you choose to marry, on one condition only, that you see only his feet, and choose from the sight of them only.”

The girl laughed, and told them that she was willing to abide by the condition. She had made up her mind that she wished to marry Balder, the best loved of the gods, and she felt sure that she could recognize him if she saw but his feet.

Accordingly, the gods were all assembled for the choice of the maiden. They stood in a long row, barefooted, while she was led past them, blindfolded so that she could see only the ground before her. One by one she passed them, gazing intently at their feet. At last she stopped before a shapely pair of feet.

“Here I choose,” said she, “for Balder cannot have anything uncomely about him.”

It was not Balder, however, but a lesser god—very handsome however, so that she did not repent her choice when the bandage was removed and she saw him. Then the gods entertained her, and Loki succeeded in making her laugh, thus securing the safety of Asgard. Later Odin gave her the eyes of the giant as stars in the sky, and with this she was well satisfied, and the gods were saved.

ILYA OF MURÓM.

(RUSSIAN)

ONE Easter morning Ilya attended mass in the city of Muróm where he was born. He was a strong, powerful youth, and as he listened to the service a wonderful thought came to him.

“I will take an oath,” said Ilya, “that this day I give praise to God in the great cathedral at Kiev.” All the people marvelled when they heard this oath, and laughed among themselves, for Kiev was many a weary day’s journey from Muróm, and they believed that it was but a vain attempt.

“Also,” said Ilya, “I will swear to take no man’s life as I pass on my journey.” Presently he added another

oath: "I will not stain my bright weapons with blood this day."

As soon as the service was over, Ilya went out and saddled his good horse Cloudfall, and started on his way. And all the people were amazed to see him, for at a single bound the good steed covered a distance of a thousand versts. On and on horse and rider went, Ilya clad in his shining armor—on toward the holy city of Kiev.

Presently, as they approached the city of Chernigov, Ilya perceived great hosts of Tartars drawn up in ranks to block his way. They were divided into four armies, a tsarevitch at the head of each, and they occupied the way to Chernigov.

Then said Ilya, "A man cannot keep every oath that he makes," and he pulled an oak, and urged Cloudfall toward the Tartars. He rode among them brandishing his weapon, and laying about him with all his might. Using the oak as a spear, he struck at the hosts, and wherever it fell was cleared a lane for him and his horse. But many as there were slain by his blows, there were more that perished under the feet of Cloudfall, trampled by his swift-flying hoofs.

So Ilya passed the Tartar hosts, leaped over the city of Chernigov at a single bound, and hastened on toward the holy city of Kiev.

On he went, till at last he approached the castle where dwelt a monstrous giant, Nightingale the Robber, as he was called by the people. A strange fellow he was, and mightily strong. It was his habit to lie in wait for travellers along that road, luring them on by his song till they were in his power. Then he would take them prisoner and kill them as it pleased his fancy.

Now when he saw Ilya, the Nightingale sang like a bird, then roared like an aurochs, and at last hissed like a dragon. This he did always, and the travellers were wont to fall at the fearful sound. But Ilya, remembering his oath, pulled a slender twig of willow, fitted it to his bow, and aimed at the giant's eye. Straight flew the shot, so true that it pierced the eye and came out behind the ear, and the giant fell down in amaze. Then Ilya bound him to his stirrup and rode with him toward the castle.

Here he would have released the giant, after that he had set free those that were imprisoned within his gates and restored their gold and treasure. But when he perceived that the giant would not deal fairly with him, he took him up, bound as he was, and swore that he should go with him to the holy city of Kiev.

And on and on they went, Ilya mounted on his good steed Cloudfall, with the Nightingale a prisoner beside him. At last they saw the stately towers of the holy city, and Ilya thanked God that he had been able to perform his oath. He rode into the city, straight to the cathedral, and there entered, to worship God as he had sworn.

Prince Vladimir with all his household were at church and beheld him enter, and presently he went to Ilya, and asked him courteously who he was, since he did not appear like one of the city, and where his home might be. Then Ilya answered and told him that he had come that day from the city of Muróm to worship in the cathedral at Kiev; and told how he had slain the Tartars, and taken prisoner the Nightingale.

When he heard all these things, Prince Vladimir was very much surprised, and he ordered that Ilya should be brought to his palace, and begged that he might see the giant. Accordingly Ilya brought the Nightingale into the courtyard, and exhibited him to the prince and his wife and family. Then they begged that he show them his strength, and Ilya agreed.

Accordingly, Ilya bade the Nightingale to sing for them, in the notes from which he got his name, to roar like an aurochs, and to hiss like a dragon, as was his custom, but all under his breath, lest harm come to the city. But the Nightingale was crafty and faithless; and he obeyed, so loudly that many walls in the city were blown down, and the Prince and his household fell into a swoon which lasted many hours.

Very angry was Ilya at this behavior of the Nightingale, and without delay he put him to death. When the prince had recovered, he said to Ilya:

“Surely you deserve great honor and glory for all that you have done. Henceforward, that all men shall know

of your glorious deeds, you shall be called Ilya of Muróm, he who came to Kiev on his great horse Cloudfall, to worship God on an Easter Sunday.’’

THE BINDING OF FENRIS.

(NORSE)

OF all the gods who dwelt on Asgard, there was not one who could equal Loki in wickedness or cunning. Whenever there was evil to be done, it was always accomplished with his help or knowledge. Little though the gods enjoyed his society, they could not drive him out. As a consequence he was distrusted and feared, and he took his pleasures afar from Asgard.

One day it came to pass that Loki felt himself very lonely, and he wandered out, away from the city of the gods, and into the land of the giants. There he met and married a beautiful woman, who loved him fairly, Siguna by name. The mother's goodness, however, could not save her children from the wickedness they inherited from their father, and nowhere in the world could be found more terrible creatures than the three who dwelt in Loki's distant home. The eldest of these was Fenris the Wolf, the second the Midgard, Serpent, and the third Hela, or Death.

For a long time the gods thought best to ignore these three children, and hoped that they might be harmless, but at last they were forced to realize that their own safety was threatened by these evil creatures. Odin and the others took counsel together. It was interesting to notice the different opinions of the gods. Most were for having nothing to do with them, and for destroying them at once, but this the All-Father declared they could not do. At last they fell to discussing how to get rid of them. After much deliberation, Odin placed the serpent in the ocean, round about the earth, where he held his tail in his mouth and completely encircled the world. Here he could do no harm, and the gods were well satisfied.

For Hela, Odin devised a better plan. To her he gave

Niffleheim, the dark lower world where come the souls of all those who die of sickness or age. Handmaidens were chosen to serve her, and instruments to aid her in the entertainment of her guests,—Hunger her table, Starvation her knife, Delay and Slowness her servants, with Precipice, Care and Anguish for the furnishings of her chamber. There remained only Fenris the Wolf, and about him the gods could not decide.

“He is the son of Loki,” urged one, who wished to see him destroyed.

“He is not wholly bad,” answered another, who was more fair-minded.

“As yet he has done no evil,” added a third. “Why should we visit on him the sins of his father?”

The last was the view which Odin took, and as there were many who believed that Fenris might be trained in spite of the wickedness of his father, he was brought to Asgard, and there the gods did their best to teach him kindness and justice, peace and friendliness.

For a time all went well, and it seemed that Fenris was losing his savagery under the constant kindness of the gods. Tyr, especially, was constantly on the watch to help him and to make it easier for him to enjoy the life which the gods lived. At times it seemed as though they might succeed in taming the Wolf, and many rejoiced.

But as he grew older, the strength of the Wolf grew greater and greater, and his play with the gods more and more violent and unfriendly.

There was one sport, however, which Fenris loved, and in which the gods used to take part with him. This was a game in which he was bound, and made use of his great strength to break loose from captivity. Hour after hour he would spend, submitting willingly to whatever knots the gods chose to tie about him, and after a little while, freeing himself as easily as though there were nothing upon him. This Fenris took pleasure in, and to all the chains which were brought he submitted with the best of good humor.

When they noticed this, the gods decided to make use of it as a trap by which to bind him once and for all.

They summoned their armorer, and bade him make the strongest chain of which he was capable, long enough to fasten the Wolf firmly and well. He promised them to do his best, and for many a weary hour he worked to finish the tough links. At last they were done, and the chain was brought to the gods, who carried it at once to the field where Fenris was playing. With amusement he let them bind him; then, while they stared in amazement, he snapped the chain like grass, and walked free.

The gods took counsel again, for they did not know where to find a chain stronger than that which Fenris had broken. At last some one ventured a suggestion.

“Fenris is of the race of the giants,” said he; “they alone will know how to make a chain strong enough to hold him. Send to them, and ask their help.”

The suggestion was received with acclamation, and a messenger at once set out for the land of the giants, spirits of the mountain, who agreed to fashion for the gods the chain they needed. Impatiently the gods waited for the return of their messenger. - When he came, he bore a slender band, looking like nothing more powerful than a strand of silk.

“What is it?” the gods cried, and the messenger explained what the mountain-spirits had done. They had sent all over the world for the materials for the chain,—the noise of a cat’s footfall, the beards of women, the roots of stones, the breath of fishes, the nerves of bears, and the spittle of birds. All these they had woven together to form Gleipnir, as the mighty thread was called.

With one accord the gods rushed out to the field where Fenris was by himself.

“Here is a new chain for you to try your strength with,” they cried; and something in their exultation warned him that they were more eager than if it were a game. He gazed suspiciously from one to another. Then for the first time since they had known him, he refused to let them touch him. At last he consented, but only on the condition that he be allowed to hold the hand of one of the gods in his jaws, as a pledge that he should be unbound.

At the suggestion all the gods quailed, in the certainty of what those cruel fangs would do ere the Wolf was securely bound. Then the god of battles, Tyr, stepped forward. Without a word he laid his right hand in the open jaws, and the others flung the magic bands over Fenris. The Wolf struggled, but could not free himself. With a final vicious snap, his jaws closed over the hand of the god. Fenris was bound, but it had cost the right hand of the bravest of the gods.

THE KING'S SON.

AN AFRICAN FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a cow who had a calf called Ubongopu. Now, just about the same time the king's wife bore a child, and the king decreed that his new born son should be placed on the back of Ubongopu and should live and sleep there. And so it was done.

By and by the king's son grew up to be a strong boy, but he still lived and slept on the back of the ox, and never came down. The ox grazed with the other cattle and came into the pen with the other cattle, and was the leader of the other cattle because the king's son lived on its back. When it was morning and time to go out to graze, the king's son said: "Wake, wake, Ubongopu, 'tis time to graze."

And then when it was evening, he would say: "Go home, go home, it is time for the pen."

And the rest of the cattle did just as Ubongopu, and the king was pleased that his herds were so well kept.

Sun or rain, wind or calm, the king's son wore no clothes but sat and lived on the back of his dear Ubongopu.

One night there came some robbers to steal the king's cattle bearing sticks in their hands to drive them off. But they might beat the cattle as much as they liked, none of the oxen would move till Ubongopu moved, and Ubongopu would not move till the king's son should say: "Wake, wake, Ubongopu, it is time to graze."

So the robbers went away without the cattle that night. Next night they came again, and the night after, but they only broke their sticks over the backs of the cattle, for none would move till the king's son should speak.

At last the king noticed that the backs of the cattle were all covered with wounds, where the robbers had beaten them, and he grew very angry. He did not strike his son, but he was very angry that the cattle should be beaten so.

Next night the robbers came again, and tried to drive away the cattle. By this time they saw that the ox Ubongopu with the king's son on its back was the leader, so they said to the king's son: "Speak to the cattle."

Then the king's son said: "Wake, wake, Ubongopu, it is time to graze with the robbers."

So Ubongopu rose up and went out, and the other cattle followed. And when they came to the robbers' village; "Go home, go home," said the king's son, "it is time for the pen."

When all the cattle were in the pen, the robber chief said to the king's son: "Now, we will kill Ubongopu, so that the cattle cannot go back."

But the king's son said, "Ye will die yourselves if ye try to kill Ubongopu."

The robbers laughed at this, and flung their spears at Ubongopu. But they could not hit it, and their spears flew past and hit some of themselves.

Then for the first time in his life the king's son stepped down from his seat on the ox and trod upon the earth. And the robber chief slew Ubongopu and cut the beast to pieces.

When it was dark and the robbers were all asleep, the king's son came back to where the pieces of Ubongopu were strewn, and put them together and said:

"Back to life, Ubongopu, it is time to go away."

Then the pieces of the ox joined themselves together, and Ubongopu stood up, and the king's son seated himself again on the ox's back.

"Wake, wake," said the king's son, "it is time to graze."

And Ubongopu and all the other cattle left the robbers' village, and went along the road to their own home.

Now the king was alarmed when he heard that the cattle and his son had not returned at night, so he gathered his army together and set out in search of them. Thus it was that the king and his army met Ubongopu and the cattle coming home.

"My son, my son," said the king, "I feared that the robbers had slain thee."

"My father, my father," said the king's son, "the robbers pursue us and are already at hand."

"Then," said the king, "my army will destroy them."

"Nay," said the king's son, "I do not need your army."

Then the king's son spat and there grew a great storm in the shape of a spirit.

The storm spirit bowed before the king's son and said: "Great chief, what shall I do?"

The king's son said: "Destroy the robbers," and the storm spirit swept over the earth and destroyed the robbers.

The king was astonished at the power of his son and said: "I will give you the most beautiful maiden in all the tribe to be thy wife."

But the king's son said, "I do not wish the most beautiful maiden in all the tribe. I do not wish to go down on to the earth. I have lived on the back of Ubongopu, and on the back of Ubongopu will I die. Go home, go home, Ubongopu, it is time for the pen."

PERSEVERE AND PROSPER.

AN ARABIC FAIRY TALE BY A. R. MONTALBA.

"**H**E that seeketh, shall find, and to him that knocketh shall be opened," says an old Arab proverb.

"I will try that," said a youth one day. To carry out his intention he journeyed to Bagdad, where he presented himself before the Vizier.

"Lord!" said he, "for many years I have lived a quiet

and solitary life, the monotony of which wearies me. I have never permitted myself earnestly to will any thing. But as my teacher daily repeated to me, 'He that seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh shall be opened,' so have I now come to the resolution with might and heart to will, and the resolution of my will is nothing less than to have the Caliph's daughter for my wife."

The Vizier thought the poor man was mad, and told him to call again some other time.

Perseveringly he daily returned, and never felt disconcerted at the same often repeated answer. One day, the Caliph called on the Vizier, just as the youth was repeating his statement.

Full of astonishment the Caliph listened to the strange demand, and being in no humor for having the poor youth's head taken off, but on the contrary, being rather inclined for pleasantry, his Mightiness condescendingly said: "For the great, the wise, or the brave, to request a princess for wife, is a moderate demand; but what are your claims? To be the possessor of my daughter you must distinguish yourself by one of these attributes, or else by some great undertaking. Ages ago a carbuncle of inestimable value was lost in the Tigris; he who finds it shall have the hand of my daughter."

The youth, satisfied with the promise of the Caliph, went to the shores of the Tigris. With a small vessel he went every morning to the river, scooping out the water and throwing it on the land; and after having for hours thus employed himself, he knelt down and prayed. The fishes became at last uneasy at his perseverance; and being fearful that, in the course of time, he might exhaust the waters, they assembled in great council.

"What is the purpose of this man?" demanded the monarch of the fishes.

"The possession of the carbuncle that lies buried in the bottom of the Tigris," was the reply.

"I advise you, then," said the aged monarch, "to give it up to him; for if he has the steady will, and has positively resolved to find it, he will work until he has drained the last drop of water from the Tigris, rath-

er than deviate a hair's breadth from his purpose."

The fishes, out of fear, threw the carbuncle into the vessel of the youth; and the latter, as a reward, received the daughter of the Caliph for his wife.

"He who earnestly wills, can do much!"

THE KING OF THE BUFFALOES AND AGGO-DAH-GAUDA.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN FAIRY TALE.

A GGO-DAH-GAUDA had one leg hooped up to his thigh so that he was obliged to get along by hopping. He had a beautiful daughter, and his chief care was to secure her from being carried off by the king of the buffaloes. He was peculiar in his habits, and lived in a loghouse, and he advised his daughter to keep indoors, and never go out for fear she should be stolen away.

One sunshiny morning Aggo-dah-gauda prepared to go out fishing, but before he left the lodge he reminded his daughter of her strange lover.

"My daughter," said he, "I am going out to fish, and as the day will be a pleasant one, you must recollect that we have an enemy near who is constantly going about, and so you must not leave the lodge."

When he reached his fishing-place, he heard a voice singing—

"Man with the leg tied up,
Man with the leg tied up,
Broken hip — hip —
 Hipped.

Man with the leg tied up,
Man with the leg tied up,
Broken leg — leg —
 Legged."

He looked around but saw no one, so he suspected the words were sung by his enemies the buffaloes, and hastened home.

The girl's father had not been long absent from the lodge when she began to think to herself—

“It is hard to be for ever kept indoors. The spring is coming on, and the days are so sunny and warm, that it would be very pleasant to sit out of doors. My father says it is dangerous. I know what I will do: I will go on the top of the house, and there I can comb and dress my hair.”

She accordingly went up on the roof of the small house, and busied herself in untying and combing her beautiful hair, which was not only fine and shining, but so long that it reached down to the ground, hanging over the eaves of the house as she combed it. She was so intent upon this that she forgot all idea of danger. All of a sudden the king of the buffaloes came dashing by with his herd of followers, and, taking her between his horns, away he cantered over the plains, and then, plunging into a river that bounded his land, he carried her safely to his lodge on the other side. Here he paid her every attention in order to gain her affection, but all to no purpose, for she sat pensive and disconsolate in the lodge among the other females, and scarcely ever spoke. The buffalo king did all he could to please her, and told the others in the lodge to give her everything she wanted, and to study her in every way. They put before her the choicest food, and gave her the seat of honor in the lodge. The king himself went hunting to obtain the most delicate bits of meat both of animals and wild-fowl, and, not content with these proofs of his love, he fasted himself and would often take his pib-be-gwun (Indian flute) and sit near the lodge singing—

“My sweetheart,
My sweetheart,
Ah me!

When I think of you,
When I think of you,
Ah me!

How I love you,
How I love you,
Ah me!

Do not hate me,
Do not hate me,
Ah me!"

In the meantime Aggo-dah-gauda came home, and finding his daughter had been stolen he determined to get her again. For this purpose he immediately set out. He could easily trace the king till he came to the banks of the river, and then he saw he had plunged in and swum over. When Aggo-dah-gauda came to the river, however, he found it covered with a thin coating of ice, so he could not swim across nor walk over. He therefore determined to wait on the bank a day or two till the ice might melt or become strong enough to bear him. Very soon the ice was strong enough, and Aggo-dah-gauda crossed over. On the other side, as he went along, he found branches torn off and cast down, and these had been strewn thus by his daughter to aid him in following her. The way in which she managed it was this. Her hair was all untied when she was captured, and as she was carried along it caught in the branches as she passed, so she took the pieces out of her hair and threw them down on the path.

When Aggo-dah-gauda came to the king's lodge it was evening. Carefully approaching it, he peeped through the sides and saw his daughter sitting there disconsolate. She saw him, and knowing that it was her father come for her, she said to the king, giving him a tender glance—

"I will go and get you a drink of water."

The king was delighted at what he thought was a mark of her affection, and the girl left the lodge with a dipper in her hand. The king waited a long time for her, and as she did not return he went out with his followers, but nothing could be seen or heard of the girl. The buffaloes sallied out into the plains, and had not gone far by the light of the moon, when they were attacked by a party of hunters. Many of them fell, but the buffalo-king, being stronger and swifter than the others, escaped, and, flying to the west, was never seen more.

THE STAR WIFE.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN LEGEND.

IN the days when the buffalo raced and thundered over the earth and the stars danced and sang in the sky, a brave young hunter lived on the bank of Battle River. He was fond of the red flowers and the blue sky; and when the rest of the Indians went out to hunt in waistcloths of skin he put on his fringed leggings all heavy with blue beads, and painted red rings and stripes on his face, till he was as gay as the earth and the sky himself. High-feather was his name, and he always wore a red swan's feather on his head.

One day, when High-feather was out with his bow and arrows, he came on a little beaten trail that he had never seen before, and he followed it,—but he found that it went round and round and brought him back to where he had started. It came from nowhere, and it went to nowhere.

“What sort of animal has made this?” he said. And he lay down in the middle of the ring to think, looking up into the blue sky.

While he lay thinking, he saw a little speck up above him in the sky, and thought it was an eagle. But the speck grew bigger, and sank down and down, till he saw it was a great basket coming down out of the sky. He jumped up and ran back to a little hollow and lay down to hide in a patch of tall red flowers. Then he peeped out and saw the basket come down to the earth and rest on the grass in the middle of the ring. Twelve beautiful maidens were leaning over the edge of the basket. They were not Indian maidens, for their faces were pink and white, and their long hair was bright red-brown like a fox's fur, and their clothes were sky-blue and floating light as cobwebs.

The maidens jumped out of the basket and began to dance round and round the ring-trail, one behind the other, drumming with their fingers on little drums of

eagle-skin, and singing such beautiful songs as High-feather had never heard.

Then High-feather jumped up and ran towards the ring, crying out, "Let me dance and sing with you!"

The maidens were frightened, and ran to the basket and jumped in, and the basket flew up into the sky, and grew smaller till at last he could not see it at all.

The young man went home to his wigwam, and his mother roasted buffalo meat for his dinner; but he could not eat, and he could not think of anything but the twelve beautiful maidens. His mother begged him to tell her what the matter was; and at last he told her, and said he would never be happy till he brought one of the maidens home to be his wife.

"Those must be the Star-people," said his mother, who was a great magician—the prairie was full of magic in those days, before the white men came and the buffalo went. "You had better take an Indian girl for your wife. Don't think any more of the Star-maidens, or you will have much trouble."

"I care little how much trouble I have, so long as I get a Star-maiden for my wife," he said; "and I am going to get one, if I have to wait till the world ends."

"If you must, you must," said his mother.

So next morning she sewed a bit of gopher's fur on to his feather; and he ate a good breakfast of buffalo meat and tramped away over the prairie to the dancing ring. As soon as he came into the ring he turned into a gopher; but there were no gophers' holes there for him to hide in, so he had to lie in the grass and wait.

Presently he saw a speck up in the sky, and the speck grew larger and larger till it became a basket, and the basket came down and down till it rested on the earth in the middle of the ring.

The eldest maiden put her head over the edge and looked all around, north and east and south and west.

"There is no man here," she said. So they all jumped out to have their dance. But before they came to the beaten ring the youngest maiden spied the gopher, and called out to her sisters to look at it.

“Away! away!” cried the eldest maiden. “No gopher would dare to come on our dancing ground. It is a conjuror in disguise!”

So she took her youngest sister by the arm and pulled her away to the basket, and they all jumped in and the basket went sailing up into the sky before High-feather could get out of his gopher skin or say a word.

The young man went home very miserable; but when his mother heard what had happened she said, “It is a hard thing you want to do; but if you must, you must. To-night I will make some fresh magic, and you can try again to-morrow.

Next morning High-feather asked for his breakfast; but his mother said, “You must not have any buffalo meat, or it will spoil the magic. You must not eat anything but the wild strawberries you find on the prairie as you go.”

Then she sewed a little bit of a mouse’s whisker on to his red feather; and he tramped away across the prairie, picking wild strawberries and eating them as he went, till he came to the dancing ring. As soon as he was inside the ring he turned into a little mouse, and made friends with the family of mice that lived in a hole under the grass; and the mother mouse promised to help him all she could.

They had not waited long when the basket came dropping down out of the sky. The eldest sister put her head over the edge, and looked all around, north and west and south and east and down on the ground.

“There is no man here,” she said, “and I do not see any gopher; but you must be very careful.”

So they all got out of the basket, and began to dance round the ring, drumming and singing as they went. But when they came near the mouse’s nest the eldest sister held up her hand, and they stopped dancing and held their breath. Then she tapped on the ground and listened.

“It does not sound so hollow as it did,” she said.

“The mice have a visitor.”

And she tapped again, and called out, “Come

and show yourselves, you little traitors, or we will dig you up!"

But the mother mouse had made another door to her nest, just outside the ring, working very fast with all her toes; and while the maidens were looking for her inside the ring she came out at the other door with all her children and scampered away across the prairie.

The maidens turned round and ran after them; all but the youngest sister, who did not want any one to be killed; and High-feather came out of the hole and turned himself into what he was, and caught her by the arm.

"Come home and marry me," he said, "and dance with the Indian maidens; and I will hunt for you, and my mother will cook for you, and you will be much happier than up in the sky."

Her sisters came rushing round her, and begged her to go back home to the sky with them; but she looked into the young man's eyes, and said she would go with him wherever he went. So the other maidens went weeping and wailing up into the sky, and High-feather took his Star-wife home to his tent on the bank of the Battle River.

High-feather's mother was glad to see them both; but she whispered in his ear,—“You must never let her out of your sight if you want to keep her; you must take her with you everywhere you go.”

And he did so. He took her with him every time he went hunting, and he made her a bow and arrows, but she would never use them; she would pick wild strawberries and gooseberries and raspberries as they went along, but she would never kill anything; and she would never eat anything that anyone else had killed. She only ate berries and crushed corn.

One day, while the young man's wife was embroidering feather stars on a dancing-cloth, and his mother was gossiping in a tent at the end of the village, a little yellow bird flew in and perched on High-feather's shoulder, and whispered in his ear,—

“There is a great flock of wild red swans just over on Loon Lake. If you come quickly and quietly you can

catch them before they fly away; but do not tell **your** wife, for red swans cannot bear the sight of a woman, and they can tell if one comes within a mile of them."

High-feather had never seen or heard of a red swan before; all the red feathers he wore he had had to paint. He looked at his wife, and as she was sewing busily and looking down at her star embroidering he thought he could slip away and get back before she knew he had gone. But as soon as he was out of sight the little yellow bird flew in and perched on her shoulder, and sang her such a beautiful song about her sisters in the sky that she forgot everything else and slipped out and ran like the wind, and got to the dancing ring just as her sisters came down in their basket. Then they all gathered round her, and begged her to go home with them.

But she only said,—“High-feather is a brave man, and he is very good to me, and I will never leave him.”

When they saw they could not make her leave her husband, the eldest sister said,—“If you must stay, you must. But just come up for an hour, to let your father see you, because he has been mourning for you ever since you went away.”

The Star-wife did not wish to go, but she wanted to see her father once more, so she got into the basket and it sailed away up into the sky. Her father was very glad to see her, and she was very glad to see him, and they talked and they talked till the blue sky was getting gray. Then she remembered that she ought to have gone home long before.

“Now I must go back to my husband,” she said.

“That you shall never do!” said her father.

And he shut her up in a white cloud and said she should stay there till she promised never to go back to the prairie. She begged to be let out, but it was no use.

Then she began to weep; and she wept so much that the cloud began to weep too, and it was weeping itself quite away. So her father saw she would go down to the earth in rain if he kept her in the cloud any longer, and he let her out.

“What must I do for you,” he said, “to make you stay with us here and be happy?”

“I will not stay here,” she said, “unless my husband comes and lives here too.”

“I will send for him at once,” said her father. So he sent the basket down empty, and it rested in the middle of the dancing ring.

Now when High-feather reached Loon Lake he found it covered with red swans. He shot two with one arrow, and then all the rest flew away. He picked up the two swans and hurried back to his tent, and there lay the dancing-cloth with the feather stars on it half finished, but no wife could he see. He called her, but she did not answer. He rushed out, with the two red swans still slung round his neck and hanging down his back, and ran to the dancing ring, but nobody was there.

“I will wait till she comes back,” he said to himself, “if I have to wait till the world ends.” So he threw himself down on the grass and lay looking up at the stars till he went to sleep.

Early in the morning he heard a rustling on the grass, and when he opened his eyes he saw the great basket close beside him. He jumped up, with the two red swans still slung round his neck, and climbed into the basket. There was nobody there; and when he began to climb out again he found that the basket was half way up to the sky. It went up and up, and at last it came into the Star-country, where his wife was waiting for him. Her father gave them a beautiful blue tent to live in, and High-feather was happy enough for a while; but he soon grew tired of the cloud-berries that the Star-people ate, and he longed to tramp over the solid green prairie, so he asked his wife’s father to let him take her back to the earth.

“No,” said the Star-man, “because then I should never see her again. If you stay with us you will soon forget the dull old earth.”

The young man said nothing; but he put on the wings of one of the red swans, and he put the other red swan’s

wings on his wife, and they leapt over the edge of the Star-country and flew down through the air to the prairie, and came to the tent where High-feather's mother was mourning for them; and there was a great feast in the village because they had come back safe and sound. The Star-wife finished embroidering her dancing-cloth that day; and whenever the Indians danced she danced with them. She never went back to the Star-maidens' dancing ring; but she still lived on berries and corn, because she would never kill anything,—except one thing, and that was the little yellow bird. It flew into the tent one day when High-feather had his back turned, and began to whisper into the Star-wife's ear; but it never came to trouble her again.

THE RED CHILDREN.

THREE AMERICAN INDIAN LEGENDS.

BY MARA L. PRATT.

I. The Four Winds.

MANY years ago, when this country of ours was one great forest stretching from ocean to ocean, there dwelt here and there, upon the plains and along the river banks, a race of happy little children.

The Red Children we call them; but they called themselves the Children of the Sun. Very free and happy they were; for all day long they played beneath the trees and among the grasses.

The winds and the stars they called their little brothers; and when the thunders rolled and the beautiful lightnings flashed, when the north wind roared and the trees in the great forest bowed before the storm, the Red Children rejoiced and their brave little hearts throbbed with delight. For some day they would be tall, strong warriors; strong like the north wind; fleet like the lightning; terrible like the heavy thunder.

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They loved the sun and the clear sweet air; and when at sunset they looked away towards the west, they thought of the wonderful tent where Wahkeeyan, the air god, dwelt. This tent, which had four great doors, one looking east, one west, one south, one north, was guarded by four sentinels robed in scarlet.

At the east gate there was a butterfly, of colors like the sunrise; at the west was a bear; at the south a fawn; and at the north a fleet reindeer.

Wonderful to the Red Children were the winds as they swept across the plains, moving the trees and the flowers to and fro, but never, no matter how closely the children watched, forgetting to keep themselves a mystery.

There was Wa-bund, the East Wind, always young and beautiful. He it was that brought the morning, and with his silver arrows chased the darkness down the valley. He it was that painted the clouds, and called the deer and the hunter from their sleep.

There was the West Wind, Ka-be-yun, the strong, soft wind that ever and forever, over all the winds of heaven, held supremest power. It was he that could drive away the clouds—the heavy water-laden clouds of the south, or the cold, cruel clouds of the north; and at his call the sun shone forth, the moon and the stars, and the blue sky smiled down upon the earth.

There was the South Wind, dreamy and drowsy, who had his dwelling far to southward, where summer never ended, and where the robins, the bluebirds, and the swallows dwelt. When, amid his fields of fruit and melons, and his vines heavy with the purple clusters, he sat at sunset and smoked his pipe of peace, then the smoke rolled northward; it filled the air with haze and vapor; it touched the rugged mountains with smoothness, and brought the golden Indian summer.

And there was the North Wind, Ka-bib-nok-ka, who came forth from his lodge of snowdrifts, from his home among the icebergs. His hair, sprinkled with snow, floated behind him like a river. The little brooks were still, and the fishes fled for shelter when the breath of Kabibnokka fell upon them. He loved to send the snow-

flakes flying, sifting, hissing through the forest; to freeze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers; to drive the loon and the seagull southward; and to chase the cormorant and the curlew to their nests among the rushes—this cruel, fitful Kabibnokka.

Thus the four winds were divided. And happy were the little Red Children, when, curled up snugly in their blankets, close beside the wigwam fire, they listened to the chiefs as they told the stories of them and of their dwelling-places in the corners of the heavens.

But these were not the only stories; for the little Red Children were story-lovers, as were also their fathers and mothers.

Every tribe had its story-teller who went from wigwam to wigwam; and when the days were short and the nights long he would sit before the fire and tell most wonderful stories of the moon, the stars, the trees, the flowers, and even of the white rabbits, the foxes, the waterfowl and the tiny, timid birds.

All these, the little Red Children listened to and learned. They told them to one another, the larger children to the smaller; and by-and-by, when they were tall, strong warriors, they told them to their own little children. These in turn told them to their children; and those again in turn to theirs, down to our own day.

II. The Star Beautiful.

THERE was once a little Red Child who loved the stars more even than he loved his little brothers and sisters.

Every night when the sun began to sink in the west, the boy would creep away by himself up the hillside to watch for the coming of the stars.

And one there was that seemed to him brighter and more beautiful than all the others.

“It is my own Star Beautiful!” he would say; and when it shot out its first ray of light to him each night, he would raise his hands toward it and cry, “Welcome, welcome, my Star Beautiful!”

And when, sometimes, the star could not shine out because of the heavy clouds that lay between it and the Red Child, the boy would look toward the place where he had seen it last and say: "Star Beautiful, you are there, I know, although I cannot see you. I will go and call to the West Wind to drive the clouds away, that I may see you again." And the West Wind, loving the little Red Child, always answered the prayer; for sometimes the clouds would break, even that very evening, and the star would shine down through the mist to its little friend.

By and by the boy grew to be a brave, strong warrior; no one in all his tribe was more daring than he. Still better than war did the young man love hunting and fishing.

Nothing was so dear to him as the fields with their star-like flowers, and the forests through which his Star Beautiful danced and twinkled among the branches.

No hunter in any village was so skillful with his bow as this young hunter; for steady was his aim and clear his eye. Then, too, when he drew his bow, he never forgot to say, "Star Beautiful, it is you who gives me skill. My good Star Beautiful." For many and many a time, now that the little Red Child had become a man, did the star come to him, and whisper words of wisdom into his heart.

It was the star who directed him to the forests where game was plentiful, and to the streams where fish were abundant; and never did he return to his village without being laden with both shining fish and tender venison.

"The mighty hunter," his people called him; "who never fails, and whom the fish and deer seek rather than flee away from in the chase."

"It is my Star Beautiful that gives me help and makes me skillful," the young man would say.

Years rolled on and on. The hunter became an old man. All his people loved him; and when he could no longer fight nor hunt, they often came to him, as he sat alone in his wigwam, to ask him what was wisest and best to do; and never did his advice prove false; for he

still said, "It is my Star Beautiful that guides me."

And when after a long time the old man came to die, he said, "I go now to my star—the Star Beautiful; for the star has waited all my life for me to come; even since I was a little child and climbed up the hillside to catch its first ray of light."

III. The Morning Star.

FAR away to the North where the great river had its source, dwelt the little brother and sister manitos.

All their lives they had run and played together, up and down the river banks, gathering the bright flowers and chasing the happy insects. But now the time had come when the children's good manito came to them and said:

"Go, little sister, to the place of the Breaking Light; for there amid the morning clouds shall be your home. There a beautiful palace awaits you, and it is made of sparkling rays of light. The clouds hang over it, soft and shining; the warm sun lights it, and everywhere is song and beauty.

"And you, little brother, go to the forests, the mountains, and the plains. There, in the mountain already cut for you from out the strong gray rock, is a fortress brave. There you shall dwell; and at your call the trees shall speak, the vines shall bear their fruit, and beauty shall reign everywhere."

Then the little children looked into each other's eyes and said, "Our river is very beautiful; it, too, sparkles and shines, and there is joy and beauty everywhere. But it is the great manito's wish that we go away—one to the place of the Breaking Light, the other to the mountain where the echo dwells."

"But, my brother," said the sister, "when the pale gray light begins to spread itself over the sky, look out from your rocky home in the mountain, and turn your eyes toward the far-off east. There you will see me, your sister, shining out from the gray, and looking across the plains to where you, my brother, dwell. And

when the clouds begin to change and their colors deepen into red and orange and purple, know that it is my hand that makes the beauty; for it is with these cloud mists, and the rays of soft light that I will adorn my palace in the place of the Breaking Light."

Then the brother said: "Dear sister, on the topmost cliffs will I dwell that I may catch the first ray of light that comes from your bright home among the morning clouds; and at every break of day will I lift my eyes to greet the coming of the red and purple. And when each morning I see the glory in the east, I will say, 'It is my sister, and it is she who spreads this beauty across the sky.' I will watch till the sun comes and your light fades away; and then I will know that you have gone into your beautiful palace, and that when the sun is gone you will come forth again and will greet your brother."

Then there came a great burst of sound; the four winds were abroad and they swept down the river banks and carried away the brother and sister. They wafted the sister to the place of the Breaking Light, and she became the Morning Star; and they carried the brother to the mountain top, where he should dwell forever. Often his voice was heard through the forest and among the tall grasses; but never did he leave his high cliffs where, when the morning came, he could watch the red clouds with which his sister made beautiful the eastern sky and her own cloud palace among the stars.

THE GOLDEN LOAF.

A BOHEMIAN FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had a most beautiful daughter. The mother was humble and modest, but the daughter was pride itself. Suitors flocked from all parts, but none pleased her; the more they tried to do so, the more disdainful she became. One night her poor mother could not sleep, so she took her rosary from the wall and began to pray for the daughter who gave her so much anxiety. Marienka

slept in the same bed, and while her mother was gazing fondly at her child's beauty, Marienka suddenly laughed in her sleep.

"What a delightful dream she must have to laugh in that way!" thought the mother.

Then she finished her prayer, replaced the rosary on the wall, and laying her head on the pillow beside her daughter, soon fell asleep. In the morning she said—

"Dear child, what pleasant dream was that you had last night to make you laugh so?"

"What did I dream, mother? Why, I dreamed that a lord came here for me, in a copper coach. He put a ring on my finger, the stones of which sparkled like the stars; and when I entered the church, people had only eyes for the Blessed Virgin and for me."

"My daughter, my daughter, what a proud dream!" said the poor mother, shaking her head. But Marienka left the room singing.

The same day a cart drove into the yard, and a handsome well-to-do young farmer came to ask Marienka to share with him his peasant's fare. The suitor pleased the mother, but the proud Marienka rejected him with disdain, saying—

"Even if you were to come in a copper coach, and were to put a ring on my finger, the stones of which sparkled like the stars, I would not have you for a husband."

The young man withdrew, angry at Marienka's pride.

The following night the mother awoke, took down her rosary, and prayed still more fervently for her daughter: and again Marienka laughed aloud in her sleep.

"What can she be dreaming?" thought the mother, who could not sleep.

Next morning she said—

"Dear child, of what were you dreaming last night? You were laughing aloud in your sleep."

"Of what was I dreaming, mother?" answered Marienka. "I was dreaming that a lord came to fetch me in a silver coach, and offered me a gold diadem; and when I entered the church people paid less attention to the Blessed Virgin than to me."

"Be silent, my child, you are profane!" returned her mother. "Go down on your knees, my daughter, and pray to be kept from temptation."

But Marienka fled from the room to escape the sermon from her mother.

The same day a carriage drove into the yard, and a young lord alighted. He came to beg Marienka to share with him the choicest fare.

"It is a great honor," said the mother. But vanity is blind.

"Even if you were to come in a silver coach," said Marienka, to the new aspirant, "and were to offer me a golden diadem, I would not have you for my husband."

"Take care, my daughter," said the poor mother, "pride goeth before destruction."

"Mothers do not know what they are talking about," thought Marienka, and she went out shrugging her shoulders.

The third night her mother was so uneasy she could not sleep at all, but prayed for her daughter.

Again Marienka burst out into a loud laugh in her sleep.

"What can that unhappy girl be dreaming?" cried the mother, who was praying till the day dawned.

In the morning she said—

"Dear child, what were you dreaming last night?"

"You will be angry if I tell you," answered Marienka.

"Tell me," returned the mother, "tell me everything."

"I dreamed that a great lord came with a numerous suite to ask me in marriage. He was in a golden coach, and he brought me a gown of cloth of gold; and when I entered the church people only looked at *me*."

Her mother crossed herself, while Marienka jumped down from the bed, and went into another room, half dressed, to escape the sermon she dreaded.

The same day three carriages drove into the yard, one of copper, one of silver, and one of gold; the first with two horses, the second with four, and the third with eight, all caparisoned with gold and pearls. Pages in red hose and green jackets and waistcoats descended from

the copper and silver coaches, while a grand-looking man all dressed in gold stepped out of the golden one.

He entered the house, and kneeling on one knee, asked the mother for her daughter's hand.

"What an honor!" thought the poor woman.

"Behold, my dream has come true," cried Marienka. "You see, mother, that I was right and you were wrong."

She ran immediately to her room, put together some flowers in a bouquet, and smilingly offered it to the great nobleman in token of her troth. He slipped a ring on her finger, the stone of which sparkled like the stars, and offered her a diadem of gold and a gown of cloth of gold.

While the proud girl retired to dress herself for the ceremony, her anxious mother spoke thus to the bridegroom:

"My good gentleman, what bread do you offer my daughter?"

"At my home," he answered, "the bread is of copper, or silver, or gold. She can have her choice."

"What does that mean?" thought the mother.

Marienka did not trouble herself about anything; she came back as radiant as the sun, and taking the hand of her betrothed set out for the church, without even asking her mother's blessing.

The married couple left the poor woman praying in the church porch; and when Marienka stepped into the coach she never turned to look at her mother, nor thought of bidding her farewell.

The eight horses set off at once at a gallop, and did not stop until they reached an immense rock, in which there was a hole as big as the gate of a town. The horses plunged into the darkness, while the ground trembled beneath their feet. The bride, alarmed, seized her husband's hand.

"Fear nothing, beautiful one," said he, "we shall see daylight directly."

Suddenly a thousand torches waved round them, for the gnomes of the mountains, each with a torch in his hand, had come to greet their lord, the king of the mines.

Marienka knew then who her husband was. She cared

not whether he was a good or an evil genius; at any rate he was rich, and she willingly accepted her new lot.

Emerging from the darkness, they drove through whitened forests at the foot of mountains which lifted their gloomy peaks far into the sky. Pines, beeches, birches, oaks, and rocks, were all of lead. At the further end of the forest was a long meadow, where the grass was of silver, and in the middle stood a golden castle, incrusting with diamonds and rubies. Here the carriage drew up, and the king of the mines helped his bride to alight, saying—

“My beautiful one, all this is yours!”

Marienka was enchanted; but one cannot travel so far without feeling hungry, and it was with pleasure that she watched the gnomes setting out a table on which shone with gold, and crystal, and precious stones. Wonderful meats were served, *entrées* of emeralds, roast meats of gold on dishes of silver. Every one ate with gusto, except the bride, who asked her husband for a little bread.

“Hand the copper loaf,” said the king of the mines; but Marienka could not eat it.

“Hand the silver loaf,” he said next; but Marienka could not eat it.

“Hand the golden loaf,” he said at last, but neither could she eat that.

“My beautiful one,” said the king of the mines, “I am sorry for it, but what can I offer you? We have no other kind of bread.”

The bride burst into tears, but her husband roared with laughter, for his heart was of metal, like his kingdom.

“Cry if you like,” he exclaimed, “that will not help you. You have what you wanted. Eat the bread that you have chosen.”

So the rich Marienka remains in her castle, dying of hunger, and seeks in vain for roots to appease the craving that devours her. Heaven has granted her desire only to punish her. Once every year, during the three rogation days, when the earth opens to the fertilizing rain, Marienka returns to the earth. Pale and faded, and clad

in rags, she begs from door to door, thankful if only she is thrown some scraps and if she receives from some poor person a morsel of bread and a little of the pity that she lacks while in her golden palace.

HOK LEE AND THE DWARFS.

A CHINESE FAIRY TALE.

THERE once lived in a small town in China a man named Hok Lee. He was a steady, industrious man, who not only worked hard at his trade, but did all his own housework as well, for he had no wife to do it for him. "What an excellent, industrious man is this Hok Lee!" said his neighbors. "How hard he works! He never leaves his house to amuse himself or to take a holiday as others do!"

But Hok Lee was by no means the virtuous person his neighbors thought him. True, he worked hard enough by day, but at night, when all respectable folk were fast asleep, he used to steal out and join a dangerous band of robbers, who broke into rich people's houses and carried off all they could lay hands on.

This state of things went on for some time, and though a thief was caught now and then and punished, no suspicion ever fell on Hok Lee, he was such a very respectable, hard-working man.

Hok Lee had already amassed a good store of money as his share of the proceeds of these robberies, when it happened one morning on going to market that a neighbor said to him:

"Why, Hok Lee, what is the matter with your face? One side of it is all swelled up."

True enough, Hok Lee's right cheek was twice the size of his left, and it soon began to feel very uncomfortable.

"I will bind up my face," said Hok Lee. "Doubtless the warmth will cure the swelling." But no such thing. Next day it was worse, and day by day it grew bigger and bigger till it was nearly as large as his head and became very painful.

Hok Lee was at his wits' ends what to do. Not only was his cheek unsightly and painful, but his neighbors began to jeer and make fun of him, which hurt his feelings very much indeed.

One day, as luck would have it, a traveling doctor came to the town. He sold not only all kinds of medicine, but also dealt in many strange charms against witches and evil spirits.

Hok Lee determined to consult him and asked him into his house. After the doctor had examined him carefully he spoke thus:

"This, O Hok Lee, is no ordinary swelled face. I strongly suspect you have been doing some wrong deed which has called down the anger of the spirits on you. None of my drugs will avail to cure you, but if you are willing to pay me handsomely I can tell you how you may be cured."

Then Hok Lee and the doctor began to bargain together, and it was a long time before they could come to terms. However, the doctor got the better of it in the end, for he was determined not to part with his secret under a certain price, and Hok Lee had no mind to carry his huge cheek about with him to the end of his days. So he was obliged to part with the greater portion of his ill-gotten gains.

When the doctor had pocketed the money he told Hok Lee to go on the first night of the full moon to a certain wood and there to watch by a particular tree. After a time he would see the dwarfs and little sprites who live underground come out to dance. When they saw him they would be sure to make him dance too. "And mind you dance your very best," added the doctor. "If you dance well and please them they will grant you a petition and you can then beg to be cured; but if you dance badly they will most likely do you some mischief out of spite." With that he took leave and departed.

Happily the first night of the full moon was near, and at the proper time Hok Lee set out for the wood. With a little trouble he found the tree the doctor had described, and feeling nervous he climbed up into it.

He had hardly settled himself on a branch when he saw the little dwarfs assembling in the moonlight. They came from all sides, till at length there appeared to be hundreds of them. They seemed in high glee and danced and skipped and capered about, while Hok Lee grew so eager watching them that he crept further and further along his branch till at length it gave a loud crack. All the dwarfs stood still, and Hok Lee felt as if his heart stood still also.

Then one of the dwarfs called out: "Some one is up in that tree. Come down at once, whoever you are, or we must come and fetch you."

In great terror Hok Lee began to come down; but he was so nervous that he tripped near the ground and came rolling down in the most absurd manner. When he had picked himself up he came forward with a low bow, and the dwarf who had first spoken and who appeared to be the leader said: "Now, then, who art thou and what brings thee here?"

So Hok Lee told him the sad story of his swelled cheek, and how he had been advised to come to the forest and beg the dwarfs to cure him.

"It is well," replied the dwarf. "We will see about that. First, however, thou must dance before us. Should thy dancing please us, perhaps we may be able to do something; but shouldst thou dance badly we shall assuredly punish thee, so now take warning and dance away."

With that, he and all the other dwarfs sat down in a large ring, leaving Hok Lee to dance alone in the middle. He felt half-frightened to death, and he was a good deal shaken by his fall from the tree and did not feel at all inclined to dance. But the dwarfs were not to be trifled with.

"Begin!" cried their leader, and "Begin!" shouted the rest in chorus.

So in despair Hok Lee began. First he hopped on one foot and then on the other, but he was so stiff and so nervous that he made but a poor attempt, and after a time sank down and vowed he could dance no more.

The dwarfs were very angry. They crowded round Hok Lee and abused him. "Come here to be cured, indeed!" they cried. "Thou hast brought one big cheek with thee, but thou shalt take away two." And with that they ran off and disappeared, leaving Hok Lee to find his way home as best he might.

He hobbled away, weary and depressed, and not a little anxious on account of the dwarf's threat.

Nor were his fears unfounded, for when he rose next morning his left cheek was swelled up as big as his right, and he could hardly see. Hok Lee was in despair, and his neighbors jeered at him more than ever. The doctor, too, had disappeared, so there was nothing for it but to try the dwarfs once more.

He waited a month till the first night of the full moon came round again, and then he trudged back to the forest and sat down under the tree from which he had fallen. He had not long to wait. Ere long the dwarfs came trooping out till all were assembled.

"I don't feel quite easy," said one. "I feel as if some human being were near us."

When Hok Lee heard this he came forward and bent down to the ground before the dwarfs, who came crowding round and laughed heartily at his comical appearance with his two big cheeks.

"What dost thou want?" they asked; and Hok Lee proceeded to tell them of his fresh misfortunes, and begged so hard to be allowed one more trial at dancing that the dwarfs consented, for there is nothing they love so much as being amused.

Now, Hok Lee knew how much depended on his dancing well, so he plucked up a good spirit and began, first quite slowly and faster by degrees, and he danced so well and gracefully, and made so many new and wonderful steps, that the dwarfs were quite delighted with him.

They clapped their tiny hands and shouted: "Well done, Hok Lee, well done. Go on—dance more, for we are pleased."

And Hok Lee danced on and on, till he really could dance no more and was obliged to stop.

Then the leader of the dwarfs said: "We are well pleased, Hok Lee, and as a recompense for thy dancing thy face shall be cured. Farewell."

With these words he and the other dwarfs vanished, and Hok Lee, putting his hands to his face, found to his great joy that his cheeks were reduced to their natural size. The way home seemed short and easy to him, and he went to bed happy and resolved never to rob again.

Next day the whole town was full of the news of Hok's sudden cure. His neighbors questioned him, but could get nothing from him, except the fact that he had discovered a wonderful cure for all kinds of diseases.

After a time a rich neighbor, who had been ill for some years, came and offered to give Hok Lee a large sum of money if he would tell him how he might get cured. Hok Lee consented on condition that he swore to keep the secret. He did so, and Hok Lee told him of the dwarfs and their dances.

The neighbor went off, carefully obeyed Hok Lee's directions, and was duly cured by the dwarfs. Then another and another came to Hok Lee to beg his secret, and from each he extracted a vow of secrecy and a large sum of money. This went on for some years, so that at length Hok Lee became a very wealthy man and ended his days in peace and prosperity.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A CHINESE LEGEND.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IN China, you know, the emperor is a Chinese, and all those about him are Chinamen. It is now many years ago—but for that very reason the story is better worth hearing before it is quite forgotten—the emperor's palace was the most magnificent in the whole world; it was built entirely of the finest porcelain, and was costly to a degree, but so brittle and so ticklish, that one scarcely dared to touch it. In the garden might be seen the most singular flowers, and to the most beautiful

of these were fastened little silver bells that kept jingling, so that one could not pass by without observing them.

Everything in the emperor's garden was calculated after the same fashion. The garden itself extended so far that even the gardener did not know where it ended. If one went beyond its limits, one reached the finest forest with lofty trees and deep lakes. The forest sloped down to the deep blue sea: large ships could sail under its branches, in one of which dwelt a nightingale that sang so sweetly, that even the poor fishermen, who had something else to do, were fain to stand still and listen, whenever they heard her, as they went to spread their nets over-night. "Oh dear, how beautiful!" said they; and then they were forced to attend to their business, and forget the bird. Yet, if the bird happened to sing again on the following night, and any one of the fishermen came near the spot, he was sure to say to himself: "Dear me, how beautiful that is, to be sure!"

Travellers flocked from all parts of the earth to the emperor's capital, and admired it, as well as the palace and the garden. Yet when they came to hear the nightingale, they all declared: "This is better still."

And the travellers, on their return home, related what they had seen, and learned men wrote many volumes upon the town, the palace, and the garden. Nor did they forget the nightingale, which was reckoned the most remarkable of all; and those who could write poetry penned the most beautiful verses about the nightingale in the forest near the lake.

The books circulated through the world, and some of them fell into the emperor's hands. He sat on his golden throne, and kept reading and reading, and nodding his head every moment, for he was delighted with the beautiful descriptions of the town, the palace, and the garden. "But the nightingale is the most lovely of all!" said the book.

"What is that?" said the emperor. "I don't know of any nightingale! Can there be such a bird in my empire, and in my very garden, without my having ever heard of it? Must one learn such things from books?"

He then called his lord-in-waiting, who was so grand a personage, that if any one of inferior rank to himself dared to speak to him, or ask him a question, he only answered "Pf!" which meant nothing at all.

"This must be a very remarkable bird that is called a nightingale," said the emperor. "They say it is the finest thing in my large kingdom. Why was I never told anything about it?"

"I never heard of her before!" said the lord-in-waiting. "She has never been presented at court."

"I choose that she should come and sing before me this very evening," said the emperor. "The whole world knows what I possess, while I myself do not!"

"I never heard her mentioned before," repeated the lord-in-waiting; "but I will seek for her and find her."

But where was she to be found? The lord-in-waiting ran up and down all the stairs in the palace, looked through all the rooms and passages, but none of those whom he met had ever heard of the nightingale. So the lord-in-waiting returned to the emperor, and said that it must be a mere fiction invented by those who wrote the books. "Your imperial majesty is not to believe all that is written," said he; "these are mere poetical fancies, and what is called the black art."

"But the book in which I read this," said the emperor, "was sent to me by the high-potent Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot contain a falsehood. I will hear the nightingale! She must come hither this evening. She enjoys my gracious favor. And if she does not come, the whole court shall have their bodies trampled upon the moment supper is over."

"Tsing-pe!" said the lord-in-waiting, and he again ran up and down all the stairs, and looked through all the rooms and passages, and half of the courtiers accompanied him in his search, for they did not relish the thought of being trampled upon. And there was a mighty inquiry after the wonderful nightingale, which all the world knew of, except those who resided at court.

At last they found a little girl in the kitchen, who said: "Oh dear! I know the nightingale well enough, and

beautifully she sings! I have leave to take home to my poor sick mother the remains of the dinner-table; and she lives down by the shore, and when I come back and am tired, and sit down to rest in the forest, then I hear the nightingale sing. And the tears come into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me."

"Little cook," said the lord-in-waiting, "I will obtain for you a lasting situation in the kitchen, and the permission to see the emperor dine, if you will show us the way to the nightingale, for she is bespoken for this evening."

And so they all went out into the forest, where the nightingale used to sing. Half the court was there. As they walked along, a cow began lowing.

"Oh," cried some of the young lords of the court, "now we've found her! What wonderful strength for so small an animal! I have certainly heard this before!"

"Nay, those are cows a-bellowing," said the little cook. "We are at a good distance yet from the spot."

The frogs now began to croak in a neighboring marsh.

"Magnificent!" said the Chinese court-preacher; "now I hear her—it sounds like little church-bells."

"Nay, those are frogs," said the little cook; "but I think that we shall soon hear her now."

The nightingale then began to sing.

"There she is," said the little girl. "Hark! hark! and there she sits," added she, pointing to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" said the lord-in-waiting. "I should never have fancied her like that! How simple she looks! She has certainly lost her color at seeing so many persons of rank around her."

"Little nightingale," cried the little cook aloud, "our most gracious emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" said the nightingale, and sang so exquisitely, that it was a delight to hear her.

"It sounds like glass bells," said the lord-in-waiting; "and look how her little throat is working! It is surprising that we never heard her before! She will have great success at court."

“Shall I sing once more before the emperor?” asked the nightingale, who thought the emperor was there.

“My sweet little nightingale,” said the lord-in-waiting, “I have the pleasure to invite you to a court assembly for this evening, at which you will enchant his Imperial Highness with your delightful singing.”

“It is best when heard in the greenwood,” said the nightingale; still she went willingly, on hearing that the emperor wished it.

The preparations in the palace were magnificent. The walls and the floor, both of porcelain, were shining in the light of several thousand golden lamps; the rarest flowers, such as had a right to ring their bells, were placed in the passages. What with the running to and fro, and the draught, there was such a jingling of bells that one could scarcely hear one’s self speak.

In the middle of the state room, where the emperor sat, there was a golden perch for the nightingale. The whole court was present, and the little cook had leave to stand behind the door, as she had now obtained the title of a real court cook. All present were dressed in their best, and all eyes were turned towards the little grey bird, to whom the emperor now made a sign by nodding his head.

And the nightingale sang so exquisitely, that tears came into the emperor’s eyes. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and then the nightingale sang in still more touching strains, that went to one’s very heart. And the emperor was so enchanted, that he declared the nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round her neck. But the nightingale declined the honor with thanks; she was sufficiently rewarded already. “I have seen tears in the emperor’s eyes, and these are like the richest treasure to me. An emperor’s tears possess a peculiar virtue! God knows that I am sufficiently rewarded.” And thereupon she sang again in her sweet, melodious voice.

“This is the prettiest piece of coquetry that I know of,” said the ladies present; and they put water into their mouths, to make a kind of liquid, clucking sound when anybody spoke to them. They then fancied themselves

nightingales. Even the footmen and the chambermaids gave out that they were satisfied with the performance: and that is saying a great deal, for they are the most fastidious to please. In short, the nightingale's success was complete.

She was now invited to take up her abode at court, where she was to have her own cage, besides the liberty of going out twice a day, and once in the night, on which occasions she was attended by twelve servants, each of whom had fastened a ribbon round her leg to hold her fast. There was no pleasure to be had in flying after such a fashion as that.

The whole talk of the town ran on no other subject than the wonderful bird. Eleven old-clothes-men's children were christened after her, but not one of them had a note in their throat.

One day the emperor received a large parcel, on which was written: "The Nightingale."

"Here is no doubt a new book about our celebrated bird," said the emperor. But instead of a book, it was a piece of mechanism that lay in a box—an artificial nightingale made to imitate the living one, only set all over with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. As soon as the artificial bird was wound up, it could sing one of the pieces that the real one sang; and then it wagged its tail up and down, all sparkling with silver and gold. Round its neck was slung a little ribbon, on which was written: "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is poor indeed compared to that belonging to the Emperor of China."

"This is splendid," said all present, while he who had brought the bird was immediately invested with the title of Imperial Chief Nightingale-bringer.

"Now they must sing together," said the courtiers, "and what a duet that will be!"

And they were accordingly set to sing together. But it did not do, for the real nightingale sang after her fashion, and the artificial bird according to the barrel. "It is not the fault of the latter," observed the musical conductor, "for the bird is a good timeist, quite after my school." So the artificial bird was made to sing alone.

It obtained just as much success as the real bird, and then it was thought so much prettier to look at, for it sparkled like bracelets and breast-pins.

Three-and-thirty times did it sing the same piece without being tired. The company would willingly have heard it anew, but the emperor said that it was time the living nightingale should take her turn. But where was she? Nobody had remarked that she had flown out at the open window and back to her green woods.

“How comes this?” said the emperor. And all the courtiers blamed her, and set down the nightingale for a most ungrateful animal.

“But we have the best bird left,” said they; and accordingly the artificial bird was made to sing again, and they heard the same tune for the four-and-thirtieth time. Only they had not yet learned it by heart completely, for it was difficult to catch. And the conductor praised the bird to the skies, and even maintained that it was superior to a real nightingale, not only as regards outward appearance and the profusion of diamonds, but in point of intrinsic merit.

“For you perceive, my gracious lord and emperor of us all,” said he, “with a real nightingale you can never depend on what is coming; but with an artificial bird all is laid out beforehand. One can analyze it, one can open it, and show the human skill that contrived its mechanism, and how the barrels lie, how they work, and how one thing proceeds from another.”

“Those are quite my own thoughts,” said all present; and the musical conductor was allowed to exhibit the bird to the people on the following Sunday. And the emperor commanded that the people should likewise hear it sing. They accordingly heard it, and were as delighted as though they had got drunk with tea, for it was so thoroughly Chinese. And they all cried out, “Oh!” and held up their forefingers, and nodded their heads. But the poor fisherman, who had heard the real nightingale, said: “It sounds prettily enough, and the melodies are all alike; but there’s a something wanting, though I can’t tell what it is.”

The real nightingale was banished from the land.

The artificial bird was placed on a silk cushion beside the emperor's bed. All the presents of gold and precious stones which had been showered upon it lay around, and the bird had risen to the title of Imperial Toilet-singer, and to the rank of number one on the left side. For the emperor reckoned the left side the noblest, as being the seat of the heart; for an emperor's heart is on the left, just as other people's are. And the conductor of the music wrote a work in twenty-five volumes about the artificial bird, which was so learned, and so long, and so full of the hardest Chinese words, that everybody said they had read it and understood it, for fear of being thought stupid, or being trampled to death.

A whole year passed by. The emperor and his court, and all other Chinese, now knew by heart every little flourish in the artificial bird's song. But that was the very reason why it pleased them better than ever, because they could now sing with the bird—which they accordingly did. The boys in the street would go about singing "Zi-zi-zi—cluck-cluck—cooo-oo"; and the emperor sang it likewise. It was really quite delightful!

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the emperor lay in bed listening, something inside the bird seemed to say "crick!" Then a spring flew—whirr-r-r-r! All the wheels ran round, and suddenly the music came to a standstill.

The emperor jumped out of bed and called for his physician. But of what use could he be? They next fetched a watchmaker, and after a deal of talking and examination, he managed to set the bird in order to a certain degree; but he said it must be used sparingly, for the uvula was worn away, and it was impossible to put in a new one so as to be sure not to injure the music. Here was a cause for deep mourning! The artificial bird was now only to be heard once a year, and that was almost too often for its safety. But the conductor of the music made a speech, consisting of very hard words, in order to prove that it was just as good as ever; and so, of course, it was considered.

Five years had now flown past, when a real affliction threatened the land. The Chinese all loved their emperor, and he now lay so ill that it was said he could not recover. A new emperor was already chosen; and the people who stood outside in the street asked the lord-in-waiting how it fared with their old emperor? "Pf!" said he, shaking his head.

The emperor lay pale and cold in his fine large bed. The whole court thought he was dead, and everybody had run away from him to pay their respects to the new emperor. The valets had run away to prate about the event, and the chambermaids had a large company to tea. Cloth coverings had been laid down in all the rooms and passages, that nobody's step might be heard, and therefore all was silent as the grave. But the emperor was not yet dead, though he lay stiff and pale in his magnificent bed, with its long velvet curtains and heavy gold tassels. High above was an open window, through which the moon shone down upon the emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor emperor could scarcely breathe; he felt as if a weight were lying on his chest, and on opening his eyes he saw that it was Death who was sitting on his breast, and had put on his gold crown, and was holding the imperial sword in one hand and his beautiful banner in the other. Strange heads were peeping out on all sides through the velvet bed-curtains, some of which were quite ugly, while others were mild and lovely. These were the emperor's good and bad actions, which looked him in the face now that Death was at his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one after another. "Do you remember that?" And they told him so many things that the perspiration stood on his brow.

"I never knew it," said the emperor. "Music! music!—the large Chinese drum!" cried he, "to drown what they say!"

But they went on, and Death nodded to all they said, like a true Chinese.

"Music! music!" vociferated the emperor. "You little charming golden bird, sing away!—sing, can't you?"

I have given you gold and precious stones, and I have even hung my golden slipper round your neck. Sing, I tell you, sing!"

But the bird remained silent. There was nobody there to wind it up, and without that it could not sing a note. And Death went on staring at the emperor with his hollow sockets, and a frightful stillness reigned around.

Suddenly a gust of melody sounded through the window. It proceeded from the little living nightingale who sat on a bough. She had heard of her emperor's danger, and had hastened hither to sing hope and comfort to his soul. And as she sang, the phantoms grew fainter and fainter, while the blood began to circulate faster and faster through the emperor's weak limbs, and even Death listened, and said, "Go on, little nightingale, go on."

"But will you give me that costly golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the emperor's crown?"

And Death gave each of the baubles for a song, and the nightingale continued singing. She sang of the quiet churchyard, where the white roses blossom, where the elder sheds its perfumes, and where the cool grass is moistened by the tears of the survivors. Then Death longed to go to his garden, and he floated out through the window, like a cold, white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the emperor, "you heavenly little bird! I know you well. I banished you from my dominions, and yet have you sung away those evil faces from my bedside, and expelled Death from my heart. How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me," said the nightingale. "I beguiled tears from your eyes the first time I sang—I shall never forget that! Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow strong and healthy. I will sing to you."

And she sang, and the emperor fell into a sweet sleep. And most mild and beneficent was that slumber, and most wonderful were its results.

The sun was shining through the window when he awoke, refreshed and restored to health. None of his

servants had returned, for they thought he was dead; but the nightingale still sat and sang.

“You must always remain with me,” said the emperor. “You shall only sing when you choose, and I will break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces.”

“Do not do that,” said the nightingale; “the bird did good as long as it could. Keep it as before. I cannot build my nest and live in the palace, but let me come when I have a mind, and I will sit on the bough near the window of an evening and sing to you, that you may be at once glad and thoughtful. I will sing of the happy, and of those who suffer. I will tell of the bad and the good that is concealed from you by those about your person. For the little songster flies far around to the poor fishermen, and to the peasants’ humble roof, and to all who live at so great a distance from yourself and your court. I love your heart better than your crown, and yet the crown has a perfume of sacredness about it too. I will come and sing to you, but you must promise me one thing.”

“All I possess!” said the emperor, as he stood in his imperial robes, which he had himself put on, and pressed his sword of weighty gold to his heart.

“One thing only I require of you: that is, to let no one know you have a little bird who tells you everything, and all will be for the best.” And away the nightingale flew.

The servants came in to look after their late emperor. . . . When there, they stood in amazement on hearing the emperor say “Good morning!”

THE ELF HILL.

A DANISH FAIRY TALE.

SOME lizards were nimbly running in and out of the clefts in an old tree. They understood each other very well, for they all spoke lizard language.

“What a rumbling and grumbling is going on inside the old Elf-hill,” said one of the lizards. “I have not

closed my eyes for the last two nights for the noise. I might just as well be suffering toothache, for all the sleep I get!"

"There is something going on inside," said the other lizard. "They propped up the top of the hill on four red posts till cockcrow this morning, to air it out thoroughly; and the elf maidens have been learning some new dancing steps, which they are always practicing. There certainly must be something going on."

"Yes, I was talking to an earthworm of my acquaintance about it," said the third lizard. "He came straight up out of the hill, where he had been boring into the earth for days and nights. He had heard a good deal, for the miserable creature cannot see, though it can feel its way, and it plays the part of eavesdropper to perfection. They are expecting visitors in the Elf-hill, grand visitors; but who they are the earthworm refused to say; perhaps he did not know. All the will-o'-the-wisps are ordered for a procession of torches, as it is called; and the silver and gold plate, of which there is any quantity in the hill, is all being polished up and out in the moonlight."

"Who can the strangers be?" said all the lizards together.

"What on earth is happening? Hark! what a humming and buzzing!"

At this moment the Elf-hill opened, and an elderly elf-maiden tripped out. She was quite attractively dressed. She was the old Elf-king's housekeeper, and a distant relative. She wore an amber heart upon her forehead. She moved her legs at a great pace, "trip, trip, trip." Good heavens! how fast she tripped over the ground; she went right down to the night-jar in the swamp.

"You are invited to the Elf-hill for to-night," she said to him. "But will you be so kind as to charge yourself with the other invitations? You must make yourself useful in other ways, as you do not keep house yourself. We are going to have some very distinguished visitors, goblins, who always have something to say, and the old Elf-king means to show what he can do."

"Who is to be invited?" asked the night-jar.

“Well, everybody may come to the big ball, even human beings, if they can only talk in their sleep, or do something else after our fashion. But the choice is to be strictly limited for the grand feast. We will only have the most distinguished people. I have had a battle with the Elf-king about it; because I hold that we mustn’t even include ghosts. The merman and his daughters must be invited first. I suppose they will not care to come on dry land, but I shall see that they each have a wet stone to sit upon, or something better; so I expect they will not decline. All the old demons of the first-class, with tails, the river-god, and the wood-sprites. And then I don’t think we can pass over the Grave-pig, the Hell-horse, and the Church-grim, although they belong to the clergy, who are not of our people; but that is merely on account of their office, and they are closely connected with us, and visit us very frequently.”

“Croak,” said the night-jar, and he flew off to issue the invitations.

The elf-maidens had already begun to dance, and they danced a scarf-dance, with scarves woven of mist and moonshine; which have a lovely effect to those who care for that kind of thing. The great hall in the middle of the Elf-hill had been thoroughly polished up for the occasion. The floor was washed with moonshine, and the walls were rubbed over with witches’ fat, and this made them shine with many colors, like the petal of a tulip. The kitchen was full of frogs on spits, stuffed snake skins, and salads of toad-stool spawn, mouse snouts and hemlock. Then there was beer brewed by the marsh witch, and sparkling saltpetre wine from the vaults. Everything of the best, and rusty nails and church window panes among the kickshaws.

The old Elf-king had his golden crown polished with pounded slate-pencil, ay, and it was a head-boy’s slate-pencil too, and they are not so easy to get. They hung up fresh curtains in the bedroom, and fixed them with the slime of snails. Yes, indeed, there was a humming and a buzzing.

“Now we will fumigate, with horse-hair and pig’s bris-

tles, and then I can do no more!" said the old elf-servant.

"Dear father!" said the youngest of the daughters, "are you not going to tell me who these grand strangers are?"

"Well, well," he said, "I suppose I must tell you now. Two of my daughters must prepare themselves to be married,—two will certainly make marriages. The old Troll chieftain from Norway, who lives on the Dovrefield among his many rock castles and fastnesses and gold works, which are better than you would expect, is coming down here with his two sons. They are coming to look for wives. The Troll is a thoroughly honest Norwegian veteran, straightforward and merry. I used to know him in the olden days; he came here to fetch a wife, but she is dead now. She was a daughter of the king of the chalk cliffs at Möen. As the saying is, 'he took his wife on the chalk,' that is, bought her on credit. I am quite anxious to see the old fellow. The sons, they say, are overgrown and ill-mannered; but perhaps they are not so bad; I dare say they will improve as they grow older. See if you cannot lick them into shape."

"And when do they come?" asked one of the daughters.

"That depends upon wind and weather," said the Elf-king. "They travel economically, and they will take their chance of a ship. I wanted them to come round by Sweden, but the old fellow cannot bring himself to that yet. He does not march with the times."

At this moment two will-o'-the-wisps came hopping along, one faster than the other, so of course one arrived before the other.

"They are coming, they are coming!" they cried.

"Give me my crown, and let me stand in the moonlight," said the Elf-king.

The daughters raised their scarves and curtsied to the ground.

There stood the Troll chieftain from the Dovrefield; he wore a crown of hardened icicles and polished fir-cones, and besides this, he had on a bear-skin coat and snow-

shoes. His sons, on the other hand, had bare necks and wore no braces, for they were strong men.

“Is that a hill?” asked the youngest of the brothers, pointing to the Elf-hill. “We should call it a hole in Norway.”

“Lads!” cried the old man, “holes go inwards, hills go upwards? Have you not eyes in your heads?”

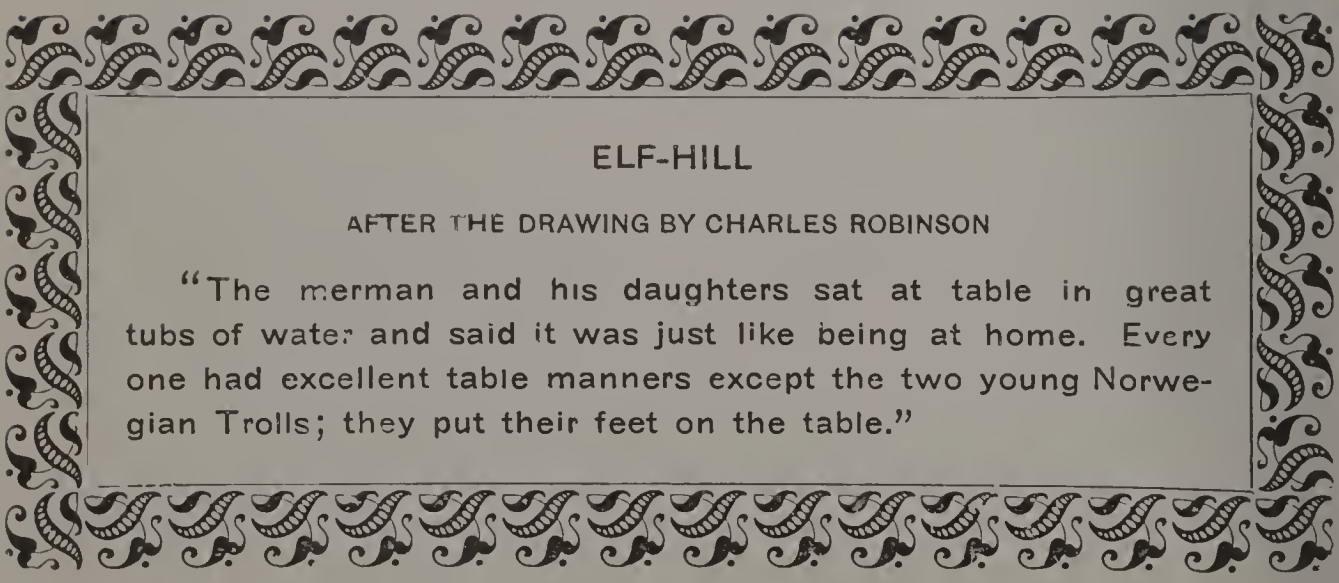
The only thing that astonished them, they said, was that they understood the language without any trouble.

“Don’t make fools of yourselves,” said the old man.

Then they went into the Elf-hill, where the company was of the grandest, although they had been brought together in such a hurry; you might almost say they had been blown together. It was all charming, and arranged to suit everyone’s taste. The merman and his daughters sat at table in great tubs of water, and said it was just like being at home. Everybody had excellent table manners, except the two young Norwegian Trolls; they put their feet upon the table, but then they thought anything they did was right.

“Take your feet out of the way of the dishes,” said the old Troll, and they obeyed him, but not at once. They tickled the ladies they took in to dinner with fir-cones out of their pockets; then they pulled off their boots, so as to be quite comfortable, and handed the boots to the ladies to hold. Their father the old Troll chieftain, was very different; he told many splendid stories about the proud Norwegian mountains, and the waterfalls dashing down in white foam with a roar like thunder. He told about the salmon leaping up against the rushing water, when the nixies played with golden harps. Then he went on to tell about the sparkling winter nights when the sledge bells rang and the lads flew over the ice with blazing lights, over ice which was so transparent that you could see the startled fish darting away under your feet. Yes, indeed, he could tell stories, you could see and hear the things he described; the saw mills going, the men and maids singing their songs and dancing the merry Halling dance. Huzza! All at once the old Troll gave the elf housekeeper a smacking kiss, such a kiss it was, and yet





ELF-HILL

AFTER THE DRAWING BY CHARLES ROBINSON

“The merman and his daughters sat at table in great tubs of water and said it was just like being at home. Every one had excellent table manners except the two young Norwegian Trolls; they put their feet on the table.”

they were not a bit related. Then the elf-maidens had to dance, first plain dancing, and then step dancing, and it was most becoming to them. Then came a fancy dance.

How nimble they were on their legs; you could not tell where they began or where they ended, which were arms and which were legs, they were all mixed up together like shavings in a saw-pit. They twirled round and round so often that it made the Hell-horse feel quite giddy and unwell and he had to leave the table.

“Prrrrr!” said the old Troll. “There is some life in those legs, but what else can they do besides dancing and pointing their toes and all those whirligigs?”

“We will soon show you!” said the Elf-king, and he called out his youngest daughter; she was thin and transparent as moonshine, and was the most ethereal of all the daughters. She put a little white stick in her mouth and vanished instantly; this was her accomplishment.

But the Troll said he did not like that accomplishment in a wife, nor did he think his boys would appreciate it. The second one could walk by her own side as if she had a shadow, and no elves have shadows.

The third was quite different; she had studied in the marsh witches’ brewery, and understood larding alder stumps with glow-worms.

“She will be a good housewife,” said the Troll, and then he saluted her with his eyes instead of drinking her health, for he did not want to drink too much.

Now came the turn of the fourth; she had a big golden harp to play, and when she touched the first string everybody lifted up their left legs (for all the elfin folk are left legged). But when she touched the second string everybody had to do as she wished.

“She is a dangerous woman!” said the Troll, but both his sons left the hill, for they were tired of it all.

“And what can the next daughter do?” asked the old Troll.

“I have learnt to like the Norwegians,” she said, “and I shall never marry unless I can go to Norway!”

But the smallest of the sisters whispered to the Troll, “that is only because she once heard a song which said

that when the world came to an end, the rocks of Norway would still stand, and that is why she wants to go there, she is so afraid of being exterminated."

"Ho, ho!" said the Troll, "so that slipped out. But what can the seventh do?"

"The sixth comes before the seventh," said the Elf-king, for he could reckon, but she would not come forward.

"I can only tell people the truth," she said. "Nobody cares for me, and I have enough to do in making my winding sheet."

"Now came the seventh and last, what could she do? Well, she could tell stories as many as ever she liked.

"Here are my five fingers," said the old Troll, "tell me a story for each one."

The elf-maiden took hold of his wrist, and he chuckled and laughed, till he nearly choked. When she came to the fourth finger, which had a gold ring on it, as if it knew there was to be a betrothal, the Troll said, "Hold fast what you have, the hand is yours, I will have you for a wife myself!" The elf-maiden said that the stories about Guldbrand, the fourth finger, and little Peter Playman, the fifth, had not yet been told.

"Never mind, keep those till winter. Then you shall tell us about the fir, and the birch, and the fairy gifts, and the tingling frost. You shall have every opportunity of telling us stories; nobody up there does it yet. We will sit in the Stone Hall, where the pine logs blaze, and drink mead out of the golden horns of the old Norwegian kings. The river god gave me a pair. When we sit there the mountain sprite comes to pay us a visit, and he will sing you the songs of the Sæter girls. The salmon will leap in the waterfalls, and beat against the stone wall, but it will not get in. Ah, you may believe me when I say that we lead a merry life there in good old Norway. But where are the lads?"

Yes, where were the lads? They were running about the fields, blowing out the will-o'-the-wisps, who came so willingly for the torchlight procession.

"Why do you gad about out there?" said the Troll.

“I have taken a mother for you, now you can come and take one of the aunts.”

But the lads said they would rather make a speech, and drink toasts; they had no wish to marry. Then they made their speeches, and drank toasts and tipped their glasses up to shew that they had emptied them. After that they pulled off their coats and went to sleep on the table, to show that they were quite at home. But the old Troll danced round and round the room with his young bride, and exchanged boots with her, which was grander than exchanging rings.

“There is the cock crowing!” said the old housekeeper. “Now we must shut the shutters, so that the sun may not burn us up.”

Then the hill closed up. But the lizards went on running up and down the clefts of the tree; and they said to each other, “Ah, how much I liked the old Troll.”

“I liked the boys better,” said the earthworm, “but then it couldn’t see, poor, miserable creature that it was.”

THE STORY OF SIGURD.

A DANISH LEGEND FROM THE VOLSUNGA SAGA.

[This is a very old story: the Danes who used to fight with the English in King Alfred’s time knew this story. They have carved on the rocks pictures of some of the things that happened in the tale, and those carvings may still be seen. Because it is so old and so beautiful the story is told here again, but it has a sad ending — indeed it is all sad, and all about fighting and killing, as might be expected from the ancient Danes.]

ONCE upon a time there was a king in the north who had won many wars, but now he was old. Yet he took a new wife, and then another prince, who wanted to have married her, came up against him with a great army. The old king went out and fought bravely, but at last his sword broke, and he was wounded and his men fled. But in the night, when the battle was over, his young wife came out and searched for him among the slain, and at last she found him, and asked whether he might be healed.

But he said "No," his luck was gone, his sword was broken, and he must die. And he told her that she would have a son, and that son would be a great warrior, and would avenge him on the other king, his enemy. And he bade her keep the broken pieces of the sword, to make a new sword for his son, and that blade should be called Gram.

Then he died. And his wife called her maid to her and said: "Let us change clothes, and you shall be called by my name, and I by yours, lest the enemy find us."

So this was done, and they hid in a wood, but there some strangers met them and carried them off in a ship to Denmark. And when they were brought before the king, he thought the maid looked like a queen and the queen like a maid. So he asked the queen: "How do you know in the dark of night whether the hours are wearing to the morning?"

And she said:

"I know because, when I was younger, I used to have to rise and light the fires, and still I waken at the same time."

"A strange queen to light the fires," thought the king.

Then he asked the queen, who was dressed like a maid: "How do you know in the dark of night whether the hours are wearing near the dawn?"

"My father gave me a gold ring," said she, "and always, ere the dawning, it grows cold on my finger."

"A rich house where the maids wore gold," said the king. "Truly you are no maid, but a king's daughter."

So he treated her royally, and as time went on she had a son called Sigurd, a beautiful boy and very strong. He had a tutor to be with him, and once the tutor bade him go to the king and ask for a horse.

"Choose a horse for yourself," said the king; and Sigurd went to the wood, and there he met an old man with a white beard, and said: "Come! help me in horse-choosing."

Then the old man said: "Drive all the horses into the river, and choose the one that swims across."

So Sigurd drove them, and only one swam across. Sig-

urd chose him: his name was Grani, and he came of Sleipnir's breed, and was the best horse in the world. For Sleipnir was the horse of Odin, the God of the North, and was as swift as the wind.

But a day or two later his tutor said to Sigurd: "There is a great treasure of gold hidden not far from here, and it would become you to win it."

But Sigurd answered: "I have heard stories of that treasure, and I know that the dragon Fafnir guards it, and he is so huge and wicked that no man dares to go near him."

"He is no bigger than other dragons," said the tutor, "and if you were as brave as your father you would not fear him."

"I am no coward," says Sigurd; "why do you wish me to fight with this dragon?"

Then his tutor, whose name was Regin, told him that all this great hoard of red gold had once belonged to his own father. And his father had three sons—the first was Fafnir, the dragon; the next was Otter, who could put on the shape of an otter when he liked; and the next was himself, Regin, and he was a great smith and maker of swords.

Now there was at that time a dwarf called Andvari, who lived in a pool beneath a waterfall, and there he had hidden a great hoard of gold. And one day Otter had been fishing there, and had killed a salmon and eaten it, and was sleeping, like an otter, on a stone. Then some one came by, and threw a stone at the otter and killed it, and took the skin to the house of Otter's father. Then he knew his son was dead, and to punish the person who had killed him he said he must have the Otter's skin filled with gold, and covered all over with red gold, or it should go worse with him. Then the person who had killed Otter went down and caught the dwarf who owned all the treasure and took it from him.

Only one ring was left, which the dwarf wore, and even that was taken from him, so that he was entirely stripped of everything that he had owned.

Then the poor dwarf was very angry, and he prayed

that the gold might never bring any but bad luck to all the men who might own it, forever.

Then the otter skin was filled with gold and covered with gold, all but one hair, and that was covered with the poor dwarf's last ring.

But it brought good luck to nobody. First Fafnir, the dragon, killed his own father, and then he went and wallowed on the gold, and would let his brother have none, and no man dared go near it.

When Sigurd heard the story he said to Regin:

"Make me a good sword that I may kill this dragon."

So Regin made a sword, and Sigurd tried it with a blow on a lump of iron, and the sword broke.

Another sword he made, and Sigurd broke that too.

Then Sigurd went to his mother, and asked for the broken pieces of his father's blade, and gave them to Regin. And he hammered and wrought them into a new sword, so sharp that fire seemed to burn along its edges.

Sigurd tried this blade on the lump of iron, and it did not break, but split the iron in two. Then he threw a lock of wool into the river, and when it floated down against the sword it was cut into two pieces. So Sigurd said that sword would do. But before he went against the dragon he led an army to fight the men who had killed his father, and he slew their king, and took all his wealth, and went home.

When he had been at home a few days, he rode out with Regin one morning to the heath where the dragon used to lie. Then he saw the track which the dragon made when he went to a cliff to drink, and the track was as if a great river had rolled along and left a deep valley.

Then Sigurd went down into that deep place, and dug many pits in it, and in one of the pits he lay hidden with his sword drawn. There he waited, and presently the earth began to shake with the weight of the dragon as he crawled to the water. And a cloud of venom flew before him as he snorted and roared, so that it would have been death to stand before him.

But Sigurd waited till half of him had crawled over the

pit, and then he thrust the sword Gram right into his very heart.

Then the dragon lashed with his tail till stones broke and trees crashed about him.

Then he spoke, as he died, and said:

“Whoever thou art that hast slain me this gold shall be thy ruin, and the ruin of all who own it.”

Sigurd said:

“I would touch none of it if by losing it I should never die. But all men die, and no brave man lets death frighten him from his desire. Die thou, Fafnir,” and then Fafnir died.

And after that Sigurd was called Fafnir’s Bane, and Dragon-slayer.

Afterwards he understood the language of birds, and he heard the woodpeckers cry:

“There lies Regin, ready to betray Sigurd, who trusts him.”

The next bird said:

“Let him cut off Regin’s head, and keep all the gold to himself.”

Another bird said:

“That let him do, and then ride over Hindfell, to the place where Brynhild sleeps.”

When Sigurd heard all this, and how Regin was plotting to betray him, he cut off Regin’s head with one blow of the sword Gram.

Then all the birds broke out singing:

“We know a fair maid,
A fair maiden sleeping;
Sigurd, be not afraid,
Sigurd, win thou the maid
- Fortune is keeping.

High over Hindfell
Red fire is flaming.
There doth the maiden dwell,
She that should love thee well
Meet for thy taming.

“There must she sleep till thou
Comest for her waking;

Rise up and ride, for now
Sure she will swear the vow
Fearless of breaking."

Then Sigurd remembered the story that somewhere, far away, there was a beautiful lady enchanted. She was under a spell, so that she must always sleep in a castle surrounded by flaming fire; there she must sleep forever till there came a knight who would ride through the fire and waken her. There he determined to go, but first he rode right down the horrible trail of Fafnir. And Fafnir had lived in a cave with iron doors, a cave dug deep down in the earth, and full of gold bracelets, and crowns, and rings; and there, too, Sigurd found the helm of dread, a golden helmet, and whoever wears it is invisible. All these he piled on the back of the good horse Grani, and then he rode south to Hindfell.

Now it was night, and on the crest of the hill Sigurd saw a red fire blazing up into the sky, and within the flame a castle, and a banner on the topmost tower. Then he set the horse Grani at the fire, and he leaped through it lightly, as if it had been through the heather. So Sigurd went within the castle door, and there he saw some one sleeping, clad all in armor. Then he took the helmet off the head of the sleeper, and behold, she was a most beautiful lady. And she wakened and said: "Ah! is it Sigurd, Sigmund's son, who has broken the spell, and comes here to waken me at last?"

This spell came upon her when the thorn of the tree of sleep ran into her hand long ago as a punishment because she had displeased Odin the god. Long ago, too, she had vowed never to marry a man who knew fear, and dared not ride through the fence of flaming fire. For she was a warrior maid herself, and went armed into the battle like a man. But now she and Sigurd loved each other and promised to be true to each other, and he gave her a ring, and it was the last ring taken from the dwarf Andvari. Then Sigurd rode away, and he came to the house of a king who had a fair daughter. Her name was Gudrun, and her mother was a witch. Now Gudrun fell in love with Sigurd, but he was always talking of Brynhild.

how beautiful she was and how dear. So one day Gudrun's witch mother put poppy and drugs in a magical cup, to cause forgetfulness, and bade Sigurd drink to her health, and he drank, and instantly he forgot poor Brynhild and he loved Gudrun, and they were married with great rejoicings.

Now the witch, the mother of Gudrun, wanted her son Gunnar to marry Brynhild, and she bade him ride out with Sigurd and go and woo her. So forth they rode to her father's house, for Brynhild had quite gone out of Sigurd's mind by reason of the witch's brew, but she remembered him and loved him still. Then Brynhild's father told Gunnar that she would marry none but him who could ride the flame in front of her enchanted tower, and thither they rode, and Gunnar set his horse at the flame, but he would not face it. Then Gunnar tried Sigurd's horse Grani, but he would not move with Gunnar on his back. Then Gunnar remembered witchcraft that his mother had taught him, and by his magic he made Sigurd look exactly like himself, and he looked exactly like Gunnar. Then Sigurd, in the shape of Gunnar and in his mail, mounted on Grani, and Grani leaped the fence of fire, and Sigurd went in and found Brynhild, but he did not remember her yet, because of the forgetful medicine in the cup of the witch's brew.

Now Brynhild had no help but to promise she would be his wife, the wife of Gunnar as she supposed, for Sigurd wore Gunnar's shape and she had sworn to wed whoever should ride the flames. And he gave her a ring, and she gave him back the ring he had given her before in his own shape as Sigurd, and it was the last ring of that poor dwarf Andvari. Then he rode out again, and he and Gunnar changed shapes, and each was himself again, and they went home to the witch queen's, and Sigurd gave the dwarf's ring to his wife, Gudrun. And Brynhild went to her father, and said that a king had come called Gunnar, and had ridden the fire, and she must marry him.

"Yet I thought," she said, "that no man could have done this deed but Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, who was

my true love. But he has forgotten me, and my promise I must keep."

So Gunnar and Brynhild were married, though it was not Gunnar, but Sigurd in Gunnar's shape, that had ridden the fire.

And when the wedding was over and all the feast, then the magic of the witch's wine went out of Sigurd's brain, and he remembered all. He remembered how he had freed Brynhild from the spell, and how she was his own true love, and how he had forgotten and had married another woman, and won Brynhild to be the wife of another man.

But he was brave, and he spoke not a word of it to the others to make them unhappy. Still he could not keep away the spell which was to come on every one who owned the treasure of the dwarf Andvari, and his fatal golden ring.

And the spell soon came upon all of them. For one day, when Brynhild and Gudrun were bathing, Brynhild waded furthest out into the river, and said she did that to show she was Gudrun's superior. For her husband, she said, had ridden through the flame when no other man dared face it.

Then Gudrun was very angry, and said that it was Sigurd, and not Gunnar, who had ridden the flame, and had received from Brynhild that fatal ring, the ring of the dwarf Andvari.

Then Brynhild saw the ring which Sigurd had given to Gudrun, and she knew it and knew all, and she turned as pale as a dead woman, and went home. All that evening she never spoke. Next day she told Gunnar, her husband, that he was cowardly and untruthful, for he had never ridden the flame, but had sent Sigurd to do it for him, and pretended that he had done it himself. And she said he would never see her glad in his hall, never drinking wine, never playing chess, never embroidering with the golden thread, never speaking words of kindness. Then she rent all her needlework asunder and wept aloud, so that every one in the house heard her. For her heart was broken, and her pride was broken in the same hour.

She had lost her true love, Sigurd, the slayer of Fafnir, and she was married to a man who was cowardly and untruthful.

Then Sigurd came and tried to comfort her, but she would not listen, and said she wished the sword stood fast in his heart.

“Not long to wait,” he said, “till the bitter sword stands fast in my heart, and thou wilt not live long when I am dead. But, dear Brynhild, live and be comforted, and love Gunnar thy husband, and I will give thee all the gold, the treasure of the dragon, Fafnir.”

Brynhild said:

“It is too late.”

Then Sigurd was so grieved and his heart so swelled in his breast that it burst the steel rings of his shirt of mail.

Sigurd went out and Brynhild determined to slay him. She mixed serpent's venom and wolf's flesh, and gave them in one dish to her husband's younger brother, and when he had tasted them he was mad, and he went into Sigurd's chamber while he slept and pinned him to the bed with a sword. But Sigurd woke, and caught the sword Gram into his hand, and threw it at the man as he fled, and the sword cut him in twain. Thus died Sigurd, Fafnir's bane, whom no ten men could have slain in fair fight. Then Gudrun wakened and saw him dead, and she moaned aloud, and Brynhild heard her and laughed; but the kind horse Grani lay down and died of very grief. And then Brynhild fell a-weeping till her heart broke. So they attired Sigurd in all his golden armor, and built a great pile of wood on board his ship, and at night laid on it the dead Sigurd and the dead Brynhild, and the good horse Grani, and set fire to it, and launched the ship. And the wind bore it blazing out to sea, flaming into the dark. So the curse of the dwarf Andvari was fulfilled.

TOM HICKATHRIFT.

AN ENGLISH LEGEND.

"In Hickathrift," says George Canning, the author of "The Needy Knife Grinder," "we find a very strong resemblance to those who are immortalized in Homeric Song, . . . the spirit, the sport, the prowess and every great quality of Achilles."

The reader will notice that the story is told in the quaint language of the olden time.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt a man whose name was Thomas Hickathrift—a poor man and a day-laborer, yet he was a very stout man, and able to perform two days' work instead of one. Having one son and no more children in the world, he called him by his own name, Thomas Hickathrift. This old man put his son to good learning, but he would take none, for he was, as we call them in this age, none of the wisest sort.

His father being soon called out of the world, his mother was tender of him, and maintained him by her hand labor as well as she could, he being slothful and not willing to work to get a penny for his living, but all his delight was to be in the chimney-corner, and he would eat as much at one time as would serve four or five men. He was in height, when he was but ten years of age, about eight feet; and in thickness, five feet; and his hand was like unto a shoulder of mutton; and in all his parts, from top to toe, he was like unto a monster, and yet his great strength was not known.

The first time that his strength was known was by his mother's going to a rich farmer's house (she being but a poor woman) to desire a bundle of straw for herself and her son Thomas. The farmer, being a very honest, charitable man, bid her take what she would. She going home to her son Tom, said—

"I pray, go to such a place and fetch me a bundle of straw; I have asked him leave."

He said he would not go.

"Nay, prithee, Tom, go," said his mother.

He said again he would not go unless she would borrow

him a cart-rope. She, being willing to please him, because she would have some straw, went and borrowed him a cart-rope to his desire.

He, taking it, went his way. Coming to the farmer's house, the master was in the barn, and two men a-threshing. Said Tom—

“I am come for a bale of straw.”

“Tom,” said the master, “take as much as thou canst carry.”

He laid down the cart-rope and began to make his bale. Said they—

“Tom, thy rope is too short,” and jeered at poor Tom, for he made his bale, and when he had finished it, there was supposed to be a load of straw in it of two thousand pounds weight. Said they—

“How foolish art thou. Thou canst not carry the tenth of it.”

Tom took the bale, and flung it over his shoulder, and made no more of it than we would do of a hundredweight, to the great admiration of master and man.

Tom Hickathrift's strength being then known in the town, they would no longer let him lie baking by the fire in the chimney-corner. Every one would be hiring him for work. They seeing him to have so much strength, told him that it was a shame for him to live such a lazy course of life, and to be idle day after day, as he did.

Tom seeing them bate him in such a manner as they did, went first to one work and then to another, but at length came to a man who would hire him to go to the wood, for he had a tree to bring home, and he would content him. Tom went with him, and took with him four men besides; but when they came to the wood they set the cart to the tree, and began to draw it up with pulleys. Tom seeing them not able to stir it, said—

“Stand away!” then takes it up and sets it on one end and lays it in the cart.

“Now,” says he, “see what a man can do!”

“Marry, it is true,” said they, “and it is a wonder to see what this man can do.”

When they had done, as they came through the wood,

they met the woodman. Tom asked him for a stick to make his mother a fire with.

“Ay,” says the woodman. “Take one that thou canst carry.”

Tom espied a tree bigger than that one that was in the cart, and lays it on his shoulder, and goes home with it as fast as the cart and six horses could draw it. This was the second time that Tom’s strength was known.

When Tom began to know that he had more strength than twenty men, he then began to be merry and very tractable, and would run or jump; took great delight to be amongst company, and to go to fairs and meetings, to see sports and pastimes.

Going to a feast, the young men were all met, some to cudgels, some to wrestling, some throwing the hammer, and the like. Tom stood a little to see the sport, and at last goes to them that were throwing the hammer, Standing a little to see their manlike sport, at last he took the hammer in his hand, to feel the weight of it, and bid them stand out of the way, for he would throw it as far as he could.

“Ay,” said the smith, and jeered at poor Tom. “You’ll throw it a great way, I’ll warrant you.”

Tom took the hammer in his hand and flung it. And there was a river about five or six furlongs off, and he flung it into that. When he had done, he bid the smith fetch the hammer, and laughed the smith to scorn.

When Tom had done this he would go to wrestling, though he had no more skill of it than a donkey, but what he did by strength, yet he flung all that came to oppose him, for if he once laid hold of them they were gone. Some he would throw over his head, some he would lay down slyly and how he pleased. He would not like to strike at their heels, but flung them two or three yards from him, ready to break their necks asunder. So that none at last durst go into the ring to wrestle with him. So Tom’s fame spread more and more in the country.

Tom’s fame being spread abroad both far and near, there was not a man durst give him an angry word. for he did not care what he did unto them, so that all they

that knew him would not in the least displease him. At length there was a brewer at Lynn that wanted a good lusty man to carry his beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of Tom, went to hire him, but Tom seemed coy, and would not be his man until his mother and friends persuaded him, and his master entreated him. He likewise promised him that he should have a new suit of clothes and everything answerable from top to toe, besides he should eat of the best. Tom at last yielded to be his man, and his master told him how far he must go, for you must understand there was a monstrous giant in some part of the Marsh, and none durst go that way, for if they did he would keep them or kill them, or else he would make bond slaves of them.

But to come to Tom and his master. He did more work in one day than all his men could do in three, so that his master, seeing him very tractable, and to look well after his business, made him his head man to go into the Marsh to carry beer by himself, for he needed no man with him. Tom went every day in the week to Wisbeach, which was a very good journey, for it was twenty miles the roadway.

Tom—going so long that wearisome journey, and finding that way the giant kept was nearer by half, and Tom having now much more strength than before by being so well kept—one day as he was going to Wisbeach, and not saying anything to his master or to any of his fellow-servants, was resolved to make the nearest way to the wood or lose his life, to win the horse or lose the saddle, to kill or be killed, if he met with the giant. And with this resolution he goes the nearest way with his cart and horses to go to Wisbeach; but the giant, perceiving him, and seeing him to be bold, thought to prevent him, and came, intending to take his cart for a prize, but he cared not a bit for him.

The giant met Tom like a lion, as though he would have swallowed him up at a mouthful.

“Sirrah,” said he, “who gave you authority to come this way? Do you not know I make all stand in fear of my sight, and you, like an impudent rogue, must come

and fling my gates open at your pleasure? How dare you presume to do this? Are you so careless of your life? I will make thee an example for all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not care what thou dost? Do you see how many heads hang upon yonder tree that have offended my law? Thy head shall hang higher than all the rest for an example!”

Tom made him answer—

“A fig for your news, for you shall not find me like one of them.”

“No?” said the giant. “Why? Thou art but a fool if thou comest to fight with such a one as I am, and bring no weapon to defend thyself withal.”

Said Tom—

“I have a weapon here will make you understand you are a traitorly rogue.”

“Ah, sirrah,” said the giant; and took that word in high disdain that Tom should call him a traitorly rogue, and with that he ran into his cave to fetch out his club.

Tom knew not what to do for a weapon, for he knew his whip would do but little good against such a monster as he was, for he was in height about twelve feet, and six about the waist. While the giant went for his club, Tom bethought himself of two very good weapons, for he makes no more ado but takes his cart and turns it upside down, takes out the axle-tree, and a wheel for his shield and buckler, and very good weapons they were, especially in time of need. The giant, coming out again, began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one hand, and the axle-tree in the other, to defend him with.

“Oh,” said the giant, “you are like to do great service with these weapons. I have here a twig that will beat thee and thy wheel and axle-tree to the ground.”

That which the giant called a twig was as thick as some mill-posts are, but Tom was not daunted for his big and threatening speech. So the giant made at Tom with such a vehement force that he made Tom’s wheel crack again, and Tom lent the giant as good, for he took him such a weighty blow on the side of his head, that he made the giant reel again.

“What,” said Tom, “are you drunk with my strong beer already?”

The giant, recovering, laid on Tom, but still as they came, Tom kept the blows off with his wheel, so that he had no hurt at all. In short, Tom plied his work so well, and laid such huge blows on the giant that sweat and blood together ran down his face, and, being fat and foggy with fighting so long, he was almost tired out, and he asked Tom to let him drink a little water, and then he would fight him again.

“No,” said Tom, “my mother did not teach me that wit.”

Tom, seeing the giant began to grow weary, and that he failed in his blows, thought it was best to make hay while the sun did shine, for he laid on so fast as though he had been mad, till he brought the giant down to the ground.

Soon he conquered him, and went into his cave, where he found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap.

Then he put his cart together again, loaded it, and drove it to Wisbeach and delivered his goods, and, coming home to his master, he told it to him. His master was so overjoyed at the news that he would not believe him till he had seen; and getting up the next day, he and his master went to see if he spoke the truth or not, together with most of the town of Lynn. When they came to the place and found the giant dead, he then showed the place where the head was, and what silver and gold there was in the cave. All of them leaped for joy, for this monster was a great enemy to all the country.

This news was spread all up and down the country, how Tom Hickathrift had killed the giant, and well was he that could run or go to see the giant and his cave. Then all the folks made bonfires for joy, and Tom was a better respected man than before.

Tom took possession of the giant's cave by consent of the whole country, and everyone said he deserved twice as much more. Tom pulled down the cave and built him a fine house where the cave stood, and in the ground that

the giant kept by force and strength, some of which he gave to the poor for their common, the rest he made pastures of, and divided the most part into tillage to maintain him and his mother, Jane Hickathrift.

Tom's fame was spread both far and near throughout the country, and it was no longer Tom but Mr. Hickathrift, so that he was now the chiefest man among them, for the people feared Tom's anger, as much as they did the giant before. Tom kept men and maid servants, and lived most bravely. He made a park to keep deer in. Near to his house he built a church and gave it the name of St. James's Church, because he killed the giant on that day, which is so called to this hour. He did many good deeds, and became a public benefactor to all persons that lived near him.

Tom having so much money about him, and being not used to it, could hardly tell how to dispose of it, but yet he did use the means to do it, for he kept a pack of hounds and men to hunt with him, and who but Tom then? So he took such delight in sports that he would go far and near to any meetings, as cudgel-play, football, and the like.

Now as Tom was riding one day, he alighted off his horse to see that sport, for they were playing for a wager. Tom was a stranger, and none did know him there. But Tom spoiled their sport, for he, meeting the football, took it such a kick, that they never found their ball more. They could see it fly, but whither none could tell. They all wondered at it, and began to quarrel with Tom, but some of them got nothing by it, for Tom gets a great spar which belonged to a house that was blown down, and all that stood in his way he knocked down, so that all the county was up in arms to take Tom, but all in vain, for he manfully made way wherever he came.

When he was gone from them, and returning homewards, he chanced to be somewhat late in the evening on the road. There met him four stout lusty rogues that had been robbing passengers that way, and none could escape them, for they robbed all they met, both rich and poor. They thought when they met with Tom he would be a good

prize for them, and perceiving he was alone made sure of his money, but they were mistaken, for he got a prize by them. Whereupon, meeting him, they bid him stand and deliver.

“What,” said Tom, “shall I deliver?”

“Your money, sirrah,” said they.

“But,” said Tom, “you will give me better words for it, and you must be better armed.”

“Come, come,” said they, “we do not come here to parley, but we come for money, and money we will have before we stir from this place.”

“Ay!” said Tom. “Is it so? Then get it and take it.”

So then one of them made at him, but he presently unarmed him and took away his sword, which was made of good trusty steel, and smote so hard at the others that they began to put spurs to their horses and be-gone. But he soon stayed their journey, for one of them having a portmanteau behind him, Tom, supposing there was money in it, fought with a great deal more of courage than before, till at last he killed two of the four, and the other two he wounded very sore so that they cried out for quarter. He gave them their lives, but took all their money, which was about two hundred pounds, to bear his expenses home. Now when Tom came home he told them how he had served the football-players and the four highwaymen, which caused a laugh from his old mother. Then, refreshing himself, he went to see how all things were, and what his men had done since he went from home.

ROBIN HOOD.

AN ENGLISH LEGEND.

Robin Hood is first mentioned by the Scottish Historian Fordun, who died in 1386. According to Stow, he was an outlaw in the reign of Richard I. (Twelfth Century). He entertained one hundred tall men, all good archers, with the spoil he took, but "he suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and houses of rich carles." He was an immense favorite with the common people. Though generally considered an historical character, some say that he represents figuratively the old Saxon race defying the Norman oppressors. His exploits are chronicled in many ancient ballads and have given rise to many proverbs and sayings.

HUNDREDS of years ago there was a king of England named Richard the Lion-hearted. He was a brave king and loved brave men. At that time all the game of the forests belonged to the king of the country. It was against the law for any man to shoot a deer or any other animal of the forest. The men who watched the game for the king were called foresters.

In those days men did not shoot with guns; they used bows and arrows and were called archers. The finest archer in the whole country was a man named Robin Hood. Because Robin Hood could shoot so much better than anyone else, one of the king's foresters hated him very much.

One day as Robin Hood was passing through the forest he met this man. He asked Robin to come and shoot with him, saying he wished to see which of them could shoot the better. The forester dared Robin to send an arrow at a deer which was standing some distance away. Without thinking of the king's law, Robin shot an arrow which struck and killed the deer.

Then the forester tried to make Robin his prisoner so as to have him punished. In the fight Robin killed the man. Then he had to hide in the forest. He became an outlaw.

There were many other men at that time who were outlaws. They all came to Robin Hood and asked him to

be their leader. In this way he became the head of a band of more than a hundred outlaws.

They all lived together in Sherwood Forest. Every man wore a suit of green, and they were called Robin Hood's merry men. They shot deer and other game whenever it pleased them. They robbed the rich whenever they could, but they often helped the poor and needy.

Up and down the forest ranged bold Robin Hood, and at last he came to the darkest part of it all. Here was a great pool of brown water, and the ground about it trembled if one walked too near the edge. On the edge of the pool was a gray rock, and on the rock was a poor woman weeping. Her golden hair, which floated over her dark dress looked as if a bit of sunshine had dropped down into the gloomy place.

Robin made bold to go up to her and ask, "Fair lady, why do you weep? Has anyone done you a wrong? Have you been robbed of gold or jewels?"

"Never would I weep for gold or for jewels," answered the lady on the rock. "I weep for my own three sons. They are to die on the gallows-tree to-morrow morning."

"And what have they done?" asked Robin. "Have they robbed a church or slain a traveler?"

"Oh! oh!" sobbed the lady more bitterly than ever. "No church have they robbed, no traveler have they slain; they have done worse than that. They have shot one of the king's own deer, and it is for this that they are to die on the gallows-tree."

"This is no business for a woman," said Robin cheerfully. "Go back to your house, and to-morrow morning look well out of the upper window; it may be that you will see something come to pass."

After thanking the stranger, the lady made her way to her house in Nottingham. Robin strolled on, singing:

"And I'll go to Nottingham
For the lady fair
With the golden hair;
To her sons all three
Hangman I'll be,
And I'll go to Nottingham."

In the morning Robin set out for Nottingham. On the road he met a ragged old man in a coat that was patched with black and blue and yellow and red. Where it was not patched, the wind sang merrily through the holes.

"Heyday, old man," called Robin, "how goes it at Nottingham this fine morning?"

The old man bent almost to the ground before the gentleman in the fine coat of green, with the feather in his hat.

"Sadly, kind sir, sadly," he answered. "There be three sons of a poor widow who are to hang on the gallows-tree this day for shooting the king's deer. There is no one in all Nottingham who does not weep for the death of them."

"And I'll go to Nottingham,
And I'll go to Nottingham,"

hummed Robin. Then he said to the ragged old man:

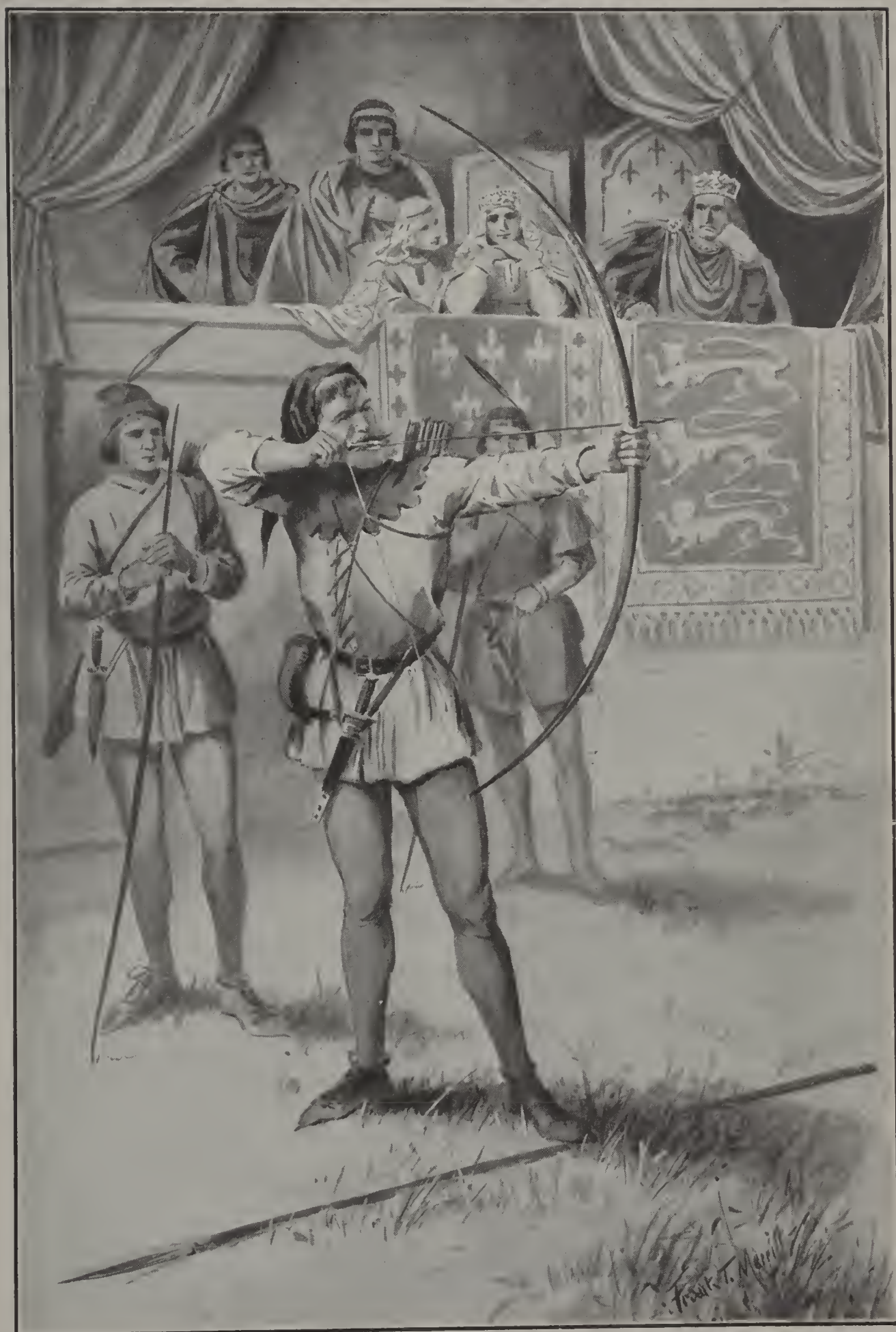
"That's a fine coat you have. When the sun shines on it, it looks as bright as the flowers in a meadow. Will you trade with me?"

"I thought you were a kindly gentleman," said the old man, "and that you would not laugh at a poor old beggar. It's no good luck you'll win to-day, sir."

"Let the ring of silver speak for me," said Robin laughingly, and he tossed twenty silver shillings to the old man. "That's to bind the bargain, and here's the pay for the coat and all the rest of your clothes," and he gave the beggar ten broad pieces of red gold.

So, while Robin whistled and sang, the old man with fingers that trembled with delight put on Robin's fine green clothes. Robin donned the beggar's coat, through which the wind whistled except where it was patched; next he drew on the old man's hose, which were mended with bits of cloth from knee to ankle, and the old man's shoes, which had pieces of leather of all colors sewed on wherever there had been a hole. Then throwing the old man's begging-bag over his own shoulders, Robin said:

"As you seem to be a lively old man, let me see how fast you can run; and don't you be seen in Nottingham before the town clock strikes four."



ROBIN HOOD SHOOTING BEFORE THE KING

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY FRANK T. MERRILL

Robin Hood had a willow wand set up fifty paces away. At this mark each of his men had to shoot. In a few minutes the wand had been split by the arrows from top to bottom. The King said that he had never seen finer shooting in his life.

The old man ran as fast as ever he could and with the greatest good will; for he was sure the fellow who had given him a good, green coat for a ragged one must be crazy and would soon wish to have his own coat again.

Robin walked along the road, singing:

“And I’ll go to Nottingham,
To Nottingham, to Nottingham.”

As Robin was hurrying along, he suddenly stopped. Then he began to lean upon his stick and creep slowly on his way.

“Truly,” said he, “unless I have the eyes of the old man as well as his clothes, that’s the proud sheriff of Nottingham coming along the road.”

As the proud sheriff rode up, Robin bowed low before him. “Could you not do a favor to a poor old beggar man this fine morning?” he asked.

“Get out of the road, old man,” answered the sheriff. “I’m going to find a hangman for three rogues that are to die this day on the gallows-tree for killing the king’s deer.”

“And what will you give to him that will be your hangman?” asked the old beggar man.

“The three good suits of clothes that the rogues wear and twenty silver pence besides,” answered the sheriff.

“I’m the one that needs a suit of good clothes,” said the old man, “as you well may see; and if you’ll give them to me, I’ll hang everybody that is to be hanged in Nottingham to-day.”

Then the old man and the sheriff went up the hill to the gallows-tree, and the three young men were brought out to be hanged. The lady who had wept on the rock by the lonely pool was looking out of the upper window and sobbing bitterly.

“Have you sent for a priest to come and pray that their sins may be forgiven, and have you rung the passing bell for the good of their souls?” asked Robin Hood.

“Never a priest shall see them by my sending for him, and never a sound of a passing bell shall they get from me,” answered the proud sheriff.

“Then I must even ring the bell myself,” said Robin; “but I suppose a blast on my good horn will do just as well.”

Before the sheriff could turn about, Robin had blown on his horn three times, and more than five score of his good brave men had come marching up the hill.

“It would be a shame to waste so fine a gallows-tree,” said Robin. “We might just as well hang the worst man in the company to get the good of it,” and he looked straight at the sheriff.

This frightened the sheriff badly, for he stood in great fear of the bold outlaw. But Robin laughed and told him that he would put off the hanging until another day. He sent the three young men home to their mother, who was now weeping tears of joy out of the window.

“Farewell,” cried Robin, “I never stay out of doors when it rains”; and so Robin and his brave men marched away, singing:

“Robin went to Nottingham,
To Nottingham, to Nottingham,
Robin went to Nottingham
One merry day in the morning.”

Robin Hood’s best friend was called Little John. The way in which they came to know each other was this: One day Robin came to a brook across which a narrow plank had been laid for a bridge. As Robin stepped upon the plank on one side of the brook, a tall man with a staff in his hand stepped upon it on the other side. They met in the middle of the plank.

“Let me pass,” said the man, “or it will be the worse for you.”

Robin laughed at the thought of anyone trying to frighten him, and told the man to go back or he would put an arrow through him.

“You are a coward,” said the man. “You see I have no bow and arrow.”

“If you will wait here a minute, I will show you whether I am a coward or not,” answered Robin.

Throwing aside his bow and arrow, Robin soon cut a staff for himself.

“Now we will fight it out,” said he, as he faced the man again. So they fought for some time. But the man was much larger and stronger than Robin; and at last he struck Robin a blow that sent him into the water.

As Robin waded out of the water, the big man stood on the bank and laughed at him.

Then Robin put his horn to his mouth and blew long and loud. More than a hundred of his men came running from all sides. They wished to punish the man for knocking their leader into the water, but Robin would not have it.

He asked the big man his name, and the merry men all laughed when he said it was John Little.

John Little and Robin Hood liked each other so well that they agreed to stay together. The outlaws called the big man Little John. He became one of Robin Hood's men, and as long as Robin lived Little John was his best friend.

Some time after this, King Richard had to pass through Sherwood Forest. The king had heard all about Robin—of how he robbed the rich and how brave he was.

The king loved a brave man, and he wished to see for himself what kind of a man Robin was. He did not wish Robin to know that he was the king. So he went riding alone into the forest. He wore plain black armor and no one could have told by looking at him that he was the king. He had not gone far before he met Robin Hood, who commanded him to halt and hand over his money. Robin soon noticed, however, a little red cross on the stranger's shoulder. Now this cross was worn only by those who had fought in far-off lands. When Robin saw this cross, he would not take the money that was offered him. He even asked the stranger to come and have dinner with him.

The king agreed to this, and soon he was feasting, laughing, singing and joking with Robin and his merry men as they sat under the trees of Sherwood Forest. After dinner the king began to talk of archers and arch-

ery. He asked Robin to let his men have a shooting-match, so that he might see how well they could shoot. So Robin had a willow wand set up fifty paces away. At this mark each of his men had to shoot. In a few minutes the wand had been split by the arrows from top to bottom. The king said that he had never seen finer shooting in his life.

After thanking Robin Hood for his kindness, the stranger prepared to leave. When the outlaws had gathered around him to wish him a pleasant journey, he said:

“Such jolly comrades and such good archers must be honest men; so I will tell you that I am Richard, your king.”

As the king finished speaking, the outlaws fell on their knees before him; for they loved their king, though they often broke his laws.

Turning to Robin Hood, the king added, “Will you and your men give up this life if I forgive you? Will you cease to be outlaws and become faithful men to your king?”

“That we will, my king,” said Robin. So he, Little John and many of his merry men went to live with the king in London. The others, who stayed in Sherwood Forest, were made the king’s foresters.

HOW KING ARTHUR CONQUERED ROME.

A OLD ENGLISH LEGEND.

BY E. EDWARDSON.

Adapted from Sir Thomas Malory’s *Morte D’Arthur*. The *Morte D’Arthur* is a compilation of tales from the French which was printed by Wm. Caxton, the first great English printer, in 1470.

Tennyson, in his “*Idylls of the King*,” has drawn largely upon these stories which are half historical and half legendary. The following story is not, however, among those which Tennyson put into his matchless verse.

KING ARTHUR had just brought a great war to an end, and in honour of his victory he was holding a royal feast with the kings and princes that were his vassals and all the knights of the Round Table, when twelve grave and ancient men entered the banqueting hall

where he sat at table. They bore each an olive branch in his hand, to signify that they were ambassadors from Lucius the Emperor of Rome, and after they had reverently made obeisance to King Arthur, they delivered their message as follows:—

“The high and mighty Emperor Lucius sends you greeting, O King of Britain, and he commands you to acknowledge him as your lord, and to pay the tribute which is due from this realm, and which, it is recorded, was paid by your father and others who came before him. Yet you rebelliously withhold it and keep it back, in defiance of the statutes and decrees made by the first Emperor of Rome, the noble Julius Cæsar, who conquered this country. And be assured that if you disobey this command, the Emperor Lucius will come in his might and make war against you and your kingdom, and will inflict upon you a chastisement that shall serve for ever as a warning to all kings and princes not to withhold the tribute due to that noble empire to which belongs dominion over the whole world.”

Thus they spoke, and King Arthur having heard their request, bade them withdraw, saying that he would take the advice of his counsellors before giving them his answer; but some of the younger knights that were in the hall declared that it was a disgrace to all who were at the feast that such language should be used to the king in their hearing, and they would fain have fallen upon the ambassadors and slain them. But King Arthur, hearing their murmurs, declared that any insult or wrong suffered by the ambassadors should be punished with death. Then he sent them to their quarters, escorted by one of his knights, who was ordered to provide them with whatever they wanted.

“Let nothing be grudged these men of Rome,” said the king, “though the demand they make is an affront alike to me and to you who are of my court. I should be dishonored were the ambassadors not treated with the respect due to them, seeing that they are great lords in their own land.”

As soon as the ambassadors had left the hall, King

Arthur asked his knights and lords what was their advice and counsel in the matter. The first to give his opinion was Sir Cador of Cornwall.

“Sir,” said Sir Cador, “the message brought by these lords is most welcome to me. We have spent full many days at rest and in idleness, and now my hope is that you will wage war against the Romans. In that war we shall, I have little doubt, win great honour.”

“I am sure,” answered King Arthur, “that this affair is welcome to you, but I seek, above all, your aid in devising a grave and suitable answer to the demand they have made. And let no man doubt that I hold that demand to be a grievous insult. The tribute they claim, in my opinion, not only is not due, but cannot be due; for more than one British knight having been Emperor of Rome, it is, I hold, the duty of Rome to acknowledge the lordship of Britain, rather than of Britain to acknowledge that of Rome. What think ye?”

“Sir,” replied King Anguish of Scotland, “you ought of right to be lord over all other kings, for throughout Christendom there is neither knight nor man of high estate worthy to be compared with you. My advice is, never yield to the Romans. When they reigned over us, they oppressed our principal men, and laid heavy and extortionate burdens upon the land. For that cause I, standing here, solemnly vow vengeance upon them for the evil they then did, and, to support you in your quarrel, I will at my own cost furnish twenty thousand good fighting men. This force I will command in person, and I will bring it to your aid whenever you choose to summon me.”

In like manner, the King of Little Britain, as Brittany was called in those days, undertook to furnish thirty thousand men; and all the others who were present agreed to fight on King Arthur's side, and to assist him to the utmost of their power. So he, having thanked them heartily for the courage and goodwill towards him that they displayed, had the ambassadors summoned back into the banqueting hall and addressed them thus:—

“I would have you go back to him who sent you, and

I would have you say to him that I will pay no heed to any orders or demands that may be brought from him; and as for tribute, so far am I from allowing that there is any tribute due from me to him or to any other man or prince upon earth, be he heathen or Christian, that I claim lordship over the empire he now has. And say further to him, that I have determined and resolved to go to Rome with my army, to take possession of the empire and to subdue all that behave themselves rebelliously. Therefore, let your master and all the other men of Rome get themselves ready to do homage to me, and to acknowledge me as their emperor and governor, and let them know that if they refuse, they will be punished befittingly.”

Then King Arthur bade his treasurer give handsome gifts to the ambassadors, and repay in full the cost of their journey, and he assigned Sir Cador as their escort to see them safely out of the country. So they took their leave, and going to Sandwich, sailed thence, and passed through Flanders and Germany over the Alps into Italy to the court of the emperor.

When the emperor heard what message King Arthur had entrusted to them, and understood that this was indeed the reply to his demand for tribute, he was grievously angry.

“Of a truth,” he said, “I never doubted that King Arthur would obey my commands and submit, as it befits him and all other kings to submit themselves to me.”

“Sir,” answered one of the ambassadors, “I beseech you not to speak thus boastfully. In very truth my companions and myself were dismayed when we saw King Arthur face to face, and my fear is that you have made a rod for your own back, for his intention is to become lord over this empire. His threats, I warn you, are no idle talk. He is a very different man from what you hoped he was, and his court is the most noble upon earth. Never had any one of us beheld such magnificence as we beheld there on New Year’s Day, when nine kings, besides other princes, lords, and knights, sat at table with King Arthur. Nor do I believe that there could be

found anywhere another band of knights worthy to be matched with the knights who sit at his Round Table, nor a more manly man than the king himself. And since I verily believe his ambition is such that he would not be satisfied though he had conquered the whole world, my advice is that you have careful watch kept upon the borders of your lands and upon the ways over the mountains, for I am certain that you would do wisely to guard yourself well against him."

"Well," answered Lucius, "my intention is before Easter to cross the Alps and to descend into France and seize the lands that belong to him there. With me I shall take my mighty warriors from Tuscany and Lombardy, and all the subjects and allies I have shall be summoned to my aid."

Then the emperor picked out wise old knights and sent them east and west throughout Asia, Africa, and Europe, to summon his allies from Turkey, Syria, Portugal, and the other distant lands that were subject to him; and in the meantime he assembled his forces from Rome, and from the countries between Rome and Flanders, and he collected together as his body-guard fifty giants who were sons of evil spirits. Putting himself at the head of this mighty host, Lucius departed from Rome, and marching through Savoy, crossed the mountains, meaning to lay waste the lands King Arthur had conquered. He besieged and took a castle near Cologne, which he garrisoned with Saracens and unbelievers. Then he passed on, plundering and pillaging the country, till he entered Burgundy, where he halted to collect the whole of his army before invading and laying utterly waste the land of Little Britain.

In the meantime preparations were being made on the side of the British. A parliament was held at York, and there it was resolved that all the navy of the kingdom should be got ready and assemble within fifteen days at Sandwich. Sir Baudewaine of Britain, and Sir Constantine, the son of Sir Cador of Cornwall, were chosen by the king to be his viceroys during his absence; and

to them, in the presence of all his lords, he confided the care of his kingdom, and he also entrusted to them Queen Guenever. She, when the time drew near for the departure of her lord, wept and lamented so piteously that at last she swooned, and was carried away to her chamber by the ladies that attended upon her. Then King Arthur mounted his horse, and, putting himself at the head of his troops, made proclamation in a loud voice that should death befall him during this expedition, his wish was that Sir Constantine, who was his heir by blood, should succeed to his possessions and to his throne.

So King Arthur and his army came to Sandwich, where they found awaiting them a great multitude of galleys and vessels of all sorts, on which they embarked and set out to sea. That night, as the king lay asleep in his cabin, he dreamed a marvellous dream. A dreadful dragon appeared, flying out of the west. Its head was all enamelled with azure enamel. Its wings and its claws glistened like gold. Its feet were black as jet. Its body was sheathed in scales that shone as armour shines after it has been polished, and it had a very great and notable tail. Then there came a cloud out of the east. The grimmest beast man ever saw rode upon this cloud; it was a wild boar, roaring and growling so hideously that it was terrifying to hear it. The dragon flew down the wind like a falcon and struck at this boar; but it defended itself with its grisly tusks, and wounded the dragon in the breast so severely that its blood, pouring into the sea in torrents, made all the waves red. Then the dragon turned and flew away, and having mounted up to a great height, again swooped down upon the boar and fastened its claws in the beast's back. The boar struggled, and raged, and writhed, but all in vain. It was at the mercy of its foe, and so merciless was the dragon that it never loosened its grip till it had torn the boar limb from limb and bone from bone, and scattered it piecemeal upon the surface of the sea.

Then King Arthur awoke, and, starting up in great dismay, sent for a wise man that was on board the ship and bade him interpret the dream.

“Sir,” the wise man said, “the dragon which you saw in your dream surely betokens your own self, its golden wings signifying the countries you have won with your sword, and its great and notable tail the knights of the Round Table. As for the boar that was slain, that may betoken either a tyrant that torments his people, or some hideous and abominable giant with whom you are about to fight. And the dream foreshadows victory for you. Therefore, though it was very dreadful, you should take comfort from it and be of a good heart.’

Before long the sailors sighted land, and the army disembarked at a port in Flanders, where many great lords were awaiting the arrival of King Arthur, as had been ordained. And to him, soon after he had arrived, there came a husbandman bringing grievous news. A monstrous giant had for years infested the country on the borders of Little Britain, and had slain many people and devoured such numbers of children that there were none left for him to prey upon. And being in search of victims, and coming upon the Duchess of Little Britain as she rode with her knights, he had laid hands upon her and carried her off to his den in a mountain. Five hundred men that followed the duchess could not rescue her, but they heard such heartrending cries and shrieks that they had little doubt she had been put to death.

“Now,” said the husbandman, “as you are a great and noble king and a valiant conqueror, and as this lady was wife to Sir Howel, who is your own cousin, take pity on her and on all of us, and avenge us upon this vile giant.”

“Alas,” King Arthur replied, “this is a grievous and an evil matter. I would give all my kingdom to have been at hand, so that I might have saved that fair lady.”

Then he asked the husbandman whether he could show him the place where the giant would be found and the man said that was easy to do, for there were always two fires burning outside the den he haunted. In that den, the husbandman believed, was stored more treasure than the whole realm of France contained.

Then the king took Sir Kay and Sir Bedivere apart

privately into his tent, and bade them secretly get ready their horses and armour, and his own, for it was his intention that night, after evensong, to set out on a pilgrimage to St. Michael's Mount with them, and nobody besides them was to accompany him. So when evening came, the king, and Sir Kay, and Sir Bedivere armed themselves, and taking their horses, rode as fast as they could to the foot of St. Michael's Mount. There the king alighted and bade his knights stay where they were, while he himself ascended the mount.

He went up the hillside till he came to a huge fire. Close to it was a newly-made grave, by which was sitting a sorrowful widow wringing her hands and making great lamentation. King Arthur saluted her courteously, and asked for whom she was weeping. She prayed him to speak softly, for "Yonder," said she, "is a monstrous giant that will come and destroy you should your voice reach his ears. Luckless wretch, what brings you to this mountain?" asked the widow. "Fifty such knights as you could not hold their ground against the monster."

"Lady," he replied, "the mighty conqueror King Arthur has sent me as his ambassador to this giant, to inquire why he ventures thus to misuse and maltreat the people of the land."

"A useless embassy in very truth!" she said. "Little does he care for King Arthur, or for any other man. Not many days have passed since he murdered the fairest lady in the world, the wife of Sir Howel of Little Britain; and had you brought with you King Arthur's own wife, Queen Guenvere, he would not be afraid to murder her. Yet, if you must needs speak with him, you will find him yonder over the crest of the hill."

"This is a fearful warning you give me," said the king. "Yet none the less, believe me, will I accomplish the task that has been allotted me."

Having climbed up to the crest of the hill, King Arthur looked down, and close below him he saw the giant basking at his ease by the side of a great fire.

"Thou villain!" cried the king—"thou villain! short

shall be thy life and shameful shall be thy death. Rise and defend yourself. My sword shall avenge that fair duchess whom you murdered.”

Starting from the ground, the giant snatched up his great iron club, and aiming a swinging blow at King Arthur's head, swept the crown off his helmet. Then the king flew at him, and they wrestled and wrestled till they fell, and as they struggled on the ground King Arthur again and again smote the giant with his dagger, and they rolled and tumbled down the hill till they reached the sea-beach at its foot, where Sir Kay and Sir Bedivere were waiting their lord's return. Rushing to his aid, the two knights at once set their master free, for they found that the giant, in whose arms he was locked, was already dead.

Then King Arthur sent Sir Kay and Sir Bedivere up the hill to fetch the sword and shield that he had let fall and left there, and also the giant's iron club and cloak, and he told them they might keep whatever treasure they found in his den, for he desired nothing besides the club and the cloak. So they went and did as they were bidden, and brought away as much treasure as they desired.

When the news of the oppressor's death was spread abroad, the people came in throngs to thank the king, who had delivered them; but he bade them rather give thanks to Heaven. Then, having distributed amongst them the treasure his knights had not needed, and having commanded Sir Howel to build upon the hill which the giant had haunted a chapel in honour of St. Michael, he returned to his army, and led it into the country of Champagne, where he pitched his camp in a valley.

That evening two men, of whom one was the Marshal of France, came into the pavilion where King Arthur sat at table. They brought news that the emperor was in Burgundy, burning and sacking towns and villages, so that, unless King Arthur came quickly to their succour, the men of those parts would be forced to surrender themselves and their goods to Rome.

Hearing this, King Arthur summoned four of his

knights—Sir Gawaine, Sir Bors, Sir Lionel, and Sir Badouine—and ordered them to go with all speed to the emperor's camp, and call upon him either to leave the land at once or make ready for battle, since King Arthur would not suffer the people to be harried any longer. These four knights, accordingly, rode off with their followers, and before very long they came to a meadow, where, pitched by the side of a stream, they saw many stately tents, and in the middle of them one which, it was plain, must be the emperor's, for above it floated a banner on which was an eagle.

Then they halted and took counsel what it would be best to do, and it was agreed that the rest of the party should remain in ambush in the wood while Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors delivered the message they brought. Having heard it, the Emperor Lucius said they had better return and advise King Arthur to make his preparations for being subdued by Rome and losing all his possessions. To this taunt Sir Gawaine and Sir Bors made angry replies, whereupon Sir Gainus, a knight who was near of kin to the emperor, laughed, and said that British knights behaved as if the whole world rested on their shoulders. Sir Gawaine was infuriated beyond all measure by these words, and he and Sir Bors fled as fast as their horses could put legs to the ground, dashing headlong through woods and across streams, till they came to the spot where they had left their comrades in ambush.

The Romans followed in hot pursuit, and pressed them hard all the way. One knight, indeed, had almost overtaken them, when Sir Bors turned and ran him through with his spear. Then Sir Lionel and Sir Badouine came to their assistance, and there was a great and fierce encounter, and such was the bravery of the British that they routed the Romans and chased them right up to their tents. There the enemy made a stand, and Sir Bors was taken prisoner; but Sir Gawaine, drawing his good sword, vowed that he would either rescue his comrade or never look King Arthur in the face again, and falling upon the men that had captured Sir Bors, he delivered him out of their hands.

Then the fight waxed hotter and hotter, and the British knights were in such jeopardy that Sir Gawaine dispatched a messenger to bring him help as quickly as it could be sent, for he was wounded and sorely hurt. King Arthur, having received the message, instantly mustered his army; but before he could set out, into the camp rode Sir Gawaine and his companions, bringing with them many prisoners. And the only one of the band who had suffered any hurt was Sir Gawaine, whom the king consoled as best he could, bidding his surgeon at once attend to his wounds.

Thus ended the first battle between the Britons and the Romans. That night there was great rejoicing in the camp of King Arthur; and on the next day all the prisoners were sent to Paris, with Sir Launcelot du Lake and Sir Cador and many other knights to guard them. On the way, passing through a wood, they were beset by a force the Emperor Lucius had placed there in ambush. Then Sir Launcelot, though the enemy had six men for every one he had with him, fought with such fury that no one could stand up against him; and at last, in dread of his prowess and might, the Romans and their allies the Saracens turned and fled as though they had been sheep and Sir Launcelot a wolf or a lion. But the skirmish had lasted so long that tidings of it had reached King Arthur, who arrayed himself and hurried to the aid of his knights. Finding them already victorious, he embraced them one by one, saying that they were indeed worthy of whatever honours had been granted them in the past, and that no other king had ever had such noble knights as he had.

To this Sir Cador answered that they might one and all claim at least the merit of not having deserted their posts, but that the honour of the day belonged to Sir Launcelot, for it passed man's wit to describe all the feats of arms he had performed. Then Sir Cador told the king that certain of his knights were slain, and who they were, whereupon King Arthur wept bitterly.

"Truly," he said, "your valour nearly was the destruction of you all. Yet you would not have been dis-

graced in my eyes had you retreated. To me it seems a rash and foolhardy thing for knights to stand their ground when they find themselves overmatched."

"Nay," replied Sir Launcelot, "I think otherwise; for a knight who has once been put to shame may never recover the honour he has forfeited."

There was amongst the Romans who escaped from that battle a senator. He went to the Emperor Lucius and said, "Sir, my advice is that you withdraw your army, for this day has proved that grievous blows are all we shall win here. There is not one of King Arthur's knights that has not proved himself worth a hundred of ours."

"Alas," cried Lucius, "that is coward's talk and to hear it grieves me more than all the losses I have sustained this day."

Then he ordered one of his most trusty allies to take a great force and advance as fast as he possibly could, the emperor himself intending to follow in all haste. Warning of this having been brought secretly to the British camp, King Arthur sent part of his forces to Sessoine to occupy the towns and castles before the Romans could reach him. The rest he posted up and down the country, so as to cut off every way by which the enemy might escape.

Before long the emperor entered the valley of Sessoine, and found himself face to face with King Arthur's men, drawn up in battle array. Seeing that retreat was impossible—for he was hemmed in by his enemies, and had either to fight his way through them or surrender—he made an oration to his followers, praying them to quit themselves like men that day, and to remember that to allow the Britons to hold their ground would bring disgrace upon Rome, the mistress of the world.

Then, at the emperor's command, his trumpeters sounded their trumpets so defiantly that the very earth trembled and shook; and the two hosts joined battle, rushing at one another with mighty shouts. Many

knights fought nobly that day, but none more nobly than King Arthur. Riding up and down the battlefield, he exhorted his knights to bear themselves bravely; and wherever the fray was thickest, and his people most sorely pressed, he dashed to the rescue and hewed down the Romans with his good sword Excalibur. Amongst those he slew was a marvellous great giant called Galapus. First of all, King Arthur smote off this giant's legs by the knees, saying that made him of a more convenient size to deal with, and then he smote off his head. Such was the hugeness of the body of Galapus, that, as it fell, it crushed six Saracens to death.

But though King Arthur fought thus fiercely, and Sir Gawaine and all the other knights of the Round Table did nobly, the host of their enemies was so great that it seemed as if the battle would never come to an end, the Britons having the advantage at one moment and the Romans at another.

Now, amongst the Romans, no man fought more bravely than the Emperor Lucius. King Arthur, spying the marvellous feats of arms he performed, rode up and challenged him to single combat. They exchanged many a mighty blow, and at last Lucius struck King Arthur across the face, and inflicted a grievous wound. Feeling the smart of it, King Arthur dealt back such a stroke that his sword Excalibur clove the emperor's helmet in half, and splitting his skull, passed right down to his breast-bone.

Thus Lucius, the Emperor of the Romans, lost his life; and when it was known that he was slain, his whole army turned and fled, and King Arthur and his knights chased them, slaying all they could overtake. Of the host that followed Lucius, more than a hundred thousand men fell that day.

King Arthur, after he had won the great battle in which the Emperor Lucius was slain, marched into Lorraine, and so on through Brabant and Flanders into Germany, and across the mountains into Lombardy, and thence into Tuscany, and at last came to Rome, and

on Christmas day he was crowned emperor by the Pope with great state and solemnity. And he stayed in Rome a little while, setting in order the affairs of his possession, and distributing amongst his knights posts of honour and dignity, and also great estates, as rewards for their services.

After these affairs had been duly arranged, all the British lords and knights assembled in the presence of the king, and said to him:—

“Noble emperor, now that, Heaven be thanked for it, this great war is over, and your enemies so utterly vanquished that henceforward, as we believe, no man, however great or mighty he may be, will dare to stand up against you, we beseech you to grant us leave to return to our wives and our homes, that there we may rest ourselves.”

This request King Arthur granted, saying that it would be wise, seeing they had met with such good fortune so far, to be content with it and to return home. Also he gave orders that there should be no plundering or pillaging of the country through which they had to pass on their way back, but that they should, on pain of death, pay the full price for victuals or whatever else they took.

So King Arthur and his host set off from Rome and came over the sea and landed at Sandwich, where Queen Guenvere came to meet her lord. And at Sandwich and throughout the land there were great festivities, and noble gifts were presented to the king; for his people rejoiced mightily both because he had returned safely home, and because of the great victories he had achieved.

THUMBKIN.

A FINNISH FAIRY TALE.

This tale, like so many others, contains incidents common to the fairy tales of other nations. The dinner scene will at once recall a similar situation in the English tale of "Jack the Giant Killer."

ONCE upon a time there was a peasant who had three sons—Peter, Paul, and John. Peter was big, red-cheeked, and stupid; Paul was thin, sallow, and envious; and John was brimful of fun and as fair as a woman, but so very tiny that he could easily have hidden himself in his father's big boots; he was therefore nicknamed Thumbkin. All the peasant's wealth consisted of his sons, he had nothing else besides, and it was a grand day in the cottage when a halfpenny was to be seen there. Rye was dear, and life very hard to these poor folk. From the time the three children could do any work, their father was always urging them to leave the hut where they were born, and go forth into the world to seek their fortune.

He used to say, "It may not be always easy to earn one's living away from home, any how there is a chance of earning it; but here, the only thing one can look forward to is to die of hunger."

About a league from the hut stood the king's palace, a magnificent building all of wood, with beautifully carved balconies and glazed windows. Lo and behold! one fine summer night, just in front of the windows, a great oak-tree sprang up, with such thick branches and foliage that it almost hid the palace. To cut down this giant tree was not an easy matter; there was not an ax that did not blunt itself against the trunk, and for every branch or root that was cut off two sprang up in its place. In vain the king promised three bags of silver to the man who would rid him of this inconvenient neighbor. Tired of the fruitless struggle, the king at last was obliged to resign himself to having all the lamps in his palace lit in broad daylight.

That was not all; in this country streams issued out of the very stones, and yet there was no water to be had on the royal domain. In the summer the Court was obliged to wash their hands with beer, and their faces with mead. It was a crying shame; and the king had promised lands and money, with the title of marquis, to any one who would dig a well in the courtyard of the castle deep enough to get water all the year round. But no one was able to earn the reward, for the palace stood on a hill, and a foot below the surface was a bed of granite.

The king could think of nothing else, and was determined not to be beaten, for though his kingdom was very small he was as obstinate as the Emperor of China. To attain his object, he had great placards emblazoned with the royal arms posted up all over his dominions, by which he offered no less than the hand of the princess and the half of his kingdom to whoever should cut down the oak and dig the well. The princess was as beautiful as the day, and half the kingdom was not to be despised; so here was a bait rich enough to tempt more than one ambitious soul, and from Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Russia, the continent, and the adjacent islands, came a crowd of stout workmen, armed with axes and mattocks. But in vain they cut and hacked and chipped and dug, it was all labor lost. At every blow the oak became harder, and the granite no softer, so that the strongest had at last to give up in despair.

One day, after the king's proclamation, which completely turned every body's head, had been a great deal under discussion, the three brothers asked themselves why they should not try their luck, if their father would give his consent. They never dreamed of success, and did not aspire either to the hand of the princess or to the half of the kingdom, but they thought they might find employment and a kind master at the Court or elsewhere. Their father approved of their project, so they started off for the king's palace.

As they journeyed Thumbkin ran along the side of the road with the swiftness of a greyhound, watching every

thing, studying every thing, and ferreting about everywhere. Insects, wild flowers, and pebbles all attracted his attention. He was constantly asking his brothers the why and the wherefore of everything; why the bees entered the calyxes of flowers, why the swallows skimmed along the streams, why the butterflies flew to and fro in zigzags. Peter burst out laughing at all these questions, and Paul shrugged his shoulders, and told Thumbkin to be silent, calling him a conceited and inquisitive fellow.

On their way they entered a great pine-wood, which covered a mountain side, and in the distance above them they heard the sound of an ax, and the crash of falling branches.

"It surprises me that people should cut down trees on the summit of a mountain," said Thumbkin.

"I should be much surprised if you were not surprised," replied Paul dryly. "Every thing is marvelous to the ignorant."

"What a baby! One would think that you had never seen a wood-cutter," added Peter, patting his little brother on the cheek.

"All the same," said Thumbkin, "I am curious to see what is going on up there."

"Go and see," rejoined Paul, "and tire yourself out. It will be a lesson to you, conceited boy; you always want to know more than your elder brothers."

Thumbkin, without heeding this remark, set off to climb in the direction whence came the sound of the ax. When he reached the top of the mountain, what do you think he found? An enchanted ax which by itself was hewing down a tall and noble pine-tree.

"Good morning, Madam Ax," said Thumbkin. "Does it not tire you to hack away all by yourself at that old tree?"

"I have been waiting for you many years, my son," answered the ax.

"All right, here I am," rejoined Thumbkin, and he coolly took the ax, and putting it into his big leathern wallet, lightly descended the mountain.

“And what marvel did our young master, who is so easily astonished, see up there?” inquired Paul, looking contemptuously at Thumbkin.

“It was an ax that we heard,” answered the lad.

“I told you so,” said Peter, “so your trouble was useless, and you would have done better to stay with us.”

A little further on the road lay through masses of rock, and in the distance they heard above them a hard sound, like iron ringing against stone.

“I am surprised that people should be striking the rock up there,” said Thumbkin.

“Really,” said Paul, “the chicken is only just hatched, so he has never heard a woodpecker pecking at the old trunk of a tree before!”

“That’s what it is,” said Peter laughing, “it is a woodpecker. Stay with us, youngster.”

“All the same,” replied Thumbkin, “I am curious to see what is going on up there.”

And while he climbed up the face of the rock on his hands and knees, Peter and Paul laughed at him for his pains. When he reached the top, what do you think he found? An enchanted pickax, which all by itself was piercing the rock as easily as if it had been soft earth. At each stroke it went more than a foot into the ground.

“Good day, Madam Pickax,” said Thumbkin. “Does it not tire you to be digging away all by yourself at that old rock?”

“I have been waiting for you a long time, my son,” returned the pickax.

“All right, here I am,” replied Thumbkin, and without more ado he took the pickax, undid the handle, and putting the two pieces into his big leathern bag, quickly descended the mountain.

“Pray what miracle did his lordship see up there?” asked Paul, in a sneering tone.

“It *was* a pickax that we heard,” answered the boy, and he walked on without saying any thing more.

A little further on they came to a stream. The water was cool, and as clear as crystal, and our travelers being thirsty, each began to drink out of his hand.

"I am surprised there should be so much water in a valley like this," said Thumbkin. "I should like to know where this stream comes from."

"So the youngster does not know that streams issue out of the ground," sneered Paul.

"All the same," replied Thumbkin, "I am curious to see whence this water comes."

And he set off to find the source of the stream, in spite of the jeers and remonstrances of his brothers. On and on he went, and the water grew less and less. When he reached the end of the valley, he saw, to his astonishment, the water bubbling up out of a walnut-shell.

"Good morrow, Madam Spring," said Thumbkin. "Does it not tire you to spout away there all by yourself in that little corner?"

"I have been waiting for you for many years, my son," replied the walnut-shell.

"All right; here I am," said Thumbkin; and, taking the nut-shell, he stuffed it with moss, so that the water could not escape; then putting it into his wallet, he quickly rejoined his brothers.

"Have you discovered the source of the stream now?" cried Peter, as soon as he caught sight of him.

"Yes, brother," said Thumbkin; "it comes up out of a little hole."

"The child is too clever by half," said Paul; "we shall never be able to rear him."

"I have seen all I wanted to see, and have learned all I wanted to know, and that is enough for me," murmured Thumbkin, rubbing his hands.

At last they reached the king's palace. The oak was bigger and more umbrageous than ever: there was no well in the courtyard of the castle, and at the palace-gate there hung as usual the great placard which promised the hand of the princess and half the kingdom to the man—were he noble, peasant, or trader—who should achieve the two things on which the king had set his heart. However, since the king was wearied with so many fruitless efforts, which only served to dishearten him, a smaller placard

had been posted below the larger one, and on it was written in red letters the following announcement:

“Be it known that his majesty the king, in his exceeding goodness, has deigned to proclaim that whoever shall unsuccessfully attempt to cut down the oak or dig a well, shall have his ears cut off to teach him to know himself, which is the first step toward wisdom.”

And in order that every body might profit by this prudent advice, a couple of dozen ears had been nailed around the placard for the encouragement of those who were wanting in humility. When Peter had read the proclamation he burst out laughing, twirled his mustaches, and looked complacently at his arms, on which the swelling veins stood out like thick cords; he then twice flourished his woodman's ax round his head, and at a blow cut off one of the thickest branches of the enchanted tree.

In a moment two others sprouted in its place, each thicker and sturdier than the first, whereupon the king's guards seized the unfortunate woodman, and then and there cut off his ears.

“You are only a blunderer,” said Paul to his brother; and taking the hatchet in his turn, he walked slowly round the tree, and seeing a root which showed above the ground, he cut it off at a single blow. In an instant two enormous roots appeared in its place, and a vigorous shoot sprang up from each.

“Seize the fool!” cried the enraged king; “and as he did not profit by his brother's example, cut off both his ears close to his cheek.”

This was no sooner said than done; but this double family misfortune did not seem to daunt Thumbkin. He approached with a firm step to try his luck.

“Send that little shrimp away!” exclaimed the king; “and if he makes any resistance, cut off his ears. He will learn a lesson, and we shall be spared the consequences of his folly.”

“Pardon me, your majesty,” returned Thumbkin; “a king must abide by his word, and I have the right to make

the attempt. There will be time enough to cut off my ears when I have failed."

"Away with you, then!" said the king, sighing; "but take care that I do not have your nose off into the bargain."

From the depths of his leathern wallet Thumbkin drew out the enchanted ax; it was almost as big as himself, and he had some difficulty in setting it on end with the handle resting on the ground.

"Hew away! hew away!" he cried.

Instantly the ax chopped and hewed right and left: trunk, branches and roots were all reduced to little bits in a quarter of an hour; and there was so much wood that the whole Court was supplied with firing for a twelve-month.

When the tree was cut down, Thumbkin approached the king, at whose side sat the princess, and, making a graceful bow, said: "Is your majesty satisfied with his faithful subject?"

"Yes," replied the king; "but I want my well, so take care of your ears."

"If your majesty will have the kindness to point out where you wish it to be," said Thumbkin, "I will try once more to give you satisfaction."

Every body repaired to the courtyard of the palace, where the king took his seat, with the princess at his side. The latter began to regard rather anxiously the insignificant little husband who seemed in store for her, and who was so unlike the tall and gallant knight she had seen in her dreams.

Thumbkin quietly drew the enchanted pickaxe out of his wallet, and, fixing it on the handle, placed it on the ground at the spot indicated.

"Pick away! pick away!" he cried.

Immediately the pickaxe made the granite fly in all directions, and in less than a quarter of an hour it had dug a well more than a hundred feet deep, to the great astonishment of the king and his court.

"Does your majesty," said Thumbkin, "consider the well deep enough?"

“Yes, certainly,” answered the king; “but there is no water yet.”

“If your majesty will grant me one minute,” replied Thumbkin, “your just impatience shall be satisfied.”

Whereupon he took the walnut-shell wrapped in moss out of his wallet, and placed it in a great stone basin, where, for lack of water, flowers had been planted. Having fixed the nut-shell firmly in the earth, “Spout away! spout away!” he cried.

Immediately the water gushed up out of the midst of the flowers with a gentle murmur, and fell again in a sparkling shower, spreading such coolness around that the courtiers almost caught cold; and it flowed in such great abundance that in a quarter of an hour the well was filled, and it was necessary to dig a trench in great haste to carry off the threatening overflow.

“Sire,” said Thumbkin, as he knelt on one knee before the royal foot-stool, “does your majesty consider that I have fulfilled your conditions?”

“Yes, Marquis,” replied the king; “I am ready to give you half my kingdom, or pay you the equivalent in money by means of a tax, to which my faithful subjects will only be too happy to submit; but to give you my daughter, and to call you son-in-law, is another matter—for that does not depend upon myself alone.”

“What must I do?” demanded Thumbkin, proudly, with his arms akimbo, as he gazed at the princess.

“You shall know to-morrow,” answered the king; “in the meantime you are my guest, and the finest chamber in the palace will be prepared for you.”

The king retired, and Thumbkin hastened to his two brothers, who, with their close-cropped ears, looked like two terriers.

“Oh, brothers!” he exclaimed, “you see I was right to be surprised at every thing, and to seek to find out the reason of it all.”

“It was all luck,” replied Paul, in a cold tone; “fortune is blind, and does not always favor the most worthy as every one knows.”

“You have done very well, my boy,” said Peter.

“With or without ears, I am delighted at your good fortune, and I only wish our father were here.”

Thumbkin carried his two brothers off with him, and as he was in favor at court a chamberlain found employment for them at once in the castle.

When the king returned to his apartments he could not sleep. A son-in-law like Thumbkin was not at all to his taste, and he tried to think how he could avoid keeping his promise and yet not appear to break his word. For an honest person this would have been difficult to manage, but a knave never hesitates to sacrifice his honor rather than his interest when both are at stake.

In his trouble the king sent for Peter and Paul, for they alone could tell him the parentage, character, and habits of Thumbkin. Peter praised his little brother, which fact did not much please his majesty; but Paul put the king in a better humor by proving to him that Thumbkin was only an adventurer, and that it was ridiculous for a great king to consider himself under any obligation to a peasant.

“The boy is vain,” added the wicked brother. “He thinks himself big enough to face a giant. Now there lives a troll ¹ near here who is the terror of the neighborhood, and who carries off the cattle for ten leagues round; Thumbkin has often said that if he chose he could make this monster his servant.”

“That we shall see,” said the king; and, dismissing the two brothers, he slept peacefully.

The next day, in the presence of all his court, he sent for Thumbkin, who came looking as fair as a lily, as fresh as a rose, and as smiling as the morn.

“My son-in-law,” said the king, lingering on the words, “a fine fellow like you cannot wed the princess without giving her a house worthy of her. Now in these woods lives a troll who is twenty feet high, it is said, and who eats an ox every morning for his breakfast. With a laced coat, a three-cornered hat, gold epaulettes, and a halberd of fifteen feet high, he would make a porter fit for a

¹ Amongst the Scandinavians trolls are giants inhabiting the lakes and forests.

king's palace. My daughter begs you to make her this little present, after which she will see about giving you her hand."

"It is not an easy thing you ask of me," said Thumbkin; "but to please your majesty I will do my best."

He went down to the buttery, where he put the enchanted ax, together with a loaf, a piece of cheese, and a knife, into his big leathern wallet; then throwing it over his shoulder he started for the woods. Peter wept, whilst Paul smiled and congratulated himself that once away his brother would never return.

When Thumbkin entered the forest he looked to right and left, but the high grass prevented his seeing any thing; then he began to sing at the top of his voice.

"Here I am!" cried the giant, with a terrible growl. "Here I am! Wait a bit; I shall eat you up at a mouthful."

"Do not hurry yourself, old fellow," answered Thumbkin in his little sharp voice; "I can spare you an hour."

When the troll reached Thumbkin he turned his head on every side, and was much astonished not to see any one; at last, casting down his eyes, he espied a boy seated on a felled tree, holding a big leathern wallet between his knees.

"Was it you that waked me out of my nap, you young rascal?" said he, rolling his flaming eyes.

"Even so, my fine fellow," replied Thumbkin. "I am come to engage you as my servant."

"Ha! ha!" roared the giant, who was as stupid as he was tall. "You make me laugh. I am going to toss you into a crow's nest that I see up there, and that will teach you not to ramble through my forest."

"Your forest!" replied the lad; "it is more mine than yours. If you say a word, I will fell it to the ground in a moment."

"Ha! ha," said the giant, "I should like to see you do it, my pretty fellow."

Thumbkin placed the ax on the ground and cried, "Hew away! hew away!"

Immediately the ax cut and lopped and hewed away,

felling the trees right and left, whilst the branches rattled down upon the troll's head as thick as hailstones.

"Enough! enough," said the giant, who began to be frightened. "Do not destroy my forest. Who are you?"

"I am the famous magician, Thumbkin, and if I only say the word my ax will cut off your head. You do not yet know the man with whom you have to deal. Remain where you are."

The giant stopped short, much perplexed by what he seen. Thumbkin, who was hungry, opened his leathern wallet and took out his bread and cheese.

"What is that white stuff?" inquired the troll, who had never seen cheese before.

"It is stone," replied Thumbkin, showing all his teeth as he bit it."

"Can you eat stone?" said the giant.

"Yes, it is my usual food, and that is why I do not grow as you do who eat oxen; but, small as I am, I am ten times stronger than you are. Lead me to your house."

The troll was conquered. He walked in front of Thumbkin like a big dog before a child, and brought him to his immense hut.

"Listen to me," said Thumbkin. "One of us must be the master and the other the servant. Let us make a bargain. If I cannot do what you can, I will be your slave; and if you cannot do what I can, you shall be mine."

"Agreed," said the troll. "I should like to have a clever little fellow like you for my servant. Thinking tires me, and you are far sharper than I am. To begin with, here are my two buckets, go and fetch some water for the broth."

Thumbkin raised his head and looked at the buckets; they were two enormous tuns, each ten feet high and six feet across, which he was more likely to drown himself in than to move.

"Ha! ha!" roared the giant; "you are already in a fix. My son, do as I do, and go and fetch the water."

"What is the good of doing that," said Thumbkin, "when I can do so much better? I can fetch the spring

itself and throw it into the pot, which will take me far less time."

"No, no," exclaimed the troll; "you have already spoiled my forest, I will not let you take away my spring. Make up the fire while I go and fetch the water."

As soon as the pot was hung up, the giant threw into it an ox cut up in pieces, and a cart-load of cabbages and carrots. He skimmed the broth with a frying pan and tasted it more than once.

"Now to table," he said; "we shall see if you can do as I do. For my part, I feel in the humor to eat an ox whole, and you into the bargain. You will do for my dessert."

"To table, then," said Thumbkin; but before sitting down he slipped under his doublet his great leathern wallet, which reached from his neck to his feet.

At dinner the troll ate voraciously, and Thumbkin appeared to eat well; but it was into his bag that he kept ladling the meat and cabbages and carrots.

"Ugh!" said the giant, "I cannot eat any more. I am going to undo a button of my waistcoat."

"You are not eating much," cried Thumbkin, stuffing half a cabbage under his chin.

"Ugh!" said the giant, "I must undo another button. You must have the digestion of an ostrich, my son. I can easily see you are accustomed to eat stones."

"You do not half eat, lazybones!" cried Thumbkin, stuffing a great piece of beef under his chin.

"Ugh!" groaned the giant, "I must undo a third button. I feel suffocated. How are you getting on, magician?"

"Pooh!" replied Thumbkin, "nothing easier than to get a little air." And taking his knife he ripped up his doublet and his wallet.

"Now it is your turn," he said; "do as I do."

"I am your humble servant," answered the troll. "I prefer to submit to your orders, for I cannot digest cold steel."

Forthwith the giant kissed Thumbkin's hand in token of submission; then lifting his little master on one shoul-

der and a big sack of gold on the other, he marched off to the palace.

There was a banquet taking place at the castle, and nobody was thinking of Thumbkin any more than if the giant had eaten him up a week before, when suddenly a frightful noise was heard outside and the castle shook to its foundations. It was the troll, who finding the great gate too low for him, had kicked down part of the wall.

Every body ran to the window, the king among the rest, and there they saw Thumbkin quietly seated on the shoulder of his terrible servant.

Our hero stepped upon the first-floor balcony, and bending on one knee before his betrothed, said—

“Princess, you wished for one slave, and here are two.”

This gallant speech was inserted the next day in the *Court Gazette*, but at the moment when it was uttered it rather embarrassed the king. He did not know what to answer, and drawing the princess aside, he said—

“My daughter, there is no longer any reason why I should refuse your hand to this valiant young man; sacrifice yourself for my sake. Princesses do not marry to please themselves.”

“Permit me to say, my father,” returned the princess, making a courtesy, “that, princess or not, every girl likes to marry according to her own fancy. Let me defend my rights my own way. Thumbkin,” she added, raising her voice, “you are brave and lucky, but that alone is not sufficient to win a lady’s regard.”

“I know it,” answered Thumbkin, “for over and above that, one must obey her slightest wish and humor all her caprices.”

“You have plenty of wit,” replied the princess, “and since you are so good at guessing riddles, I propose a final trial, which you ought not to fear, as you will only have me for an antagonist. Let us enter the lists to see who is the cleverer. My hand shall be the prize in the contest.”

Thumbkin made a profound bow, and all the court repaired to the throne-room, where, to the general alarm,

they found the troll seated on the ground. The throne-room was only fifteen feet high, so the poor giant could not stand upright, but at a sign from his young master he came on his hands and knees to his side, proud and happy to obey him.

“Let us begin,” said the princess, “with a game. People say that women are not afraid of telling lies. Let us see which of us two can tell the better lies, but the first who says ‘That is too bad,’ will be the loser.”

“Whether to tell fibs in fun, or to speak the truth in earnest,” answered Thumbkin, “I am always at the orders of your royal highness.”

“I am sure,” began the princess, “that you have not such a fine large farm as we have. When two shepherds blow their horns at the opposite ends of our fields they cannot hear each other.”

“What of that?” said Thumbkin, “my father’s estate is such a size that if a heifer of two months old goes in at one entrance, though she walks straight on without stopping, she goes out at the other a full grown milch cow.”

“That does not surprise me,” replied the princess; “but your bull is not so big as ours. If a man sits upon each of his horns, the two men cannot touch each other with a goad twenty feet long.”

“What of that,” said Thumbkin, “my father’s bull has so large a head that a farm-servant seated on one of his horns cannot even see a servant perched on the other.”

“That does not surprise me,” said the princess; “but you have not as much milk as we have, for every day we fill twenty great tuns which are each a hundred feet high, and every week we make a mountain of cheese which is every bit as high as the great Egyptian pyramid.”

“What of that?” returned Thumbkin; “in my father’s dairy they make such large cheeses that our mare having fallen into the press, we did not find her again until after a voyage of seven days; and the poor animal had broken its back; in order to be able to use it still, I was obliged to replace its backbone by a great pine trunk, which answered the purpose capitally. One fine morning

a branch sprouted out of the pine tree, and grew to such a height, that in climbing up it I reached the sky. There I saw a lady in white, who was spinning the foam of the sea to make a cobweb. I wished to lay hold of it, when snap it went; the thread broke, and I fell into a mouse's hole. Who should I see there but your father and my mother, who were each twirling distaffs, and as your father was clumsy, my mother gave him such a box on the ears that it made his mustache tremble."

"That is too bad," exclaimed the princess in a passion. "My father has never subjected himself to such an indignity."

"She has said 'That is too bad,' master," exclaimed the giant, "the princess is ours."

"Not yet," said the princess blushing. "Thumbkin, I have three riddles to ask you; guess them, and I shall have nothing to do but obey my father. Tell me what is always falling and yet is never broken?"

"Ah!" said Thumbkin, "my mother taught me that long ago. It is a waterfall."

"That is very good," cried the giant; "who could have guessed that?"

"Tell me," continued the princess, in a voice broken with emotion, "what is that which every day makes the same journey and yet never retraces his steps?"

"Ah!" replied Thumbkin, "I learned that in the nursery; it is the sun."

"Very good," said the princess, pale with anger. "I have one more question to ask you. What is that that I do not think and you do? What is the thing we both of us think, and what is the thing that neither of us think?"

Thumbkin looked down and reflected about his answer. He was puzzled at last.

"Master," said the troll, "if the thing is too difficult, do not rack your brains; only give me a sign, and I will carry off the princess in a minute."

"Be silent, slave," returned Thumbkin; "strength can do nothing, my poor friend; you ought to know that by

this time. Leave me to try another way. Madam," said he, breaking a profound silence, "I hardly dare guess, and yet in this riddle I fancy I have a glimpse of my happiness. I had dared to think that your words would be all clear to me, but you were right in thinking the contrary. You are good enough to think I am not unworthy of your favor, but I am not bold enough to think so. Finally," he added, smiling, "what we both think is, that there are more stupid people in the world than we are, and what we neither of us think is that the king, your august father, and this troll have as much—"

"Silence," said the princess, "here is my hand."

"What was it you thought about me?" cried the king. "I should be glad to know."

"Dear father," answered the princess, throwing her arms round his neck, "we think that you are the wisest of kings and the best of men."

"Well, I knew that before," said the king. "Meanwhile something must be done for my faithful subjects. Thumbkin, I present you with a dukedom."

"Long live Duke Thumbkin! Long live my master!" cried the giant in such a voice, that it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen on the house. Happily there was no harm done beyond the fright, and the breakage of a dozen panes of glass.

It is unnecessary to describe the wedding of the princess and Thumbkin, for all weddings are much alike. Nevertheless it may be mentioned that the presence of the troll added much to the festivities. Thus on returning from church, in the exuberance of his joy, the faithful giant could do nothing better to express his feelings than to put the wedding coach upon his head, and so convey the newly-married couple to the palace, which was rather alarming for the bride, and a sight not to be seen every day.

In the evening there were universal rejoicings, banquets, illuminations, and fireworks.

In the castle every one laughed, sang, danced, and enjoyed themselves with one exception, and that was Paul, who hid himself in a corner and kept aloof from the happy

crowd. He thought himself lucky in having had his ears cut off so that he could not hear his brother's praises, and he only wished he were also blind, so as not to see the happy faces of the bride and bridegroom.

Thumbkin was so small that it was very difficult to treat him with much respect, but he was so affable and gentle that he soon won the affections of the entire people. After the death of his father-in-law he occupied the throne for fifty-two years, beloved and adored by his grateful subjects, whose happiness and well-being were the object of his life. History tells us that he was so clever that he always guessed how best to assist or please each one of his subjects—and, he was so kind-hearted that the pleasure of others was his greatest happiness.

DRAKESTAIL.

A FRENCH FAIRY TALE.

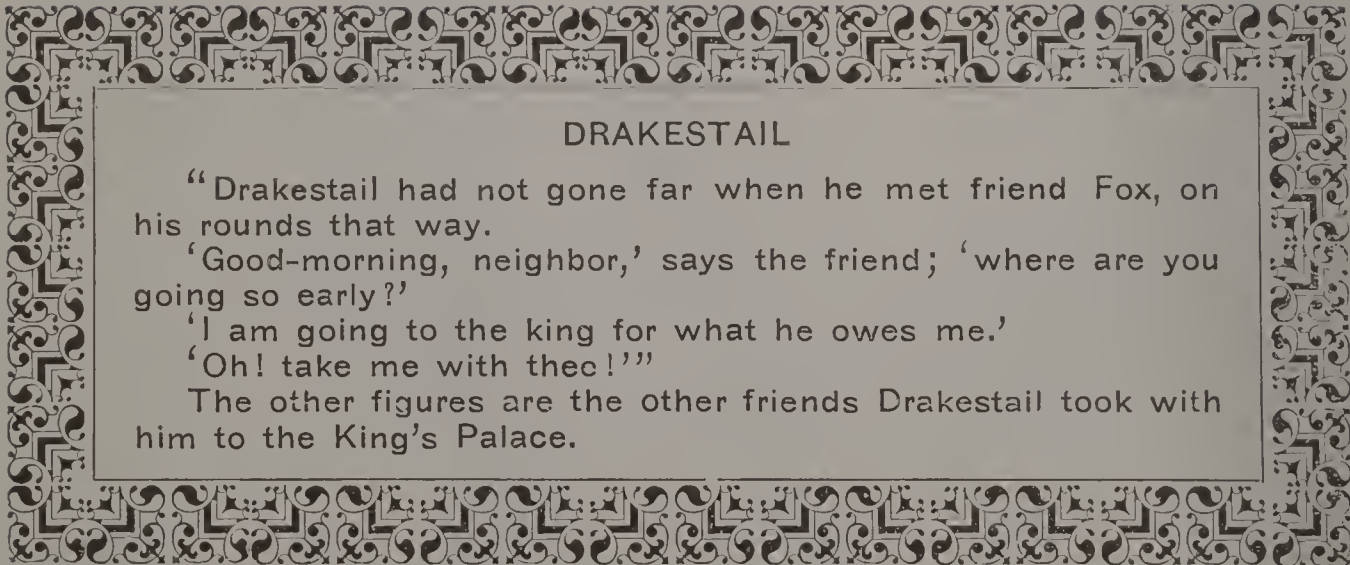
BY CH. MARELLES.

Here is another fairy tale, the central idea of which,—showing how good done to others is never lost,—is found in many tales of other lands.

DRAKESTAIL was very little, that is why he was called Drakestail; but tiny as he was he had brains, and he knew what he was about, for having begun with nothing he ended by amassing a hundred crowns. Now the king of the country, who was very extravagant and never kept any money, having heard that Drakestail had some, went one day in his own person to borrow his hoard, and, in those days Drakestail was not a little proud of having lent money to the king. But after the first and second year, seeing that he never received a penny of interest, he became uneasy, so much so that at last he resolved to go and see his majesty himself, and be repaid. So one fine morning Drakestail, very spruce and fresh, takes the road, singing: “Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

He had not gone far when he met friend Fox. on his rounds that way.





DRAKESTAIL

“Drakestail had not gone far when he met friend Fox, on his rounds that way.

‘Good-morning, neighbor,’ says the friend; ‘where are you going so early?’

‘I am going to the king for what he owes me.’

‘Oh! take me with thee!’”

The other figures are the other friends Drakestail took with him to the King’s Palace.

“Good-morning, neighbor,” says the friend; “where are you going so early?”

“I am going to the king for what he owes me.”

“Oh! take me with thee!”

Drakestail said to himself: “One can’t have too many friends.” Aloud says he, “I will, but going on all fours you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard and I will carry you.”

“Happy thought!” says friend Fox.

He takes bag and baggage, and, presto! is gone like a letter into the post.

And Drakestail is off again, all spruce and fresh, still singing: “Quack, quack, quack, when shall I have my money back?”

He had not gone far when he met his lady friend Ladder, leaning on her wall.

“Good-morning, my duckling,” says the lady friend, “whither away so bold?”

“I am going to the king for what he owes me.”

“Oh! take me with thee!”

Drakestail said to himself: “One can’t have too many friends.” Aloud says he: “I will, but then with your wooden legs you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard and I will carry you.”

“Happy thought!” says my friend Ladder, and nimble, bag and baggage, goes to keep company with friend Fox.

And “Quack, quack, quack.” Drakestail is off again, singing and spruce as before. A little further he meets his sweetheart, my friend River, wandering quietly in the sunshine.

“Thou, my cherub,” says she, “whither so lonesome, with arching tail, on this muddy road?”

“I am going to the king, you know, for what he owes me.”

“Oh! take me with thee!”

Drakestail said to himself: “We can’t be too many friends.”

And then aloud says he: “I will, but you who sleep while you walk will soon be tired. Make yourself quite

small, get into my throat—go into my gizzard and I will carry you.”

“Ah! happy thought!” says my friend River.

She takes bag and baggage, and glou, glou, glou she takes her place between friend Fox and my friend Ladder.

And “Quack, quack, quack.” Drakestail is off again singing.

A little further on he meets comrade Wasp’s-nest, maneuvering his wasps.

“Well, good-morning, friend Drakestail,” said comrade Wasp’s-nest, “where are we bound for so spruce and fresh?”

“I am going to the king for what he owes me,”

“Oh! take me with thee!”

Drakestail said to himself, “One can’t have too many friends.” Aloud says he: “I will, but then with your battalion to drag along, you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, go into my throat—get into my gizzard and I will carry you.”

“That’s a good idea!” says comrade Wasp’s-nest.

And he takes the same road to join the others with all his party. There was not much more room, but by closing up a bit they got along. And Drakestail is off again singing.

He arrived thus at the capital, and threaded his way straight up the High Street, still running and singing “Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?” to the great astonishment of the good folks, till he came to the king’s palace.

He strikes with the knocker: “Toc! toc!”

“Who is there?” asks the porter, putting his head out of the wicket.

“’Tis I, Drakestail. I wish to speak to the king.”

“Speak to the king! That’s easily said. The king is dining, and will not be disturbed.”

“Tell him that it is I, and I have come he well knows why.”

The porter shut his wicket and went to tell the king that Drakestail had arrived and wished to speak with

him. Now the king was just sitting down to dinner with a napkin round his neck, and all his ministers were at the table.

“Good, good!” said the king, laughing. “I know what it is! Make him come in, and put him with the turkeys and chickens.”

The porter descends.

“Have the goodness to enter.”

“Good!” says Drakestail to himself, “I shall now see how they eat at court.”

“This way, this way,” says the porter. “One step further. There, there you are.”

“How? what? in the poultry-yard?”

Imagine how vexed Drakestail was!

“Ah! so that’s it,” says he. “Wait, I will compel you to receive me. Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?” But turkeys and chickens are creatures who do not like people that are not as themselves, When they saw the new-comer and how he was made, and when they heard him crying, too, they began to look black at him.

“What is it? what does he want?”

Finally they rushed at him all together, to overwhelm him with pecks.

“I am lost!” said Drakestail to himself, when by good luck he remembers his comrade friend Fox, and he cries:

“Reynard, Reynard, come out of your earth,
Or Drakestail’s life is of little worth.”

Then friend Fox, who was only waiting for these words, hastens out, throws himself on the wicked fowls, and quick! quack! at the end of five minutes there was not one left alive. And Drakestail, quite content, began to sing again, “Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

When the king, who was still at table, heard this refrain, and the poultry-woman came to tell him what had been going on in the yard, he was terribly annoyed.

He ordered them to throw this tail of a drake into the well, to make an end of him.

And it was done as he commanded. Drakestail was in despair of getting himself out of such a deep hole, when he remembered his lady friend Ladder.

“Ladder, Ladder, come out of thy hold,
Or Drakestail’s days will soon be told.”

My friend Ladder, who was only waiting for these words, hastens out, leans her two arms on the edge of the well, then Drakestail climbs nimbly on her back, and hop! he is in the yard, where he begins to sing louder than ever.

When the king, who was still at table and laughing at the good trick he had played his creditor, heard him again reclaiming his money, he became livid with rage.

He commanded that the furnace should be heated, and this tail of a drake thrown into it, because he must be a sorcerer.

The furnace was soon hot, but this time Drakestail was not so afraid; he counted on his sweetheart, my friend River.

“River, River, outward flow,
Or to death Drakestail must go.”

My friend River hastens out, and errouf! throws herself into the furnace, which she floods, with all the people who had lighted it; after which she flowed growling into the hall of the palace to the height of more than four feet.

And Drakestail, quite content, begins to swim, singing deafeningly, “Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?”

The king was still at table, and thought himself quite sure of his game; but when he heard Drakestail singing again, and when they told him all that had passed, he became furious and got up from table brandishing his fists.

“Bring him here! Bring him here quick!” cried he.

And quickly two footmen ran to fetch Drakestail.

“At last,” said the poor chap, going up the great stairs, “they have decided to receive me.”

Imagine his terror when on entering he sees the king

as red as a turkey cock, and all his ministers attending him standing sword in hand. He thought this time it was all up with him. Happily, he remembered that there was still one remaining friend, and he cried with dying accents:

“Wasp’s-nest, Wasp’s-nest, make a sally,
Or Drakestail nevermore may rally.”

Hereupon the scene changes.

“Bs, bs, bayonet them!” The brave Wasp’s-nest rushes out with all his wasps. They threw themselves on the infuriated king and his ministers, and stung them so fiercely in the face that they lost their heads, and not knowing where to hide themselves they all jumped pell-mell from the window down on the pavement.

Behold Drakestail much astonished, all alone in the big room and master of the field. He could not get over it.

Nevertheless, he remembered shortly what he had come for, and improving the occasion, he set to work to hunt for his dear money. But in vain he rummaged in all the drawers; he found nothing; all had been spent.

And ferreting thus from room to room he came at last to the one with the throne in it, and feeling fatigued, he sat himself down on it to think over his adventure. In the mean while the people had found their king and his ministers with their feet in the air on the pavement, and they had gone into the palace to know how it had occurred. On entering the throne-room, when the crowd saw that there was already some one on the royal seat, they broke out in cries of surprise and joy:

“The king is dead, long live the king!
Heaven has sent us down this thing.”

Drakestail, who was no longer surprised at anything, received the acclamations of the people as if he had never done anything else all his life.

A few of them certainly murmured that a Drakestail would make a fine king; those who knew him replied that a knowing Drakestail was a more worthy king than a

spendthrift like him who was lying on the pavement. In short, they ran and took the crown off the head of the deceased, and placed it on that of Drakestail, whom it fitted like wax.

Thus he became king.

“And now,” said he after the ceremony, “ladies and gentlemen, let’s go to supper. I am so hungry!”

ROLAND AT RONCEVALLES.

BY ROUGET DE LISLE.

Roland, like so many heroes of Ancient Legend, bore a famous sword of supernatural origin. It was called “Durandal.” It is said that he smote a rock with it and it made a crack three hundred feet in depth, which is to-day called “Roland’s Breach.” Wordsworth, the poet, speaks of:

“His huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labor left his name.”

He also is reputed to have carried a wonderful horn which might be heard at the distance of thirty miles. Birds fell dead at its blasts and armies fled in terror when they heard it. His horse and his spear were also endowed with marvellous and supernatural powers. The familiar phrase “A Roland for an Oliver” meaning “tit for tat” refers to a wonderful combat between these two famous heroes of the time of Charlemagne.

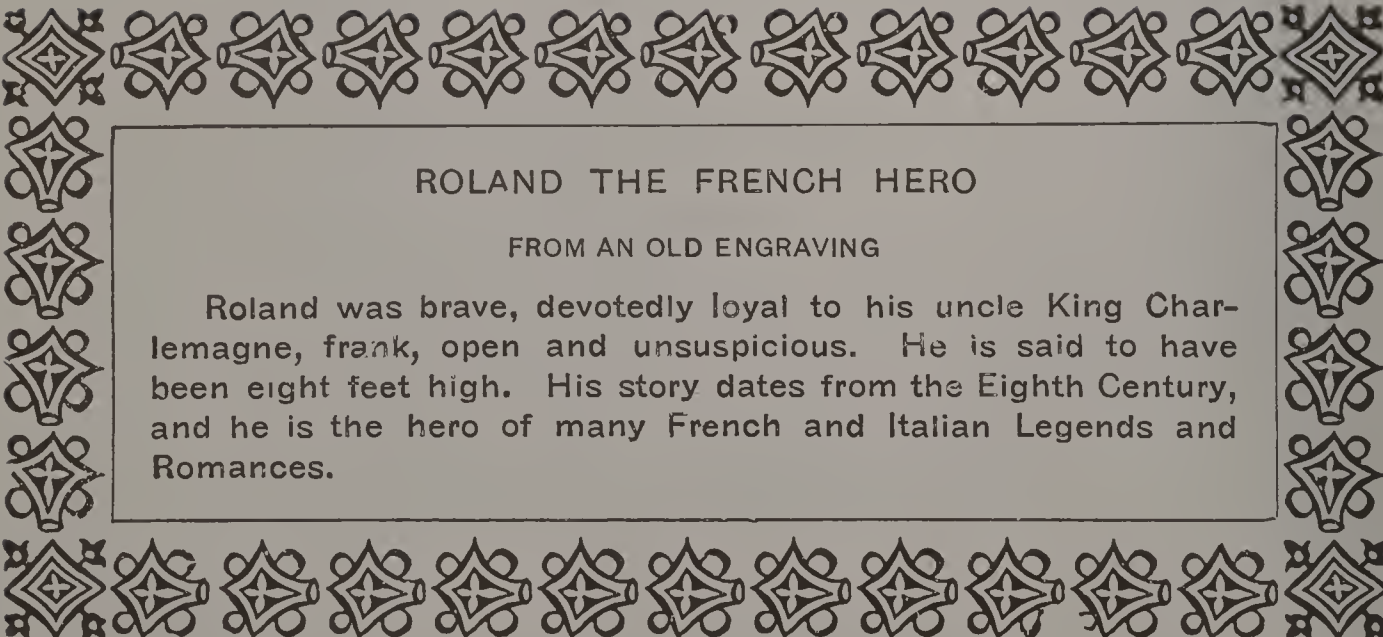
The poem which follows is by the author of the famous French revolutionary song, “The Marseillaise.”

Where do the hurrying people throng?
What is that noise which shakes the ground,
Whose echoes earth and air prolong?—
Friends! ’tis of Mars the war-cry strong,
Of coming strife and mutt’ring sound—
Herald of war and deadly wrong.

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Behold the foemen’s banners tower
Our mountains and our plains above;
More numerous than the meadow-flower
Gathers the evil nations’ power
Over the smiling land we love,
Like wolves all ready to devour.





ROLAND THE FRENCH HERO

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

Roland was brave, devotedly loyal to his uncle King Charlemagne, frank, open and unsuspecting. He is said to have been eight feet high. His story dates from the Eighth Century, and he is the hero of many French and Italian Legends and Romances.

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

What forces have the foemen here?

What numbers are there in the field?—
The man who holds his glory dear
Could never breathe those words of fear,
For perils, glorious vict'ry yield;
'Tis cowards ask "What number's near?"

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Follow where'er my white plume leads—
E'en as my flag—your guiding star—
'Twill lead you on to gallant deeds;
Ye know the prize for him who speeds
Where Roland treads the path of war.

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Proud Paladins! knights without fear;
Thou, above all, brother-at-arms,
Renaud, the flow'r of warriors—hear!
Try we who first the course will clear,
And to the foe bear war's alarms,
Breaking their wall of shield and spear.

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Courage, brave hearts, they're conquered quite!
Their blows more slowly, feebly fall,
Their arms are weary of the fight;
Courage! they can't resist our might;
Broken their-mighty squadrons all,
Their chiefs and soldiers sunk in night.

Let us for our country die!
The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

What Saracen is this we see
 Who dares alone our hosts oppose,
 Checking the course of destiny?—
 'Tis Altamor;—ay, it is he
 I met 'midst Idumean foes;
 Good fortune leads him now to me.

Let us for our country die!
 The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

Hear'st thou my bugle-call again,
 Defying thee to mortal strife?
 Proud Altamor, know'st thou its strain?
 By this right hand thou shalt be slain;
 Or if thy lance should take my life,
 I'll say my death was not in vain:

For my country I shall die!
 The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

The vict'ry's won—the day's my own!
 Oh, why, because my wound is deep
 Do you, dear friends, my fate bemoan?
 The blood, in battle shed, alone
 A warrior as his robe would keep,
 And hold it valour's signet-stone.

For my country I shall die!
 The noblest fate for man beneath the sky.

THE WAITS OF BREMEN.

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

This story recalls Æsop's ancient fable of the man and the bundle of sticks by which he illustrated the fact that in union there is strength.

AN honest farmer once had a donkey that had been a faithful, hardworking slave to him for a great many years, but was now growing old, and every day more and more unfit for work. His master, therefore, was tired of keeping him to live at ease like a

gentleman, and began to think of putting an end to him. But the donkey was shrewd, and saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards Bremen. "There," thought he to himself, "as I have a good voice, I may chance to be chosen town-musician."

After he had traveled a little way, he spied a dog lying by the roadside, and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the donkey. "Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to get rid of me, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away: but what can I do to earn my livelihood?" "Hark ye!" said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen to turn musician: come with me, and try what you can do in the same way." The dog said he was willing, and on they jogged together, arm in arm.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road, with tears in her eyes, and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the donkey, "what's the matter with you? you look quite out of spirits!" "Ah, me!" said Grimalkin; "how can a body be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I know not how I am to live." "Oh," said the donkey, "by all means go with us to Bremen; you are a good night-singer, and may make your fortune as one of the Waits." The cat was pleased with the thought; so she wiped her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a rooster perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!" said the donkey, "upon my word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?" "Why," said the rooster, "I was just now telling all our neighbours that we were to have fine weather for our washing-day; and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten

to make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!" "Heaven forbid!" said the donkey; "come with us, Master Chanticleer: anything will be better than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up a concert of our own; so come along with us!" "With all my heart," said the rooster: so they all four went on jollily together towards Bremen.

They could not, however, reach the town the first day; so, when night came on, they turned off the highroad into a wood to sleep. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the rooster, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree; and then, according to his custom, before he sounded his triumph and went to sleep, looked out on all sides to see that everything was well. In doing this, he saw afar off something bright; and calling to his companions, said, "There must be a house no great way off for I see a light." "If that be the case," said the donkey, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging here is not the best in the world!" "Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." "And maybe," said Puss, as she licked her whiskers, "a stray mouse will be found somewhere about the premises." So they walked off the spot together towards the place where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a lonely house, where a gang of robbers lived.

The donkey, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?" "What do I see?" replied the donkey; "why I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry." "That would be a noble lodging for us," said the rooster. "Yes," said the donkey, "if we could only get in." So they laid their heads together, to see how they could get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The donkey set himself upright on his hind-legs,

with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the rooster flew up and sat upon puss. When all were ready, Chanticleer gave the signal by pulling puss's tail; Grimalkin mewed, and up struck the whole band of music. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed. Then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a hideous clatter! The robbers, who had not been a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblins had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travelers soon sat down and despatched what the robbers had left with as much eagerness as if they had not hoped to eat again for a month. As soon as they had had enough, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; the rooster perched upon a beam on the top of the house: and, as all were rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all was quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match, in order to light a candle. Espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding such a joke, sprang at his face, and spit, and scratched at him. This frightened him greatly, and away he ran to the back door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg. As he was crossing over the yard, the donkey kicked him; and the rooster, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might.

At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spit at him, and had scratched his face with her long bony fingers—how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg;—how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club; and how another — sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'" After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters, that they never found their way to Bremen, but took up their abode in the wood: and there they live, I dare say, to this very day—"Jolly companions every one."

THE SHAM KING.

FROM REYNARD THE FOX.

A LEGEND FROM GERMANY.

Reynard the Fox is one of the oldest European beast stories, dating from the Fourteenth Century. It is a prose-poem satirising the condition of Germany in the Middle Ages. The word Reynard means deep cunning, counsel or wit.

LONG, long ago, when the world was still young, Sir Reynard the Fox and Sir Martin the Ape began to complain that life was hard, and full of nothing but trouble and vexation. They declared that laws and customs quite different from those they were living under would suit them much better; and at this you will not wonder when you know what kind of creatures they were, and see what customs and laws would have suited their desires.

At last, so discontented with life were Sir Reynard and Sir Martin, that they resolved to go and travel in search of better fortune; and they agreed it would be wise to travel together, for they were a well-matched pair, cunning, and crafty, and sly. A better-matched couple could not possibly have been found.

It was the Fox who first made up his mind that his

lot was absolutely not to be endured any longer, and this is something like the conversation in which he explained his feelings and intentions.

“Martin,” he said to the Ape, “you are my nearest neighbour, and I have always been very, very fond of chatting with you. We have become close friends, as neighbours who are fond of chatting with one another always must become. I assure you there is nobody to whom I entrust my secret thoughts as freely as I entrust them to you—nobody I consider myself likely to find as helpful as you.”

“I am indeed proud to hear it,” answered Sir Martin. “I will always gladly give you any help I can.”

“I knew that. Now, the help I require is advice. You know how for many years I have been working away and working away. I venture to think no one has shown industry greater than mine. Of course I have always hoped that my good qualities would be recognized—that even if I was not made king of the beasts, I would be given some place of honor. As yet no favorable notice has been taken of me, no favorable notice of any sort or kind.”

“I fear that is too true,” murmured the Ape.

“Much too true,” answered Sir Reynard. “Well, I am tired of this state of things. The time has come to turn over a new leaf. I must make a fresh start, and find a fresh place to make it in. Before making the plunge and burning my boats, I wished, dear Martin, to talk matters over with you.”

“It is a wish I understand,” said the Ape, “and, indeed, your story goes straight to my heart. It appeals to my feelings. It is so very sad, and it is so very like my own. What is my story? I have devoted to my business more time and more trouble than I care to think about. What has been my reward? Whenever a comfortable little post falls vacant some one else slips in, and I am left out in the cold. There you see how my industry has been rewarded, and you will not wonder at my being as desperate as yourself. Like you, I am anxious to go and look for better luck elsewhere. Now tell me, my

trusty friend, what are your plans at present. Two heads, you know, are better than one."

"Of course they are," answered the Fox; "and I meant to tell you exactly what I propose doing. My idea is to disguise myself, and to wander and wander away till, if needs be, I come to the very end of the world. I am not likely anywhere to meet with worse luck than I meet with here; and I imagine, the world being as wide as it is, whichever way I go, sooner or later I shall find strange chances and adventures and changes of fortune awaiting me. Now tell me frankly, Martin, does mine strike you as a good plan, or does it not?"

"I think it excellent, simply excellent—nothing could possibly be better," replied the Ape; "and, what is more, unless you have some objection to my company, I should like to go with you. No good can come of staying at home and growing old like an oyster in its shell. That I see plainly. Out in the world there is plenty of bustle and change, and I cannot see why something should not turn up to our advantage."

The Fox was delighted with the turn their conversation had taken, and he assured the Ape that his company would be most welcome. Then they agreed that, as there was never anything to be gained by losing time, they would make their start next day at dawn, and would spend the night in getting together what they needed for their journey, and in paying off a few old scores they would like to see settled before they left the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, Sir Martin, feeling that they were about to embark on a remarkably bold adventure, thought it prudent to ask a few questions.

"Reynard," he said, "I know what an uncommonly shrewd head there is on those shoulders of yours, and I want you to use it a little. First of all, how are we to manage about earning our livelihood? Shall we pretend to belong to a profession—to be doctors, lawyers, architects, or something of that sort? Or shall we say we have some business at home? I might be a corn merchant, and you might be a cotton-spinner. Or would a trade be better? There are plenty to choose from—tail-

ors, bakers, plumbers, coppersmiths, chimney-sweeps—hundreds of trades, in fact. Another thing to be considered is this: shall we try to get work under a master or not? And again, shall we settle down in one particular place for any time, or had we better keep always moving? It appears to me that it would distinctly be wise to make up our minds upon big questions like these before we have finished packing and are off.”

“I am much obliged to you for raising these points now,” answered the Fox. “Depend upon it, Martin, it is as certain that a good scheme well thought out will succeed, as that people who leave everything to chance will come to grief. As a matter of fact, however, I have already considered all these points. In my opinion, we should keep quite clear of trades, businesses, and professions. We should not try to get work under a master, nor should we at first settle down in any particular place. Remember that the whole world lies open before us. To whom does the world belong? To me and to you, I suppose, as much as to anybody else. We only want to get the share in it that belongs to us by right.”

“I shall be content with that,” interrupted Sir Martin, “if I am allowed to settle for myself what belongs to me by right.”

“Of course, of course,” continued the Fox. “Well, this being so, let us set out like two free men and wander where we will. Nobody is as free as a beggar. So beggars we shall be; and it will be very strange if, amongst all the people there are alive, we don’t meet somebody to bring us better luck.”

The Ape liked this proposal very much, but after giving it a few minutes’ grave and careful consideration, he asked whether, although a beggar’s life was certainly the freest and best for their purpose, it would not on the whole be wise to settle carefully beforehand on some suitable reason for begging. If they were not armed with some plausible excuse, he feared they might be treated as idle rogues. Sir Martin added he had heard there were many districts in which beggars were disliked, but had never inquired at all carefully into the matter, not hav-

ing considered it one ever likely to concern him personally.

The Fox again applauded the Ape's forethought, and gave it as his opinion that no beggar was likely to be so generally welcomed and well-treated as an old soldier who had come back wounded from the wars. As the Ape was by nature more like a man than the Fox with all his cunning could make himself, the best plan obviously was for Sir Martin to pretend to be an old soldier, and Sir Reynard either his servant or his dog, as occasion required.

Off then they set next day at dawn. The Ape wore a blue coat with a red collar, all ragged and torn, as if it had been well slashed in battle. His shoes and stockings were full of holes, and his trousers patched and mended with odds and ends of cloth of every kind and color. On his head he wore a disreputable old Scotch cap, with a broken feather stuck in it. He let his right arm hang down loose, as if it had been broken in a fight; and instead of a sword he carried a thick stick, on which he leaned, as if he was old and weary, and could scarcely put one foot in front of the other to drag himself along. By his side the Fox trotted gaily, cracking jokes, and drawing wonderful pictures of the things they would do when their luck changed for the better; and that it would very soon change for the better he did not doubt.

Yet they traveled many a long mile before they met any one on whom they dared attempt to play their wicked tricks. At last, one afternoon, while they were resting by the roadside, Sir Reynard saw a farmer approaching, and noticing what a simple face the man had, he bade the Ape get up and make ready to play his part, for it did really seem as if the chance for which they were waiting had arrived. Of the infamous wickedness of their schemes I say nothing. You can see for yourselves how villanous they were. Just fancy an Ape pretending to be an old soldier, and bringing disgrace upon all unhappy old soldiers, of whom there are far too many in distress!

So Sir Martin jumped up, took his stick in his hand, pulled himself together, and began marching along with a military step; while the Fox ran along at his heels, looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth, so innocent and charming was the smile he wore, so guileless and good-humoured the expression he threw into his face. The farmer, when he came up to them, wondered who this queerly-dressed stranger could be. He never remembered seeing any one at all like him before, so he said, "Good-day, my man; you are a stranger in these parts, I think. May I ask what your business is?"

"Ah, kind gentleman," replied Sir Martin, "I am nothing now, but I was a soldier. I have fought for my country, and shed my blood for my country. Look at the holes in my coat. Swords and bullets made those holes. Look at my arm, broken in battle, so that I can fight no more. I have been turned out of the army because of that broken arm, and now I have to beg my bread along the roads till I can find some fresh way of earning my livelihood."

"That's bad business," the farmer answered.

"O kind gentleman," the Ape went on, "cannot *you* help me? If only you would help me, I would work for you night and day. I would be faithful to you in all I did and in all I thought. I would think of you, sir, always—of you only, and never of myself."

Then Sir Martin fell to weeping and sobbing, and he beat his breast, and exclaimed that the world was harder than a millstone, and that however bold and brave and proud a man's heart may be while he is young and strong and well, misery and sickness and want will drag him down till he is glad to do things of which he would once have despised the very thought.

The farmer was deeply shocked. He could hardly have taken misfortunes of his own more to heart than he took those this infamous and wicked impostor pretended he had suffered. So he began to inquire of Sir Martin whether he could make himself useful on a farm—whether he knew how to plough, or reap, or sow, or thrash, or mow, or thatch a rick, or mend a hedge, or dig a ditch.

It seemed to the Ape that the jobs the farmer had in his mind's eye were all jobs that meant hard work, and as hard work was the very last thing he wanted, he tried to slip out of the difficulty by explaining that his wound had left him much too weak to mow, or reap, or thatch, or thrash, but he declared that if there was any light job on the farm, such as paying the men's wages or keeping the farmer's accounts, a job for which a really honest man was wanted, the farmer might give that job to him, and might be sure that he had found the right man to trust.

The farmer stopped and thought a little. Then he asked the Ape if he would like a place as bailiff, or would prefer to look after the cows, or to take charge of a flock of sheep. He was just now himself going to take a look at a flock of sheep he kept at a separate farm, where there was an empty house the shepherd could have to live in.

"The sheep, the sheep," muttered the Fox in a deep whisper—"take the sheep. I tell you, you *are* to take the sheep."

"Sir," said the Ape, who had been coughing to prevent his companion's advice being overheard, "whatever work you find for me, provided it is work I can undertake, I will do to the best of my ability. What I should like best would be to take charge of the sheep you mentioned. Before I turned soldier I was shepherd to my father, and you will find few shepherds understand their business better than I understand it." Then he pointed to Sir Reynard, and added, "You see I still have my old sheep-dog. A capital dog he is. I could not want a better one."

So the farmer took Sir Martin to the farm where the sheep were, and he gave Sir Martin the house to live in and the flock to take care of. For six months everything was to be left in the shepherd's hands. Then there was to be a settling-day, when Sir Martin would account for the sheep and the lambs and the wool. The farmer now said good-bye, and told them he hoped everything would be found comfortable. So he went back to his own home,

and the Ape and the Fox sat down and laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks, so glad were they and so amused at having at last found the sort of man they went out to find.

Thus Sir Martin turned shepherd, and Sir Reynard turned sheep-dog; and a nice pair they were. But though the time went by quickly and merrily, they could not forget that a day of reckoning lay ahead. As the six months drew nearer and nearer to their close, the Ape began to tremble in his shoes, and to wonder more and more what account he could give his master, and how he could escape the punishment he richly deserved; for, of course, he had not what he ought to have had to show. Every lamb that was born they had killed and eaten as soon as it was big enough to be worth eating; and when there were no lambs left, they had killed the sheep and eaten them. It was the cruel, bloodthirsty Sir Reynard who had prompted all this wickedness, and had persuaded Sir Martin to join in it. Yet such was the cunning of the Fox that he never doubted or despaired of getting safe out of the trouble that was coming, and, indeed, he did manage to get safely out of it. He made Sir Martin go and tell the farmer that the sheep had done so well, and there were so many lambs, he had been obliged to send some of the flock away to a distance, and now, before they settled accounts, he asked for one day over and above the six months to give him time to bring back those lambs and sheep. To this his master agreed, and Sir Martin hurried back, skipping with delight. All day long Sir Reynard had been worrying the sheep, and that night, after his model shepherd and his model dog had fallen on what was left of the flock, and killed the poor creatures out of mere cruelty, and eaten as much as they could cram down their throats, they set the house on fire, and ran off into the dark, to start life as beggars once more.

For a long time they were as unlucky as they could be, or as they deserved to be, which comes to much the same thing in this case. Everybody suspected them, and disliked their looks. Hardly anybody would help them, and

the two or three who did soon found out and regretted the frightful mistake they had made.

At last, one day, as the pair were limping along a path through the forest, lame with their long traveling, and half starved, for it was weeks since they had tasted anything but berries and ditch-water, whom should they spy but the king of all the beasts, the Lion himself, fast asleep under the shade of an oak tree. There by his side lay his crown and sceptre, and as it was a very hot afternoon, he had taken off his grand mane and his robe of state, and hung them up to give him some shade and to keep the sun out of his eyes. His own mane, you understand, he wore shaved close.

At the sight of the sleeping Lion, the Ape was so terrified that he turned around, and would have run away had the Fox not caught him by the collar and told him not to be such a coward, for their chance had come at last, such a chance as they could never have hoped for, and such a chance as would never come again.

“How? Why? What chance?” gasped the Ape, his teeth chattering with fear. “What chance? O do let go of me, Reynard dear. Oh that dreadful Lion! The sight of him is enough to kill one. Do let me go!”

“Idiot!” the Fox hissed through his teeth. “Cannot you see that if we steal the crown and sceptre and robe while he’s asleep, all the beasts will think we are the king, and will obey us, and we shall be able to do whatever we like. The whole forest will be ours.”

“Very likely,” said the Ape; “but who is going to venture to steal them? That terrible beast might wake up, and if the thief is caught, think of his fate—certain death. O Reynard, Reynard! let us escape while we can.”

“Martin,” said the Fox, “you are a coward, a mere coward. I ought never to have allowed a coward to travel with me. Do you know what honour is? do you understand what it means? Would you not rather risk your life on the chance of getting a kingdom than live on for ever as we have been living? Obey me, take my advice; don’t be a coward. If this Lion did wake up and catch



REYNARD THE FOX
AFTER THE PICTURES BY WM. KAULBACH

—I—

THE LION AND HIS COURT

In the springtime, the Lion, the Royal King of Beasts, keeps open Court, at which all beasts, both great and small, are present.

—II—

THE WOLF DRIVEN FROM THE APE'S DEN

They knew Sir Martin to be an ape; though he wore the Lion's robes.

you, why need you be put to death? Surely there are ways of explaining things. When did you know me caught without my excuse ready? Nonsense! Besides we could escape. Look at that hole in the rock, look at that tree. I'd be down the hole, you'd be up the tree, before he could wink his eye. Oh, yes, even if the worst comes to the worst, it will be our fault if we don't save our skins. So just make up your mind to take my advice. Do what you are told, and don't play the coward any longer."

This speech put a little more courage into the Ape, though he was still shivering with terror. He had unbounded faith in the cunning of Sir Reynard; and being himself a vain and covetous beast, he was vastly tickled by the idea of having a kingdom to govern. So he put on a bold face and asked how the Fox meant to steal the Lion's royal ornaments.

"Oh, you must be the thief," answered Sir Reynard. "Of course you must. There can be no doubt about that. Fancy your even asking such a question! Why, you are so clever and so nimble, that no other beast alive is half so well fitted for the task. Pluck up your courage, noble Sir Martin—pluck up your courage, and go in and win, my dear old friend. There they are, the crown, the sceptre, and the rest of the royal apparel, ready for you to take them. Remember, it is a kingdom that is waiting; and don't waste time, for that kingdom will not wait for ever."

In spite of this artful flattery, the Ape did not at all like the task assigned to him. Every leaf that stirred on the oak brought his heart into his mouth; every little stick that crackled under his feet made his teeth chatter with fright. He stole along on tiptoe, first going forward a little, then stopping at some sound, then turning round and creeping back, then crawling forward again as he caught sight of Sir Reynard shaking his fist at him in a frantic passion. Still, in spite of his fears, such was his adroitness, and such was his caution, that, without disturbing the Lion, he brought away first the crown, then the sceptre, and last of all the royal robe. With the

Fox's aid, he carried his booty off to a secret corner in the forest, and climbed with it into a hollow tree, where no eye could follow the pair.

Then in that hollow tree began a great dispute. They had the crown, but who should wear it—Sir Martin or Sir Reynard? Which was most worthy to be king—the ambitious Ape or the crafty Fox? Neither of them was willing to share the kingdom with the other. Each wished to reign, but not to reign with a brother king seated at his side.

“I deserve the crown,” shrieked the Ape; “I risked my life to steal it, while you stood by in safety. Besides, have I not face and figure of a man, and is not man the lord of all creatures? a clear sign that I was intended and born to be a king.”

“Not so quickly, my dear fellow,” laughed the Fox—“not quite so quickly, if you please, you really talk too fast. You fetched the crown, I admit that, but whose idea was the robbery? Mine, I think; which settles the whole question. I certainly showed myself much fitter to rule than you. What a ruler wants is wisdom. As for your man's face and your man's figure, what good are they? Brains and wits, not face and figure, make a man a man. I'm sure I have much more of the brains and wits of a man than you dare pretend to have. Yes, I ought to be king. You know how deep, and sly, and wily I can be. Confess you do!”

“I know you are very hard on me,” whined the Ape. “All our trouble with the farmer was your fault entirely. But for you I might still be a shepherd—a happy, simple, contented shepherd.”

“So I should suppose,” answered the Fox. “But after all,” he continued, changing his tone, “we must not quarrel. We have traveled too far, and been through too much together, to part company now. You shall be king, if you like; and, to make it fair to me, you shall be king on my terms. Will you make me your prime minister? Will you settle everything as I think it ought to be settled? Will you never on any account permit any one to poison your mind against me? Swear to these conditions

and you may wear the crown that is mine by rights. Swear to them, and I will be satisfied."

The Ape took the oath the Fox proposed; indeed, he would have sworn to anything that enabled him to get the kingdom. Then the Fox helped him to don the royal apparel, and they started off to parade through the forest, so that the wild beasts might see their king in all his splendour.

The first beasts the pair came across were a Sheep and an Ass, grazing peacefully side by side in an open glade. At the sight of Sir Martin in the Lion's robes they ran off as fast as they could put legs to the ground.

"Stop!" shouted the Fox. "In the king's name, I command you to stop! Stop, and come hither!"

They halted just at the edge of the wood, but did not dare to approach, till the Fox went up, and, speaking very softly and smoothly and sweetly, assured them they really had no cause whatever to be alarmed. His majesty the king was far from meaning them any harm. So markedly did they enjoy his royal favour that the Fox was actually bidden to invite them to the court. There no living creature would venture to annoy or molest them, and his majesty would shower on them the benefits he was wont to bestow on such of his subjects as he knew to be true and loyal to his cause. So the Ass and the Sheep drew near, and knelt very humbly before Sir Martin, who received them with a very gracious smile. After a few kind speeches he went again upon his way, while they followed humbly and obediently, as good subjects should follow their prince.

Before long there was heard a fearful roaring and a trampling and crashing of broken branches. Out of the thicket leaped a Camel. After it came rushing a Tiger and a Wild Boar in hot pursuit. At the sight of him whom they imagined to be their king, all three stood still with terror; and the Ape, wishing to see if his commands would again be obeyed, sent the Fox forward to order the Tiger and the Wild Boar to cease from their chase, and to warn them that if the worthy Camel suffered any

hurt, the wrongdoer would have to answer for his deeds at the king's court. In the meantime they were commanded to join the king's escort, and humbly follow in his train.

The Fox played his part so well that the orders he conveyed were at once obeyed; and so Sir Martin, with Sir Reynard by his side, went on his way till they reached the palace. Then turning to the beasts which had followed him at a respectful distance the sham King took leave of them, calling them his faithful subjects, and bidding them return to their own homes, and live there in peace and quietness till he sent for them. So they went back into the forest full of awe and respect for their sovereign, and deeply impressed by the majestic dignity of his bearing and behaviour.

Thus Sir Martin, who had been a shepherd and was an ape, became king of the beasts, and had as his prime minister Sir Reynard the Fox, that once was his sheep-dog; and without losing any time, they set to work to establish themselves firmly and safely in their new kingdom. First of all, and above all, Sir Reynard advised that they should choose soldiers to guard the palace and the person of the king; and, that he might be guarded in every way, they choose beasts that could fly and beasts that could swim as well as live upon dry land. Huge Griffins, and grisly Crocodiles, and fiery Flying Dragons were the animals Sir Reynard chose and Sir Martin approved to be their guards against all enemies, whether they came by land or by water, or flying through the air. And when at last Sir Martin felt that he was safe from all attacks, he and his wicked adviser set to work to make slaves of their subjects, and to rob them of all they possessed. None were spared. Justice and mercy were banished from the forest. Greed and cruelty came to take their place. Everything was left to Sir Reynard, and he extorted bribes from everybody, and ground the poor and the weak to powder beneath his heel. Nor did any beast dare to complain to Sir Martin. They knew the king to be no better than his minister was.

If I were to describe only a tenth part of the wicked

acts of the pair, my story would never come to an end; but one deed Sir Reynard did I will relate, that you may be able to judge for yourselves how the forest was ruled in those evil days.

It was the poor Sheep who followed in Sir Martin's train the day he first came to the palace, the poor Sheep to whom Sir Reynard had promised the king's favour, that appeared and made complaint. Her mortal enemy the Wolf had in most cruel and bloodthirsty fashion slain her only lamb.

The mother, weeping sorely, hurried to the palace, and prayed for an audience of the king, that she might beg him to see justice done.

"Softly, my good old dame," said the Fox, before whom she was brought, and who heard her petition—"softly, good Mistress Sheep. You must not suppose that creatures like you can come bursting in like a whirlwind upon his majesty. The king has weighty business in hand. The king is attending to matters more important than lambs, or lambs' mothers, or the lives of lambs and lambs' mothers. I will take his majesty's place; and, understand, I am going to talk to you somewhat plainly. I am very far from being satisfied with the look of this business of yours. The Wolf is my cousin. I don't like these plots you are hatching and contriving against him. I cannot make out your coming here with these malicious stories against him. I know my cousin. I honour his disposition; it is a noble one. Depend upon it, I know my cousin well—better, perhaps, than you do. Whatever my cousin the Wolf does, he has some excellent reason for doing it. Of that I am satisfied, and when I am satisfied, the king is satisfied too. If you are wise, my good dame, you'll go home and let this matter drop—unless, of course, you have something fresh to put before me, something which might influence me, but which you have not mentioned yet. You understand me, I suppose?"

But the simple Sheep did not understand him, and went home heartbroken, as many others had to go who came with petitions, and did not guess what the Fox

meant, or could not pay him the bribe he hinted they should offer and which he expected from them.

Time went on, and still the Ape sat on the throne, and all the crimes the Fox told him to commit he committed, and between them they misgoverned the beasts so foully that the fairies who lived in the forest could no longer bear the sight of the suffering that surrounded them. They knew Sir Martin to be only an Ape, though he wore the Lion's robes; and they knew where the real king was hiding, too proud to show himself till he had recovered the symbols of royalty which he had lost. In pity for him and for his subjects, the Fairy Queen set all her workmen to work. The moles delved for gold, the silkworms spun their strongest threads at her command, the fairy smiths and weavers toiled day and night till they had made a crown and scepter and royal robe and mane the king himself could not tell from those which the Ape had stolen. These the Fairy Queen took and left by night in the cave where the king of the beasts was sleeping.

Who then so proud and so happy as the Lion when day dawned and he awoke and saw restored the treasures he was seeking? Quickly did he don them and start off to the place, roaring like thunder, so that all the beasts fled before him in terror.

He came to his palace. The gates were locked, and barred, and guarded. Round and round the walls raged and ramped the noble Lion, roaring till the palace rocked and quivered from the top of the highest tower to the bottom of the deepest dungeon. Far away in the innermost chamber of all the Ape heard the Lion's voice, and springing from his bed in terror fled from room to room in search of a hiding-place. The guards—those dreadful animals the Griffins, the Crocodiles, the Flying Dragons—all fainted at their posts. The Fox alone had wits enough left to set about saving himself. In truth he was a cunning villain, and had every reason to feel that, come what might, his crafty brain would devise some trick to ward off the punishment he deserved.

While the Lion stood roaring before the great gate of

his palace, sly Sir Reynard opened an upper window and put his head out and cried,—

“Ah, King Lion, my king, have you indeed returned at last? Oh happy, happy day! Oh what a happy, happy day it is that brings you back! Ah, King Lion, all honest people have wanted you back, but not one of them has desired your return as earnestly as I have desired it. And now, King Lion, you really have come to deliver us from this wretched pretender. A cruel tyrant has he been, a cruel and evil tyrant; and by cruel and evil ways has he made us all, made even me, obey him and do his wicked will. O King Lion, enter the palace and utterly destroy the shameless, heartless thief who crept into your place. O King Lion, if I risk my life by coming down and opening the gate to you, will you forgive all the shocking deeds they forced poor Reynard to do against his own wish? Will you forgive me, most noble king? Surely you will.”

“Open the gate; I forgive you,” roared the Lion, “but only if you open the gate at once.”

Down slipped Sir Reynard, laughing in his sleeve, and unbarred the gate and threw it open. In dashed the Lion, roaring more fiercely than ever, and as he burst into the courtyard, he saw all round him, lying on their backs, with their feet in the air, the terrible beasts the Ape had chosen to be his body-guard. They had swooned with fear, as well they might, when they found out what a fearful mistake they had made, and that the real king was come to his own again. Every one of them the Lion tore in pieces, limb from limb and bone from bone; and the Fox stood by and squeezed tears of joy into his eyes, and vowed the sight reminded him of old times, those happy old times before ever a wicked pretender came to oppress the kingdom.

Then Sir Reynard led the king through the palace in search of Sir Martin, and at last they found him hidden in an oven. The Fox cried out, “Kill him, kill him! It is much safer to put him out of the way!” But the Lion fell into a frenzy of rage at the mere idea of his having anything to fear whether such a pitiful wretch as Sir

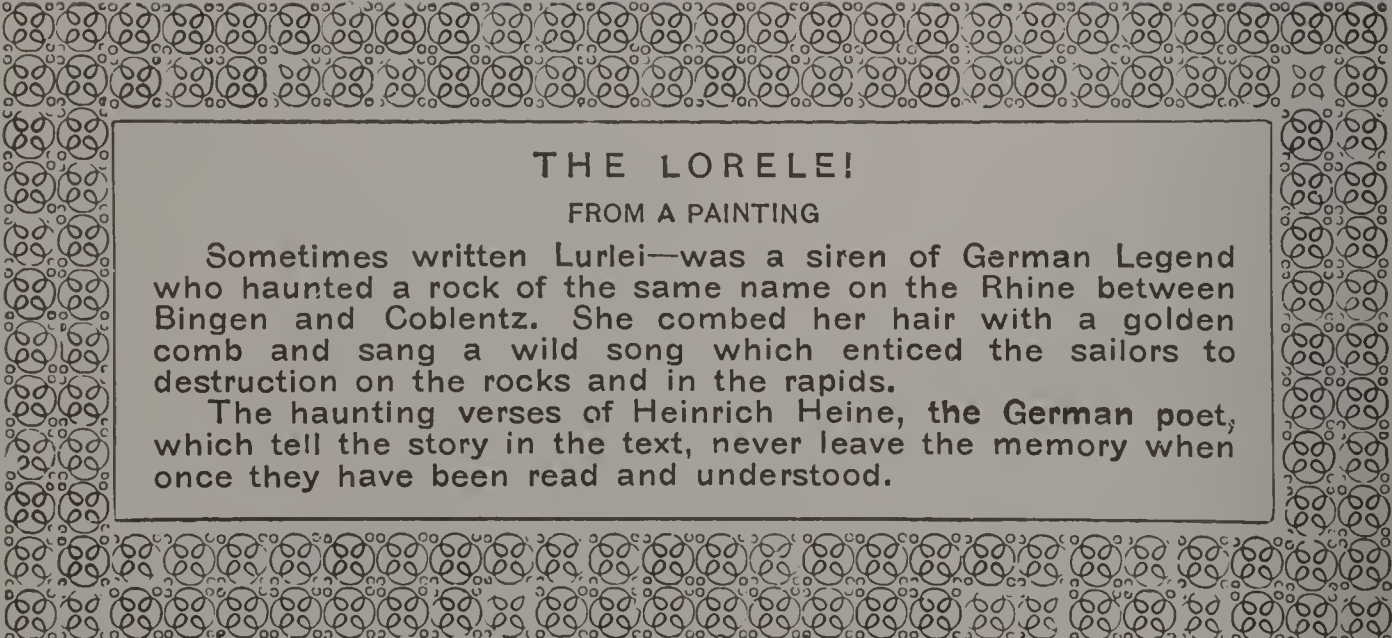
Martin was alive or dead. So he bade Sir Reynard take the miscreant and hurl him into the deepest dungeon in the palace. This the Fox did, and there the Ape remained till the Lion had called together all the beasts to see the impostor punished; and as there was no beast for which the Lion felt greater scorn and contempt than he felt for the Rat, he chose the Rat to be the executioner.

The Fox was ordered to bring the Ape up for judgment. Fearing that his old companion, now that he was desperate, might confess all and tell the Lion what tricks they had played together, and who the scoundrel was that had devised all their rascally schemes and wicked rogueries, Sir Reynard brought Sir Martin up from the dungeon gagged, as well as loaded with fetters, and so he handed him over to the Rat. The Rat, at the Lion's bidding, cut off half the Ape's ears, and trimmed what was left of them to a point. Then the chains were struck off, and the beasts hunted the Ape out into the forest, where he and his descendants have lived ever since. But from that day to this there has never been an Ape of Sir Martin's family who has dared to live anywhere except up a tree.

As for the Fox, the Lion spared his life in virtue of the promise he gave when Sir Reynard opened the palace gate, but he knew perfectly well that he was dealing with a rogue. Therefore, to punish him for his knavish ways, and for all the wickedness in which he had taken part, the Lion kicked Sir Reynard out of doors, and forbade him ever to show his face by day. For this reason no fox dare venture out till after dark, nor has any one, either man or beast, ever been found willing to make a fox his friend or trust him at all.

This is the end of the story which relates how two knaves found life hard and very full of trouble! how they set out in search of the share of the world which they fancied was theirs by right; and how, though for a time they prospered, in the end they were found out and punished with the punishment they deserved. So, after all, the rascals got what they desired—the share of the world which was properly theirs; and if it turned out something





THE LORELEI!

FROM A PAINTING

Sometimes written Lurlei—was a siren of German Legend who haunted a rock of the same name on the Rhine between Bingen and Coblenz. She combed her hair with a golden comb and sang a wild song which enticed the sailors to destruction on the rocks and in the rapids.

The haunting verses of Heinrich Heine, the German poet, which tell the story in the text, never leave the memory when once they have been read and understood.

altogether different from what they expected, so much the better for all honest people whoever they may be, and wherever they may be found.

THE LORE-LEI.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

I know not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;—
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me—and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over the boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run;
And this with her magic singing
The Lore-Lei hath done.

—*From the German of Heinrich Heine.*

THE GOLDEN CRAB.

A GREEK FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a fisherman who had a wife and three children. Every morning he used to go out fishing, and all the fish he caught he sold to the king. One day, among the other fishes, he caught a golden crab. When he came home he put all the fishes together into a great dish, but he kept the crab apart because it shone so beautifully, and placed it upon a high shelf in the cupboard. Now, while the old woman, his wife, was cleaning the fish, and had tucked up her gown so that her feet were easily seen, she heard a voice, which said:

“Let down, let down thy petticoat
That lets thy feet be seen.”

She turned round in surprise, and then she saw the little golden crab.

“What! You can speak, can you, you ridiculous crab?” she said, for she was not quite pleased at the crab’s remark. Then she took him up and placed him on a dish.

When her husband came home and they sat down to dinner, they heard the crab’s little voice saying, “Give me some too.” They were all surprised, but they gave him something to eat. When the old man took away the plate which had contained the crab’s dinner, he found it full of gold, and as the same thing happened every day he soon became very fond of the crab.

One day the crab said to the fisherman’s wife: “Go to the king and tell him I wish to marry his younger daughter.”

The old woman went accordingly and laid the matter before the king, who laughed at the notion of his daughter marrying a crab, but did not decline the proposal altogether, because he was a prudent monarch and knew that the crab might be a prince in disguise. Therefore, he

said to the fisherman's wife, "Go, and tell the crab I will give him my daughter if by to-morrow morning he can build a wall in front of my castle much higher than my tower, upon which all the flowers of the world will grow and bloom."

The fisherman's wife went home and gave this message to him.

Then the crab gave her a golden rod and said: "Go and strike with this rod three times upon the ground on the place which the king showed you, and to-morrow morning the wall will be there."

The old woman did so and went away again.

The next morning, when the king awoke, what do you think he saw? The wall stood there before his eyes, exactly as he had ordered it!

Then the old woman went back to the king and said to him: "Your majesty's orders have been carried out."

"That is all very well," said the king, "but I cannot give away my daughter until there stands in front of my palace a garden in which there are three fountains, of which the first must play gold, the second diamonds, and the third brilliants."

So the old woman had to strike again three times upon the ground with the rod, and the next morning the garden was there. The king now gave his consent, and the wedding was fixed for the very next day.

Then the crab said to the old fisherman:

"Now take this rod; go and knock with it on a certain mountain; then a black man will come out and ask you what you wish for. Answer him thus: 'Your master, the king has sent me to tell you that you must send him his golden garment that is like the sun.' Make him give you, besides, the queenly robes of gold and precious stones which are like the flowery meadows, and bring them both to me, and bring me also the golden cushion."

The old man went and did his errand. When he had brought the precious robes the crab put on the golden garment and crept upon the golden cushion, and in this way the fisherman carried him to the castle, where the crab presented the other garment to his bride. Now the

ceremony took place, and when the married pair were alone together the crab made himself known to his young wife, and told her how he was the son of the greatest king in the world, and how he was enchanted, so that he became a crab by day and was a man only at nights and he could also change himself into an eagle as often as he wished. No sooner had he said this than he shook himself and immediately became a handsome youth, but the next morning he was forced to creep back again into his crab-shell. And the same thing happened every day.

But the princess' affection for the crab and the polite attention which she showed to him much surprised the royal family. They suspected some secret, but though they watched and watched, they could not discover it. Thus a year passed away and the princess had a son, whom she called Benjamin. But her mother still thought the whole matter very strange. At last she said to the king that he ought to ask his daughter whether she would not like to have another husband instead of the crab. But when the daughter was questioned she only answered:

"I am married to the crab, and him only will I have."

Then the king said to her: "I will appoint a tournament in your honor and I will invite all the princes in the world to it, and if any one of them pleases you you shall marry him."

In the evening the princess told this to the crab, who said to her: "Take this rod; go to the garden gate and knock with it; a black man will come out and say to you, 'Why have you called me and what do you require of me?' Answer him thus: 'Your master the king has sent me hither to tell you to send him his golden armor and his steed and the silver apple.' And bring them to me."

The princess did so and brought him what he desired.

The following evening the prince dressed himself for the tournament. Before he went he said to his wife: "Now mind you do not say when you see me that I am the crab. For if you do this evil will come of it. Place yourself at the window with your sisters; I will ride by

and throw you the silver apple. Take it in your hand, but if they ask who I am, say that you do not know." So saying, he kissed her, repeated his warning once more, and went away.

The princess went with her sisters to the window and looked on at the tournament. Presently her husband rode by and threw the apple up to her. She caught it in her hand and went with it to her room, and by and by her husband came back to her. But her father was surprised that she did not seem to care about any of the princes; he therefore appointed a second tournament.

The crab then gave his wife the same directions as before, only this time the apple which she received from the black man was of gold. But before the prince went to the tournament he said to his wife: "Now I know you will betray me to-day."

But she vowed that she would not tell who he was. He then repeated his warning once more and went away.

In the evening, while the princess, her mother and her sisters were standing at the window, the prince suddenly galloped past on his steed and threw her the golden apple.

Then her mother flew into a passion, gave her a box on the ear, and cried out: "Does not even that prince please you?"

The princess in her fright exclaimed: "That is the crab himself!"

Her mother was still more angry because she had not been told sooner, ran into her daughter's room where the crab-shell was still lying, took it up and threw it into the fire. Then the poor princess cried bitterly, but it was of no use; her husband did not come back.

Now we must leave the princess and turn to the other persons in the story. One day an old man went to a stream to dip in a crust of bread which he was going to eat, when a dog came out of the water, snatched the bread from his hand, and ran away. The old man ran after him, but the dog reached the door, pushed it open, and ran in, the old man following him. He did not overtake the dog, but found himself above a staircase, which he

descended. Then he saw before him a stately palace, and entering, he found in a large hall a table set for twelve persons. He hid himself in the hall behind a great picture, that he might see what would happen. At noon he heard a great noise, which made him tremble with fear. When he took courage to look out from behind the picture he saw twelve eagles flying in. At this sight his fear became greater still. The eagles flew to the basin of a fountain that was there and bathed themselves; suddenly they were changed into twelve handsome youths. Now they seated themselves at the table, and one of them took up a goblet filled with wine and said, "A health to my father!" And another said, "A health to my mother!" and so the healths went round. Then one of them said:

"A health to my dearest lady,
Long may she live and well!
But a ban on the cruel mother
That burned my golden shell!"

And so saying he wept bitterly. Then the youths rose from the table, went back to the great stone fountain, turned themselves into eagles again, and flew away.

Then the old man went away too, returned to the light of day, and went home. Soon after he heard that the princess was ill, and that the only thing that did her good was having stories told to her. He therefore went to the royal castle, obtained an audience of the princess, and told her about the strange things he had seen in the underground palace. No sooner had he finished than the princess asked him whether he could find the way to that palace.

"Yes," he answered, "certainly."

And now she desired him to guide her to it at once. The old man did so, and when they came to the palace he hid her behind the great picture and advised her to keep quite still, placing himself behind the picture also. Presently the eagles came flying in, changing themselves into young men, and in a moment the princess recognized her husband among them all and tried to come out of her hiding-place; but the old man held her back. The youths

seated themselves at the table; and now the prince said again, while he took up the cup of wine:

“A health to my dearest lady,
Long may she live and well!
But a ban on the cruel mother
That burned my golden shell!”

Then the princess could restrain herself no longer, but ran forward and threw her arms round her husband. And immediately he knew her again and said:

“Do you remember how I told you that day that you would betray me? Now you see that I spoke the truth. But all that bad time is past. Now listen to me: I must still remain enchanted for three months. Will you stay here with me till that time is over?”

So the princess stayed with him and said to the old man: “Go back to the castle and tell my parents that I am staying here.”

Her parents were very vexed when the old man came back and told them this, but as soon as the three months of the prince's enchantment were over he ceased to be an eagle and became once more a man, and they returned home together. And then they lived happily, and we who hear the story are happier still.

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS.

THE WIND FLOWER.

BY ANNA KLINGENSMITH.

In proper names in these stories the final *e* and *es* are to be sounded. Thus Cybele and Penates are words of three syllables. But Proserpine and Thebes are exceptions, and should be pronounced as English words.

A DONIS was a beautiful boy. His eyes were blue as the sky; his hair was like sunshine. He could run so swiftly and so lightly that he almost seemed to fly. The only thing he cared for in all the world was hunting. In the morning before the dew was dried, he was up and away upon the hills.

Aphrodite herself was charmed with his beauty and

his grace and begged him to stay with her; but he would not leave his hunting. One day a fierce wild boar killed him. Aphrodite came and found him lying on the ground, white and beautiful like a flower, so she changed him into a flower.

The flower is white with a slender, graceful stem. It lives only a short time. People call it the anemone or wind flower. The anemone grows at the edge of the forest in the shade of the trees. It is like Adonis. It loves the greenwood.

PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

THE creation of the world is a problem naturally fitted to excite the liveliest interest of man. The ancient pagans had their own way of telling the story, which is as follows:

Before earth and sea and heaven were created, all things wore one aspect, to which we give the name of Chaos—a confused and shapeless mass, nothing but dead weight, in which, however, slumbered the seeds of things. Earth, sea, and air were all mixed up together; so the earth was not solid, the sea was not fluid, and the air was not transparent. God and Nature at last interposed, and put an end to this discord, separating earth from sea, and heaven from both. The fiery part, being the lightest, sprang up, and formed the skies; the air was next in weight and place. The earth, being heavier, sank below; and the water took the lowest place, and buoyed up the earth.

Here some god—it is not known which—gave his good offices in arranging and disposing the earth. He appointed rivers and bays their places, raised mountains, scooped out valleys, distributed woods, fountains, fertile fields, and stony plains. The air being cleared, the stars began to appear, fishes took possession of the sea, birds of the air, and four-footed beasts of the land.

But a nobler animal was wanted, and Man was made.

Adapted from "The Age of Fable" by Thomas Bulfinch.



PANDORA

FROM A PAINTING

Pandora means the "all-gifted woman,"—so-called because all the Gods of the Ancient Mythology bestowed upon her some gift to enhance her charms. To her was given a box which contained all the ills to which flesh is heir. This so excited the curiosity of Epimetheus her husband that he opened it with direful result. Fortunately, however, it was closed in time to prevent the escape of Hope, which still "springs Eternal in the human breast." This is one of the many different versions of the old Legend.

It is not known whether the creator made him of divine materials, or whether in the earth, so lately separated from heaven, there lurked still some heavenly seeds. Prometheus took some of this earth, and kneading it up with water, made man in the image of the gods. He gave him an upright stature, so that while all other animals turn their faces downward, and look to the earth, he raises his to heaven, and gazes on the stars.

Prometheus was one of the Titans, a gigantic race, who inhabited the earth before the creation of man. To him and his brother Epimetheus was committed the office of making man, and providing him and all other animals with the faculties necessary for their preservation. Epimetheus undertook to do this, and Prometheus was to overlook his work, when it was done. Epimetheus accordingly proceeded to bestow upon the different animals the various gifts of courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity; wings to one, claws to another, a shelly covering to a third, etc. But when man came to be provided for, who was to be superior to all other animals, Epimetheus had been so prodigal of his resources that he had nothing left to bestow upon him. In his perplexity he resorted to his brother Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up to heaven, and lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun, and brought down fire to man. With this gift man was more than a match for all other animals. It enabled him to make weapons wherewith to subdue them; tools with which to cultivate the earth; to warm his dwelling, so as to be comparatively independent of climate; and finally to introduce the arts and to coin money, the means of trade and commerce.

Woman was not yet made. The story (absurd enough!) is that Jupiter made her, and sent her to Prometheus and his brother, to punish them for their presumption in stealing fire from heaven; and man, for accepting the gift. The first woman was named Pandora. She was made in heaven, every god contributing something to perfect her. Venus gave her beauty, Mercury persuasion, Apollo music, etc. Thus equipped, she was conveyed to earth, and presented to Epimetheus,

who gladly accepted her, though cautioned by his brother to beware of Jupiter and his gifts. Epimetheus had in his house a jar, in which were kept certain noxious articles, for which, in fitting man for his new abode, he had had no occasion. Pandora was seized with an eager curiosity to know what this jar contained; and one day she slipped off the cover and looked in. Forthwith there escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man—such as gout, rheumatism, and colic for his body, and envy, spite, and revenge for his mind,—and scattered themselves far and wide. Pandora hastened to replace the lid! but alas! the whole contents of the jar had escaped, one thing only excepted, which lay at the bottom, and that was *hope*. So we see at this day, whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us; and while we have *that*, no amount of other ills can make us completely wretched.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Pyramus was the handsomest youth, and Thisbe the fairest maiden, in all Babylonia, where Semiramis reigned. Their parents occupied adjoining houses; and neighborhood brought the young people together, and acquaintance ripened into love. They would gladly have married, but their parents forbade. One thing, however, they could not forbid—that love should glow with equal ardor in the bosoms of both. They conversed by signs and glances, and the fire burned more intensely for being covered up. In the wall that parted the two houses there was a crack, caused by some fault in the structure. No one had remarked it before, but the lovers discovered it. What will not love discover! It afforded a passage to the voice; and tender messages used to pass backward and forward through the gap. As they stood, Pyramus on this side, Thisbe on that, their breaths would mingle. “Cruel wall,” they said, “why do you keep two lovers apart? But we will not be ungrateful. We owe you, we confess, the privilege of transmitting loving words to willing ears.” Such words they uttered on different sides of the wall; and when night came and they

must say farewell, they pressed their lips upon the wall, she on her side, he on his, as they could come no nearer.

Next morning, when Aurora had put out the stars, and the sun had melted the frost from the grass, they met at the accustomed spot. Then, after lamenting their hard fate, they agreed that next night, when all was still, they would slip away from watchful eyes, leave their dwellings and walk out into the fields; and to insure a meeting, repair to a well-known edifice standing without the city's bounds, called the Tomb of Ninus, and that the one who came first should await the other at the foot of a certain tree. It was a white mulberry tree, and stood near a cool spring. All was agreed on, and they waited impatiently for the sun to go down beneath the waters and night to rise up from them. Then cautiously Thisbe stole forth, unobserved by the family, her head covered with a veil, made her way to the monument and sat down under the tree. As she sat alone in the dim light of the evening she descried a lioness, her jaws reeking with recent slaughter, approaching the fountain to slake her thirst. Thisbe fled at the sight, and sought refuge in the hollow of a rock. As she fled she dropped her veil. The lioness after drinking at the spring turned to retreat to the woods, and seeing the veil on the ground, tossed and rent it with her bloody mouth.

Pyramus, having been delayed, now approached the place of meeting. He saw in the sand the footsteps of the lion, and the color fled from his cheeks at the sight. Presently he found the veil all rent and bloody. "O hapless girl," said he, "I have been the cause of thy death! Thou, more worthy of life than I, hast fallen the first victim. I will follow. I am the guilty cause, in tempting thee forth to a place of such peril, and not being myself on the spot to guard thee. Come forth, ye lions, from the rocks, and tear this guilty body with your teeth." He took up the veil, carried it with him to the appointed tree and covered it with kisses and with tears. "*My* blood shall also stain your texture," said he, and drawing his sword plunged it into his heart. The blood spurted from the wound, and tinged the white mulber-

ries of the tree all red; and sinking into the earth reached the roots, so that the red color mounted through the trunk to the fruit.

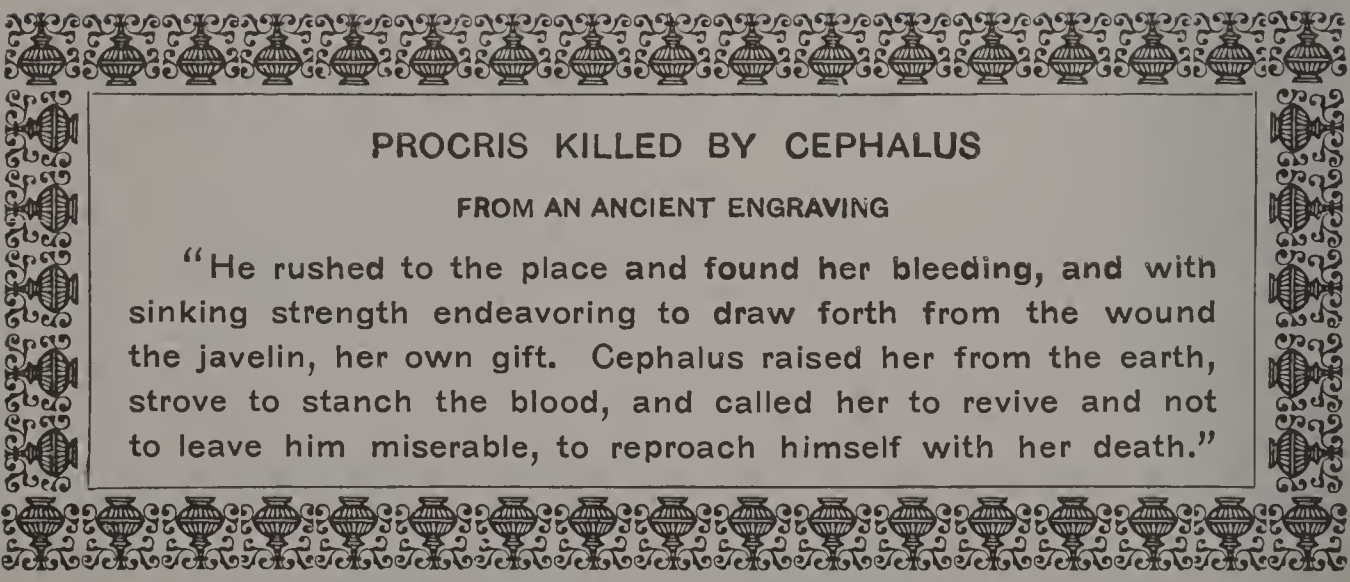
By this time Thisbe, still trembling with fear, yet wishing not to disappoint her lover, stepped cautiously forth, looking anxiously for the youth, eager to tell him the danger she had escaped. When she came to the spot and saw the changed color of the mulberries she doubted whether it was the same place. While she hesitated she saw the form of one in the agonies of death. She started back, a shudder ran through her frame as a ripple on the face of the still water when a sudden breeze sweeps over it. But as soon as she recognized her lover, she screamed and beat her breast, embracing the lifeless body, pouring tears into its wounds, and imprinting kisses on the cold lips. "O Pyramus," she cried, "what has done this? Answer me, Pyramus; it is your own Thisbe that speaks. Hear me, dearest, and lift that drooping head!" At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus opened his eyes, then closed them again. She saw her veil stained with blood and the scabbard empty of its sword. "Thy own hand has slain thee, and for my sake," she said. "I too can be brave for once, and my love is as strong as thine. I will follow thee in death, for I have been the cause; and death which alone could part us shall not prevent my joining thee. And ye, unhappy parents of us both, deny us not our united request. As love and death have joined us, let one tomb contain us. And thou, tree, retain the marks of slaughter. Let thy berries still serve for memorials of our blood." So saying she plunged the sword into her breast. Her parents ratified her wish, the gods also ratified it. The two bodies were buried in one sepulchre, and the tree ever after brought forth purple berries, as it does to this day.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

Cephalus was a beautiful youth and fond of manly sports. He would rise before the dawn to pursue the chase. Aurora saw him when she first looked forth, fell



PROCRIS killed by an Iron, which **CEPHALUS**
darted through the Thicket.



PROCRIS KILLED BY CEPHALUS

FROM AN ANCIENT ENGRAVING

“He rushed to the place and found her bleeding, and with sinking strength endeavoring to draw forth from the wound the javelin, her own gift. Cephalus raised her from the earth, strove to stanch the blood, and called her to revive and not to leave him miserable, to reproach himself with her death.”

in love with him, and stole him away. But Cephalus was just married to a charming wife whom he devotedly loved. Her name was Procris. She was a favorite of Diana, the goddess of hunting, who had given her a dog which could outrun every rival, and a javelin which would never fail of its mark; and Procris gave these presents to her husband. Cephalus was so happy in his wife that he resisted all the entreaties of Aurora, and she finally dismissed him in displeasure, saying, "Go, ungrateful mortal, keep your wife, whom, if I am not much mistaken, you will one day be very sorry you ever saw again."

Cephalus returned, and was as happy as ever in his wife and his woodland sports. Now it happened some angry deity had sent a ravenous fox to annoy the country; and the hunters turned out in great strength to capture it. Their efforts were all in vain; no dog could run it down; and at last they came to Cephalus to borrow his famous dog, whose name was Lelaps. No sooner was the dog let loose than he darted off, quicker than their eye could follow him. If they had not seen his footprints in the sand they would have thought he flew. Cephalus and others stood on a hill and saw the race. The fox tried every art; he ran in a circle and turned on his track, the dog close upon him, with open jaws, snapping at his heels, but biting only the air. Cephalus was about to use his javelin, when suddenly he saw both dog and game stop instantly. The heavenly powers who had given both were not willing that either should conquer. In the very attitude of life and action they were turned into stone. So lifelike and natural did they look, you would have thought, as you looked at them, that one was going to bark, the other to leap forward.

Cephalus, though he had lost his dog, still continued to take delight in the chase. He would go out at early morning, ranging the woods and hills unaccompanied by any one, needing no help, for his javelin was a sure weapon in all cases. Fatigued with hunting, when the sun got high he would seek a shady nook where a cool stream flowed, and, stretched on the grass, with his gar-

ments thrown aside, would enjoy the breeze. Sometimes he would say aloud, "Come, sweet breeze, come and fan my breast, come and allay the heat that burns me." Some one passing by one day heard him talking in this way to the air, and, foolishly believing that he was talking to some maiden, went and told the secret to Procris, Cephalus's wife. Love is credulous. Procris, at the sudden shock, fainted away. Presently recovering, she said, "It cannot be true; I will not believe it unless I myself am a witness to it." So she waited, with anxious heart, till the next morning, when Cephalus went to hunt as usual. Then she stole out after him, and concealed herself in the place where the informer directed her. Cephalus came as he was wont when tired with sport, and stretched himself on the green bank, saying, "Come, sweet breeze, come and fan me; you know how I love you! you make the groves and my solitary rambles delightful." He was running on in this way when he heard, or thought he heard a sound as of a sob in the bushes. Supposing it some wild animal, he threw his javelin at the spot. A cry from his beloved Procris told him that the weapon had too surely met its mark. He rushed to the place, and found her bleeding, and with sinking strength endeavoring to draw forth from the wound the javelin, her own gift. Cephalus raised her from the earth, strove to stanch the blood, and called her to revive and not to leave him miserable, to reproach himself with her death. She opened her feeble eyes, and forced herself to utter these few words: "I implore you, if you have ever loved me, if I have ever deserved kindness at your hands, my husband, grant me this last request; do not marry that odious Breeze!" This disclosed the whole mystery: but alas! what advantage to disclose it now? She died; but her face wore a calm expression, and she looked pityingly and forgivingly on her husband when he made her understand the truth.

THE STORY OF CALLISTO.

Callisto was a maiden who excited the jealousy of Juno, and the goddess changed her into a bear. "I will

take away," said she, "that beauty with which you have captivated my husband." Down fell Callisto on her hands and knees; she tried to stretch out her arms in supplication—they were already beginning to be covered with black hair. Her hands grew rounded, became armed with crooked claws, and served for feet; her mouth, which Jove used to praise for its beauty, became a horrid pair of jaws; her voice, which if unchanged would have moved the heart to pity, became a growl more fit to inspire terror. Yet her former disposition remained, and with continual groaning, she bemoaned her fate, and stood upright as well as she could, lifting up her paws to beg for mercy, and felt that Jove was unkind, though she could not tell him so. Ah, how often, afraid to stay in the woods all night alone, she wandered about the neighborhood of her former haunts; how often, frightened by the dogs, did she, so lately a huntress, fly in terror from the hunters! Often she fled from the wild beasts, forgetting that she was now a wild beast herself; and, bear as she was, was afraid of the bears.

One day a youth espied her as he was hunting. She saw him and recognized him as her own son, now grown a young man. She stopped and felt inclined to embrace him. As she was about to approach, he, alarmed, raised his hunting spear, and was on the point of transfixing her, when Jupiter, beholding, arrested the crime, and snatching away both of them, placed them in the heavens as the Great and Little Bear.

Juno was in a rage to see her rival so set in honor, and hastened to ancient Tethys and Oceanus, the powers of ocean, and in answer to their inquiries thus told the cause of her coming: "Do you ask why I, the queen of the gods, have left the heavenly plains and sought your depths? Learn that I am supplanted in heaven—my place is given to another. You will hardly believe me; but look when night darkens the world, and you shall see the two of whom I have so much reason to complain exalted to the heavens, in that part where the circle is the smallest, in the neighborhood of the pole. Why should any one hereafter tremble at the thought of offending

Juno, when such rewards are the consequence of my displeasure? See what I have been able to effect! I forbade her to wear the human form—she is placed among the stars! So do my punishments result—such is the extent of my power! Better that she should have resumed her former shape, as I permitted Io to do. Perhaps he means to marry her, and put me away! But you, my foster-parents, if you feel for me and see with displeasure this unworthy treatment of me, show it, I beseech you, by forbidding this guilty couple from coming into your waters.’’ The powers of the ocean assented, and consequently the two constellations of the Great and Little Bear move round and round in heaven, but never sink, as the other stars do, beneath the ocean.

THE STORY OF MIDAS.

Bacchus, on a certain occasion, found his old school-master and foster-father, Silenus, missing. The old man had wandered away, and was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas. Midas recognized him, and treated him hospitably, entertaining him for ten days and nights with an unceasing round of jollity. On the eleventh day he brought Silenus back and restored him in safety to his pupil. Whereupon Bacchus offered Midas his choice of a reward, whatever he might wish. He asked that whatever he might touch should be changed into *gold*. Bacchus consented, though sorry that he had not made a better choice. Midas went his way, rejoicing in his newly acquired power, which he hastened to put to the test. He could scarce believe his eyes when he found a twig of an oak, which he plucked from the branch, become gold in his hand. He took up a stone; it changed to gold. He touched a sod; it did the same. He took an apple from the tree; you would have thought he had robbed the garden of the Hesperides. His joy knew no bounds, and as soon as he got home, he ordered the servants to set a splendid repast on the table. Then he found to his dismay that whether he touched bread, it hardened in his hand; or put a morsel

to his lips, it defied his teeth. He took a glass of wine, but it flowed down his throat like melted gold.

In consternation at the unprecedented affliction, he strove to divert himself of his power; he hated the gift he had lately coveted. But all in vain; starvation seemed to await him. He raised his arms, all shining with gold, in prayer to Bacchus, begging to be delivered from his glittering destruction. Bacchus, merciful deity, heard and consented. "Go," said he, "to the River Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain-head, there plunge your head and body in, and wash away your fault and its punishment." He did so, and scarce had he touched the waters before the gold-creating power passed into them, and the river sands became changed into *gold*, as they remain to this day.

Thenceforth Midas, hating wealth and splendor, dwelt in the country, and became a worshipper of Pan, the god of the fields. On a certain occasion Pan had the temerity to compare his music with that of Apollo, and to challenge the god of the lyre to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted, and Tmolus, the mountain god, was chosen umpire. The senior took his seat, and cleared away the trees from his ears to listen. At a given signal Pan blew on his pipes, and with his rustic melody gave great satisfaction to himself and his faithful follower Midas, who happened to be present. Then Tmolus turned his head toward the Sun-god, and all his trees turned with him. Apollo rose, his brow wreathed with Parnassian laurel, while his robe of Tyrian purple swept the ground. In his left hand he held the lyre, and with his right hand struck the strings. Ravished with the harmony, Tmolus at once awarded the victory to the god of the lyre, and all but Midas acquiesced in the judgment. He dissented, and questioned the justice of the award. Apollo would not suffer such a depraved pair of ears any longer to wear the human form, but caused them to increase in length, grow hairy, within and without, and movable on their roots; in short, to be on the perfect pattern of those of an ass.

Mortified enough was King Midas at this mishap; but

he consoled himself with the thought that it was possible to hide his misfortune, which he attempted to do by means of an ample turban or head-dress. But his hair-dresser of course knew the secret. He was charged not to mention it, and threatened with dire punishment if he presumed to disobey. But he found it too much for his discretion to keep such a secret; so he went out into the meadow, dug a hole in the ground, and stooping down, whispered the story, and covered it up. Before long a thick bed of reeds sprang up in the meadow, and as soon as it had gained its growth, began whispering the story, and has continued to do so, from that day to this, every time a breeze passes over the place.

Midas was king of Phrygia. He was the son of Gordius, a poor countryman, who was taken by the people and made king, in obedience to the command of the oracle, which had said that their future king should come in a wagon. While the people were deliberating, Gordius with his wife and son came driving his wagon into the public square.

Gordius, being made king, dedicated his wagon to the deity of the oracle, and tied it up in its place with a fast knot. This was the celebrated *Gordian knot*, which, in after times it was said, whoever should untie should become lord of all Asia. Many tried to untie it, but none succeeded, till Alexander the Great, in his career of conquest, came to Phrygia. He tried his skill with as ill success as others, till growing impatient he drew his sword and cut the knot. When he afterwards succeeded in subjecting all Asia to his sway, people began to think that he had complied with the terms of the oracle according to its true meaning.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

On a certain hill in Phrygia stands a linden tree and an oak, enclosed by a low wall. Not far from the spot is a marsh, formerly good habitable land, but now indented with pools, the resort of fen-birds and cormorants. Once on a time Jupiter, in human shape, visited this country, and with him his son Mercury (he of the cadu-

ceus), without his wings. They presented themselves, as weary travellers, at many a door, seeking rest and shelter, but found all closed, for it was late, and the inhospitable inhabitants would not rouse themselves to open for their reception. At last a humble mansion received them, a small thatched cottage, where Baucis, a pious old dame, and her husband Philemon, united when young, had grown old together. Not ashamed of their poverty, they made it endurable by moderate desires and kind dispositions. One need not look there for master or for servant; they two were the whole household, master and servant alike. When the two guests crossed the humble threshold, and bowed their heads to pass under the low door, the old man placed a seat, on which Baucis, bustling and attentive, spread a cloth, and begged them to sit down. Then she raked out the coals from the ashes, and kindled up a fire, fed it with leaves and dry bark, and with her scanty breath blew it into a flame. She brought out of a corner split sticks and dry branches, broke them up, and placed them under the small kettle. Her husband collected some pot-herbs in the garden, and she shred them from the stalks, and prepared them for the pot. He reached down with a forked stick a flitch of bacon hanging in the chimney, cut a small piece, and put it in the pot to boil with the herbs, setting away the rest for another time. A beechen bowl was filled with warm water, that their guests might wash. While all was doing, they beguiled the time with conversation.

On the bench designed for the guests was laid a cushion stuffed with sea-weed; and a cloth, only produced on great occasions, but ancient and coarse enough, was spread over that. The old lady, with her apron on, with trembling hand set the table. One leg was shorter than the rest, but a piece of slate put under restored the level. When fixed, she rubbed the table down with some sweet-smelling herbs. Upon it she set some of chaste Minerva's olives, some cornel berries preserved in vinegar, and added radishes and cheese, with eggs lightly cooked in the ashes. All were served in earthen

dishes, and an earthenware pitcher, with wooden cups, stood beside them. When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was set on the table. Some wine, not of the oldest, was added; and for dessert, apples and wild honey; and over and above all, friendly faces, and simple but hearty welcome.

Now while the repast proceeded, the old folks were astonished to see that the wine, as fast as it was poured out, renewed itself in the pitcher, of its own accord. Struck with terror, Baucis and Philemon recognized their heavenly guests, fell on their knees, and with clasped hands implored forgiveness for their poor entertainment. There was an old goose, which they kept as the guardian of their humble cottage; and they bethought them to make this sacrifice in honor of their guests. But the goose, too nimble, with the aid of feet and wings, for the old folks, eluded their pursuit, and at last took shelter between the gods themselves. They forbade it to be slain; and spoke in these words: "We are gods. This inhospitable village shall pay the penalty of its impiety; you alone shall go free from the chastisement. Quit your house, and come with us to the top of yonder hill." They hastened to obey, and, staff in hand, labored up the steep ascent. They had reached to within an arrow's flight of the top, when turning their eyes below, they beheld all the country sunk in a lake, only their own house left standing. While they gazed with wonder at the sight, and lamented the fate of their neighbors, that old house of theirs was changed into a temple. Columns took the place of the corner posts, the thatch grew yellow and appeared a gilded roof, the floors became marble, the doors were enriched with carving and ornaments of gold. Then spoke Jupiter in benignant accents: "Excellent old man, and woman worthy of such a husband, speak, tell us your wishes; what favor have you to ask of us?" Philemon took counsel with Baucis a few moments; then declared to the gods their united wish. "We ask to be priests and guardians of this your temple; and since here we have passed our lives in love and concord, we wish that one and the same hour may

take us both from life, that I may not live to see her grave, nor be laid in my own by her." Their prayer was granted. They were the keepers of the temple as long as they lived. When grown very old, as they stood one day before the steps of the sacred edifice, and were telling the story of the place, Baucis saw Philemon begin to put forth leaves, and old Philemon saw Baucis changing in like manner. And now a leafy crown had grown over their heads, while exchanging parting words, as long as they could speak. "Farewell, dear spouse," they said, together, and at the same moment the bark closed over their mouths. The Tyanean shepherd still shows the two trees, standing side by side, made out of the two good old people.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

Pygmalion saw so much to blame in women that he came at last to abhor the sex, and resolved to live unmarried. He was a sculptor, and had made with wonderful skill a statue of ivory, so beautiful that no living woman came anywhere near it. It was indeed the perfect semblance of a maiden that seemed to be alive, and only prevented from moving by modesty. His art was so perfect that it concealed itself and its product looked like the workmanship of nature. Pygmalion admired his own work, and at last fell in love with the counterfeit creation. Oftentimes he laid his hand upon it as if to assure himself whether it were living or not, and could not even then believe that it was only ivory. He caressed it, and gave it presents such as young girls love,—bright shells and polished stones, little birds and flowers of various hues, beads and amber. He put raiment on its limbs, and jewels on its fingers, and a necklace about its neck. To the ears he hung earrings, and strings of pearls upon the breast. Her dress became her, and she looked not less charming than when unattired. He laid her on a couch spread with cloths of Tyrian dye, and called her his wife, and put her head upon a pillow of the softest feathers, as if she could enjoy their softness.

The festival of Venus was at hand—a festival cele-

brated with great pomp at Cyprus. Victims were offered, the altars smoked, and the odor of incense filled the air. When Pygmalion had performed his part in the solemnities, he stood before the altar and timidly said, "Ye gods, who can do all things, give me, I pray you, for my wife"—he dared not say "my ivory virgin," but said instead—"one like my ivory virgin." Venus, who was present at the festival, heard him and knew the thought he would have uttered; and as an omen of her favor, caused the flame on the altar to shoot up thrice in a fiery point into the air. When he returned home, he went to see his statue, and leaning over the couch, gave a kiss to the mouth. It seemed to be warm. He pressed its lips again, he laid his hand upon the limbs; the ivory felt soft to his touch and yielded to his fingers like the wax of Hymettus. While he stands astonished and glad, though doubting, and fears he may be mistaken, again and again with a lover's ardor he touches the object of his hopes. It was indeed alive! The veins when pressed yielded to the finger and again resumed their roundness. Then at last the votary of Venus found words to thank the goddess, and pressed his lips upon lips as real as his own. The virgin felt the kisses and blushed, and opening her timid eyes to the light, fixed them at the same moment on her lover. Venus blessed the nuptials she had formed, and from this union Paphos was born, from whom the city, sacred to Venus, received its name.

THE HALCOYN BIRDS.

Ceyx was king of Thessaly, where he reigned in peace, without violence or wrong. He was son of Hesperus, the Day-star, and the glow of his beauty reminded one of his father. Halcyone, the daughter of Æolus, was his wife, and devotedly attached to him. Now Ceyx was in deep affliction for the loss of his brother, and direful prodigies following his brother's death made him feel as if the gods were hostile to him. He thought best, therefore, to make a voyage to Carlos in Ionia, to consult the oracle of Apollo. But as soon as he disclosed his intention to his wife Halycone, a shudder ran through

her frame, and her face grew deadly pale. "What fault of mine, dearest husband, has turned your affection from me? Where is that love of me that used to be uppermost in your thoughts? Have you learned to feel easy in the absence of Halcyone? Would you rather have me away?" She also endeavored to discourage him, by describing the violence of the winds, which she had known familiarly when she lived at home in her father's house, —Æolus being the god of the winds, and having as much as he could do to restrain them. "They rush together," said she, "with such fury that fire flashes from the conflict. But if you must go," she added, "dear husband, let me go with you, otherwise I shall suffer not only the real evils which you must encounter, but those also which my fears suggest."

These words weighed heavily on the mind of King Ceyx, and it was no less his own wish than hers to take her with him, but he could not bear to expose her to the dangers of the sea. He answered, therefore, consoling her as well as he could, and finished with these words: "I promise, by the rays of my father the Day-star, that if fate permits I will return before the moon shall have twice rounded her orb." When he had thus spoken, he ordered the vessel to be drawn out of the shiphouse, and the oars and sails to be put aboard. When Halcyone saw these preparations she shuddered, as if with a presentiment of evil. With tears and sobs she said farewell, and then fell senseless to the ground.

Ceyx would still have lingered, but now the young men grasped their oars and pulled vigorously through the waves, with long and measured strokes. Halcyone raised her streaming eyes, and saw her husband standing on the deck, waving his hand to her. She answered his signal till the vessel had receded so far that she could no longer distinguish his form from the rest. When the vessel itself could no more be seen, she strained her eyes to catch the last glimmer of the sail, till that too disappeared. Then, retiring to her chamber, she threw herself on her solitary couch.

Meanwhile they glide out of the harbor, and the breeze

plays among the ropes. The seamen draw in their oars, and hoist their sails. When half or less of their course was passed, as night drew on, the sea began to whiten with swelling waves, and the east wind to blow a gale. The master gave the word to take in sail, but the storm forbade obedience, for such is the roar of the winds and waves his orders are unheard. The men, of their own accord, busy themselves to secure the oars, to strengthen the ship, to reef the sail. While they thus do what to each one seems best, the storm increases. The shouting of the men, the rattling of the shrouds, and the dashing of the waves, mingle with the roar of the thunder. The swelling sea seems lifted up to the heavens, to scatter its foam among the clouds; then sinking away to the bottom assumes the color of the shoal—a Stygian blackness.

The vessel shares all these changes. It seems like a wild beast that rushes on the spears of the hunters. Rain falls in torrents, as if the skies were coming down to unite with the sea. When the lightning ceases for a moment, the night seems to add its own darkness to that of the storm; then comes the flash, rending the darkness asunder, and lighting up all with a glare. Skill fails, courage sinks, and death seems to come on every wave. The men are stupefied with terror. The thought of parents, and kindred, and pledges left at home, comes over their minds. Ceyx thinks of Halcyone. No name but hers is on his lips, and while he yearns for her, he yet rejoices in her absence. Presently the mast is shattered by a stroke of lightning, the rudder broken, and the triumphant surge curling over looks down upon the wreck, then falls, and crushes it to fragments. Some of the seamen, stunned by the stroke, sink, and rise no more; others cling to fragments of the wreck. Ceyx, with the hand that used to grasp the sceptre, holds fast to a plank, calling for help,—alas, in vain,—upon his father and his father-in-law. But oftenest on his lips was the name of Halcyone. To her his thoughts cling. He prays that the waves may bear his body to her sight, and that it may receive burial at her hands. At length the waters overwhelm him, and he sinks. The Day-star looked dim that

night. Since it could not leave the heavens, it shrouded its face with clouds.

In the meanwhile Halcyone, ignorant of all these horrors, counted the days till her husband's promised return. Now she gets ready the garments which he shall put on, and now what she shall wear when he arrives. To all the gods she offers frequent incense, but more than all to Juno. For her husband, who was no more, she prayed incessantly: that he might be safe; that he might come home; that he might not, in his absence, see any one that he would love better than her. But of all these prayers, the last was the only one destined to be granted. The goddess, at length, could not bear any longer to be pleaded with for one already dead, and to have hands raised to her altars that ought rather to be offering funeral rites. So, calling Iris, she said, "Iris, my faithful messenger, go to the drowsy dwelling of Somnus, and tell him to send a vision to Halcyone in the form of Ceyx, to make known to her the event."

Iris puts on her robe of many colors, and tinging the sky with her bow, seeks the palace of the King of Sleep. Near the Cimmerian country, a mountain cave is the abode of the dull god Somnus. Here Phœbus dares not come, either rising, at midday, or setting. Clouds and shadows are exhaled from the ground, and the light glimmers faintly. The bird of dawning, with crested head, never there calls aloud to Aurora, nor watchful dog, nor more sagacious goose disturbs the silence. No wild beast, nor cattle, nor branch moved with the wind, nor sound of human conversation, breaks the stillness. Silence reigns there; but from the bottom of the rock the River Lethe flows, and by its murmur invites to sleep. Poppies grow abundantly before the door of the cave, and other herbs, from whose juices Night collects slumbers, which she scatters over the darkened earth. There is no gate to the mansion, to creak on its hinges, nor any watchman; but in the midst a couch of black ebony, adorned with black plumes and black curtains. There the god reclines, his limbs relaxed with sleep. Around him lie dreams, resembling all various forms, as many

as the harvest bears stalks, or the forest leaves, or the seashore sand grains.

As soon as the goddess entered and brushed away the dreams that hovered around her, her brightness lit up all the cave. The god, scarce opening his eyes, and ever and anon dropping his beard upon his breast, at last shook himself free from himself, and leaning on his arm, inquired her errand,—for he knew who she was. She answered, “Somnus, gentlest of the gods, tranquilizer of minds and soother of care-worn hearts, Juno sends you her commands that you despatch a dream to Halcyone, in the city of Trachine, representing her lost husband and all the events of the wreck.”

Having delivered her message, Iris hasted away, for she could not longer endure the stagnant air, and as she felt drowsiness creeping over her, she made her escape, and returned by her bow the way she came. Then Somnus called one of his numerous sons,—Morpheus,—the most expert in counterfeiting forms, and in imitating the walk, the countenance, and mode of speaking, even the clothes and attitudes most characteristic of each. But he only imitates men, leaving it to another to personate birds, beasts, and serpents. Him they call Icelos; and Phantasos is a third, who turns himself into rocks, waters, woods, and other things without life. These wait upon kings and great personages in their sleeping hours, while others move among the common people. Somnus chose, from all the brothers, Morpheus, to perform the command of Iris; then laid his head on his pillow and yielded himself to grateful repose.

Morpheus flew, making no noise with his wings, and soon came to the Hæmonian city, where, laying aside his wings, he assumed the form of Ceyx. Under that form, but pale like a dead man, naked, he stood before the couch of the wretched wife. His beard seemed soaked with water, and water trickled from his drowned locks. Leaning over the bed, tears streaming from his eyes, he said, “Do you recognize your Ceyx, unhappy wife, or has death too much changed my visage? Behold me, know me, your husband’s shade, instead of himself.

Your prayers, Halcyone, availed me nothing. I am dead. No more deceive yourself with vain hopes of my return. The stormy winds sunk my ship in the Ægean Sea, waves filled my mouth while it called aloud on you. No uncertain messenger tells you this, no vague rumor brings it to your ears. I come in person, a shipwrecked man, to tell you my fate. Arise! give me tears, give me lamentations, let me not go down to Tartarus unwept." To these words Morpheus added the voice, which seemed to be that of her husband; he seemed to pour forth genuine tears; his hands had the gestures of Ceyx.

Halcyone, weeping, groaned, and stretched out her arms in her sleep, striving to embrace his body, but grasping only the air. "Stay!" she cried; "whither do you fly? let us go together." Her own voice awakened her. Starting up, she gazed eagerly around, to see if he was still present, for the servants, alarmed by her cries, had brought a light. When she found him not, she smote her breast and rent her garments. She cares not to unbind her hair, but tears it wildly. Her nurse asks what is the cause of her grief. "Halcyone is no more," she answers, "she perished with her Ceyx. Utter not words of comfort, he is shipwrecked and dead. I have seen him, I have recognized him. I stretched out my hands to seize him and detain him. His shade vanished, but it was the true shade of my husband. Not with the accustomed features, not with the beauty that was his, but pale, naked, and with his hair wet with sea-water, he appeared to wretched me. Here, in this very spot, the sad vision stood,"—and she looked to find the mark of his footsteps. "This it was, this that my presaging mind foreboded, when I implored him not to leave me, to trust himself to the waves. Oh, how I wish, since thou wouldst go, thou hadst taken me with thee! It would have been far better. Then I should have had no remnant of life to spend without thee, nor a separate death to die. If I could bear to live and struggle to endure, I should be more cruel to myself than the sea has been to me. But I will not struggle, I will not be separated from thee, unhappy husband. This time, at least, I will keep thee com-

pany. In death, if one tomb may not include us, one epitaph shall; if I may not lay my ashes with thine, my name, at least, shall not be separated." Her grief forbade more words, and these were broken with tears and sobs.

It was now morning. She went to the seashore, and sought the spot where she last saw him, on his departure. "While he lingered here, and cast off his tacklings, he gave me his last kiss." While she reviews every object, and strives to recall every incident, looking out over the sea, she descries an indistinct object floating in the water. At first she was in doubt what it was, but by degrees the waves bore it nearer, and it was plainly the body of a man. Though unknowing of whom, yet, as it was of some shipwrecked one, she was deeply moved, and gave it her tears, saying, "Alas! unhappy one, and unhappy, if such there be, thy wife!" Borne by the waves, it came nearer. As she more and more nearly views it, she trembles more and more. Now, now it approaches the shore. Now marks that she recognizes appear. It is her husband! Stretching out her trembling hands towards it, she exclaims, "O dearest husband, is it thus you return to me?"

There was built out from the shore a mole, constructed to break the assaults of the sea, and stem its violent ingress. She leaped upon this barrier and (it was wonderful she could do so) she flew, and striking the air with wings produced on the instant, skimmed along the surface of the water, an unhappy bird. As she flew, her throat poured forth sounds full of grief, and like the voice of one lamenting. When she touched the mute and bloodless body, she enfolded its beloved limbs with her new-formed wings, and tried to give kisses with her horny beak. Whether Ceyx felt it, or whether it was only the action of the waves, those who looked on doubted, but the body seemed to raise its head. But indeed he did feel it, and by the pitying gods both of them were changed into birds. They mate and have their young ones. For seven placid days, in winter time, Halcyone broods over her nest, which floats upon the sea. Then the way is safe to

seamen. Æolus guards the winds and keeps them from disturbing the deep. The sea is given up, for the time, to his grandchildren.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

In very ancient times there lived in Thessaly a king and queen named Athamas and Nephele. They had two children, a boy and a girl. After a time Athamas grew indifferent to his wife, put her away, and took another. Nephele suspected danger to her children from the influence of the stepmother, and took measures to send them out of her reach. Mercury assisted her, and gave her a ram with a *golden fleece*, on which she set the two children, trusting that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. The ram vaulted into the air with the children on his back, taking his course to the East, till when crossing the strait that divides Europe and Asia, the girl, whose name was Helle, fell from his back into the sea, which from her was called the Hellespont,—now the Dardanelles. The ram continued his career till he reached the kingdom of Clochis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, where he safely landed the boy Phryxus, who was hospitably received by Æetes, king of the country. Phryxus sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the *Golden Fleece* to Æetes, who placed it in a consecrated grove, under the care of a sleepless dragon.

There was another kingdom in Thessaly near to that of Athamas, and ruled over by a relative of his. The king Æson, being tired of the cares of government, surrendered his crown to his brother Pelias on condition that he should hold it only during the minority of Jason, the son of Æson. When Jason was grown up and came to demand the crown from his uncle, Pelias pretended to be willing to yield it, but at the same time suggested to the young man the glorious adventure of going in quest of the Golden Fleece, which it was well known was in the kingdom of Colchis, and was, as Pelias pretended, the rightful property of their family. Jason was pleased with the thought, and forthwith made preparations for the expedition. At that time the only species of navigation known

to the Greeks consisted of small boats or canoes hollowed out from trunks of trees, so that when Jason employed Argus to build him a vessel capable of containing fifty men, it was considered a gigantic undertaking. It was accomplished, however, and the vessel named "Argo," from the name of the builder. Jason sent his invitation to all the adventurous young men of Greece, and soon found himself at the head of a band of bold youths, many of whom afterwards were renowned among the heroes and demigods of Greece. Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, and Nestor were among them. They are called the Argonauts, from the name of their vessel.

The "Argo" with her crew of heroes left the shores of Thessaly and having touched at the Island of Lemnos, thence crossed to Mysia and thence to Thrace. Here they found the sage Phineus, and from him received instruction as to their future course. It seems the entrance of the Euxine Sea was impeded by two small rocky islands, which floated on the surface, and in their tossings and heavings occasionally came together, crushing and grinding to atoms any object that might be caught between them. They were called the Symplegades, or Clashing Islands. Phineus instructed the Argonauts how to pass this dangerous strait. When they reached the islands they let go a dove, which took her way between the rocks, and passed in safety, only losing some feathers of her tail. Jason and his men seized the favorable moment of the rebound, plied their oars with vigor, and passed safe through, though the islands closed behind them, and actually grazed their stern. They now rowed along the shore till they arrived at the eastern end of the sea, and landed at the kingdom of Colchis.

Jason made known his message to the Colchian king, Æetes, who consented to give up the golden fleece if Jason would yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and show the teeth of the dragon which Cadmus had slain, and from which it was well known that a crop of armed men would spring up, who would turn their weapons against their producer. Jason accepted the conditions, and a time was set for making the experi-

ment. Previously, however, he found means to plead his cause to Medea, daughter of the king. He promised her marriage, and as they stood before the altar of Hecate, called the goddess to witness his oath. Medea yielded, and by her aid, for she was a potent sorceress, he was furnished with a charm, by which he could encounter safely the breath of the fire-breathing bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

At the time appointed, the people assembled at the grove of Mars, and the king assumed his royal seat, while the multitude covered the hill-sides. The brazen-footed bulls rushed in, breathing fire from their nostrils that burned up the herbage as they passed. The sound was like the roar of a furnace, and the smoke like that of water upon quick-lime. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. His friends, the chosen heroes of Greece, trembled to behold him. Regardless of the burning breath, he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with fearless hand, and adroitly slipped over them the yoke, and compelled them to drag the plough. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy. Jason next proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth and plough them in. And soon the crop of armed men sprang up, and, wonderful to relate! no sooner had they reached the surface than they began to brandish their weapons and rush upon Jason. The Greeks trembled for their hero, and even she who had provided him a way of safety and taught him how to use it, Medea herself, grew pale with fear. Jason for a time kept his assailants at bay with his sword and shield, till, finding their numbers overwhelming he resorted to the charm which Medea had taught him, seized a stone and threw it in the midst of his foes. They immediately turned their arms against one another, and soon there was not one of the dragon's brood left alive. The Greeks embraced their hero, and Medea, if she dared, would have embraced him too.

It remained to lull to sleep the dragon that guarded the fleece, and this was done by scattering over him a few drops of a preparation which Medea had supplied. At the smell he relaxed his rage, stood for a moment motion-

less, then shut those great round eyes, that had never been known to shut before, and turned over on his side, fast asleep. Jason seized the fleece and with his friends and Medea accompanying, hastened to their vessel before Æetes the king could arrest their departure, and made the best of their way back to Thessaly, where they arrived safe, and Jason delivered the fleece to Pelias, and dedicated the "Argo" to Neptune. What became of the fleece afterwards we do not know, but perhaps it was found after all, like many other golden prizes, not worth the trouble it had cost to procure it.

THE STORY OF ATALANTA.

Atlanta was a maiden whose face you might truly say was boyish for a girl, yet too girlish for a boy. Her fortune had been told, and it was to this effect: "Atlanta, do not marry; marriage will be your ruin." Terrified by this oracle, she fled the society of men, and devoted herself to the sports of the chase. To all suitors (for she had many) she imposed a condition which was generally effectual in relieving her of their persecutions,—“I will be the prize of him who shall conquer me in the race; but death must be the penalty of all who try and fail.” In spite of this hard condition some would try. Hippomenes was to be judge of the race. “Can it be possible that any will be so rash as to risk so much for a wife?” said he. But when he saw her lay aside her robe for the race, he changed his mind, and said, “Pardon me, youths, I knew not the prize you were competing for.” As he surveyed them he wished them all to be beaten, and swelled with envy of any one that seemed at all likely to win. While such were his thoughts, the virgin darted forward. As she ran she looked more beautiful than ever. The breezes seemed to give wings to her feet; her hair flew over her shoulders, and the gay fringe of her garment fluttered behind her. A ruddy hue tinged the whiteness of her skin, such as a crimson curtain casts on a marble wall. All her competitors were distanced, and were put to death without mercy. Hippomenes, not daunted by this result, fixing

his eyes on the virgin, said, "Why boast of beating those laggards? I offer myself for the contest." Atalanta looked at him with a pitying countenance, and hardly knew whether she would rather conquer him or not. "What god can tempt one so young and handsome to throw himself away? I pity him, not for his beauty (yet he is beautiful), but for his youth. I wish he would give up the race, or if he will be so mad, I hope he may out-run me." While she hesitates, revolving these thoughts, the spectators grow impatient for the race, and her father prompts her to prepare. Then Hippomenes addressed a prayer to Venus: "Help me, Venus, for you have led me on." Venus heard and was propitious.

In the garden of her temple, in her own island of Cyprus, is a tree with yellow leaves and yellow branches and golden fruit. Hence she gathered three golden apples, and, unseen by any one else, gave them to Hippomenes, and told him how to use them. The signal is given; each starts from the goal and skims over the sand. So light their tread, you would almost have thought they might run over the river surface or over the waving grain without sinking. The cries of the spectators cheered Hippomenes,—“Now, now, do your best! haste, haste! you gain on her! relax not! one more effort!” It was doubtful whether the youth or the maiden heard these cries with the greater pleasure. But his breath began to fail him, his throat was dry, the goal yet far off. At that moment he threw down one of the golden apples. The virgin was all amazement. She stopped to pick it up. Hippomenes shot ahead. Shouts burst forth from all sides. She redoubled her efforts, and soon overtook him. Again he threw an apple. She stopped again, but again came up with him. The goal was near; one chance only remained. “Now, goddess,” said he, “prosper your gift!” and threw the last apple off at one side. She looked at it, and hesitated; Venus impelled her to turn aside for it. She did so, and was vanquished. The youth carried off his prize.

THE DEEDS OF HERCULES.

Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. As Juno was always hostile to the offspring of her husband by mortal mothers, she declared war against Hercules from his birth. She sent two serpents to destroy him as he lay in his cradle, but the precocious infant strangled them with his own hands. He was, however, by the arts of Juno rendered subject to Eurystheus and compelled to perform all his commands. Eurystheus enjoined upon him a succession of desperate adventures, which are called the "Twelve Labors of Hercules." The first was the fight with the Nemean lion. The valley of Nemea was infested by a terrible lion. Eurystheus ordered Hercules to bring him the skin of this monster. After using in vain his club and arrows against the lion, Hercules strangled the animal with his hands. He returned carrying the dead lion on his shoulders; but Eurystheus was so frightened at the sight of it and at this proof of the prodigious strength of the hero, that he ordered him to deliver the account of his exploits in future outside the town.

His next labor was the slaughter of the Hydra. This monster ravaged the country of Argos, and dwelt in a swamp near the well of Amymone. This well had been discovered by Amymone when the country was suffering from drought, and the story was that Neptune, who loved her, had permitted her to touch the rock with his trident, and a spring of three outlets burst forth. Here the Hydra took up his position, and Hercules was sent to destroy him. The Hydra had nine heads, of which the middle one was immortal. Hercules struck off its heads with his club, but in the place of the head knocked off, two new ones grew forth each time. At length with the assistance of his faithful servant Iolaus, he burned away the heads of the Hydra, and buried the ninth or immortal one under a huge rock.

Another labor was the cleaning of the Augean stables. Augeas, king of Elis, had a herd of three thousand oxen whose stalls had not been cleansed for thirty years. Hercules brought the rivers Alpheus and Peneus

through them, and cleansed them thoroughly in one day.

His next labor was of a more delicate kind. Admeta, the daughter of Eurystheus, longed to obtain the girdle of the queen of the Amazons, and Eurystheus ordered Hercules to go and get it. The Amazons were a nation of women. They were very warlike and held several flourishing cities. It was their custom to bring up only the female children; the boys were either sent away to the neighboring nations or put to death. Hercules was accompanied by a number of volunteers, and after various adventures at last reached the country of the Amazons. Hippolyta, the queen, received him kindly, and consented to yield him her girdle, but Juno, taking the form of an Amazon, went and persuaded the rest that the strangers were carrying off their queen. They instantly armed and came in great numbers down to the ship. Hercules, thinking that Hippolyta had acted treacherously, slew her, and taking her girdle made sail homewards.

Another task enjoined him was to bring to Eurystheus the oxen of Geryon, a monster with three bodies, who dwelt in the island Erytheia (the red), so called because it lay at the west, under the rays of the setting sun. This description is thought to apply to Spain, of which Geryon was king. After traversing various countries, Hercules reached at length the frontiers of Libya and Europe, where he raised the two mountains of Calpe and Abyla, as monuments of his progress, or, according to another account, rent one mountain into two and left half on each side, forming the straits of Gibraltar, the two mountains being called the Pillars of Hercules. The oxen were guarded by the giant Eurytion and his two-headed dog, but Hercules killed the giant and his dog and brought away the oxen in safety to Eurystheus.

The most difficult labor of all was getting the golden apples of the Hesperides, for Hercules did not know where to find them. These were the apples which Juno had received at her wedding from the goddess of the Earth, and which she had intrusted to the keeping of the daughters of Hesperus, assisted by a watchful dragon.

After various adventures Hercules arrived at Mount Atlas in Africa. Atlas was one of the Titans who had warred against the gods, and after they were subdued, Atlas was condemned to bear on his shoulders the weight of the heavens. He was the father of the Hesperides, and Hercules thought might, if any one could, find the apples and bring them to him. But how to send Atlas away from his post, or bear up the heavens while he was gone? Hercules took the burden on his own shoulders, and sent Atlas to seek the apples. He returned with them, and though somewhat reluctantly, took his burden upon his shoulders again, and let Hercules return with the apples to Eurystheus.

A celebrated exploit of Hercules was his victory over Antæus. Antæus, the son of Terra, the Earth, was a mighty giant and wrestler, whose strength was invincible so long as he remained in contact with his mother Earth. He compelled all strangers who came to his country to wrestle with him, on condition that if conquered (as they all were) they should be put to death. Hercules encountered him, and finding that it was of no avail to throw him, for he always rose with renewed strength from every fall, he lifted him up from the earth and strangled him in the air.

Cacus was a huge giant, who inhabited a cave on Mount Aventine, and plundered the surrounding country. When Hercules was driving home the oxen of Geryon, Cacus stole part of the cattle, while the hero slept. That their footprints might not serve to show where they had been driven, he dragged them backwards by their tails to his cave; so their tracks all seemed to show that they had gone in the opposite direction. Hercules was deceived by this stratagem, and would have failed to find his oxen, if it had not happened that in driving the remainder of the herd past the cave where the stolen ones were concealed, those within began to low, and were thus discovered. Cacus was slain by Hercules.

The last exploit we shall record was bringing Cerberus from the lower world. Hercules descended into Hades, accompanied by Mercury and Minerva. He obtained per-

mission from Pluto to carry Cerberus to the upper air, provided he could do it without the use of weapons; and in spite of the monster's struggling, he seized him, held him fast, and carried him to Eurystheus, and afterwards brought him back again. When he was in Hades he obtained the liberty of Theseus, his admirer and imitator, who had been detained a prisoner there for an unsuccessful attempt to carry off Proserpine.

Hercules in a fit of madness killed his friend Iphitus, and was condemned for this offence to become the slave of Queen Omphale for three years. While in this service the hero's nature seemed changed. He lived effeminately, wearing at times the dress of a woman, and spinning wool with the hand-maidens of Omphale, while the queen wore his lion's skin. When this service was ended he married Dejanira and lived in peace with her three years. On one occasion as he was travelling with his wife, they came to a river, across which the Centaur Nessus carried travellers for a stated fee. Hercules himself forded the river, but gave Dejanira to Nessus to be carried across. Nessus attempted to run away with her, but Hercules heard her cries and shot an arrow into the heart of Nessus. The dying Centaur told Dejanira to take a portion of his blood and keep it, as it might be used as a charm to preserve the love of her husband.

Dejanira did so and before long fancied she had occasion to use it. Hercules in one of his conquests had taken prisoner a fair maiden, named Iole, of whom he seemed more fond than Dejanira approved. When Hercules was about to offer sacrifices to the gods in honor of his victory, he sent to his wife for a white robe to use on the occasion. Dejanira, thinking it a good opportunity to try her love-spell, steeped the garment in the blood of Nessus. We are to suppose she took care to wash out all traces of it, but the magic power remained, and as soon as the garment became warm on the body of Hercules the poison penetrated into all his limbs and caused him the most intense agony. In his frenzy he seized Lichas, who had brought him the fatal robe, and hurled him into the sea. He wrenched off the garment,

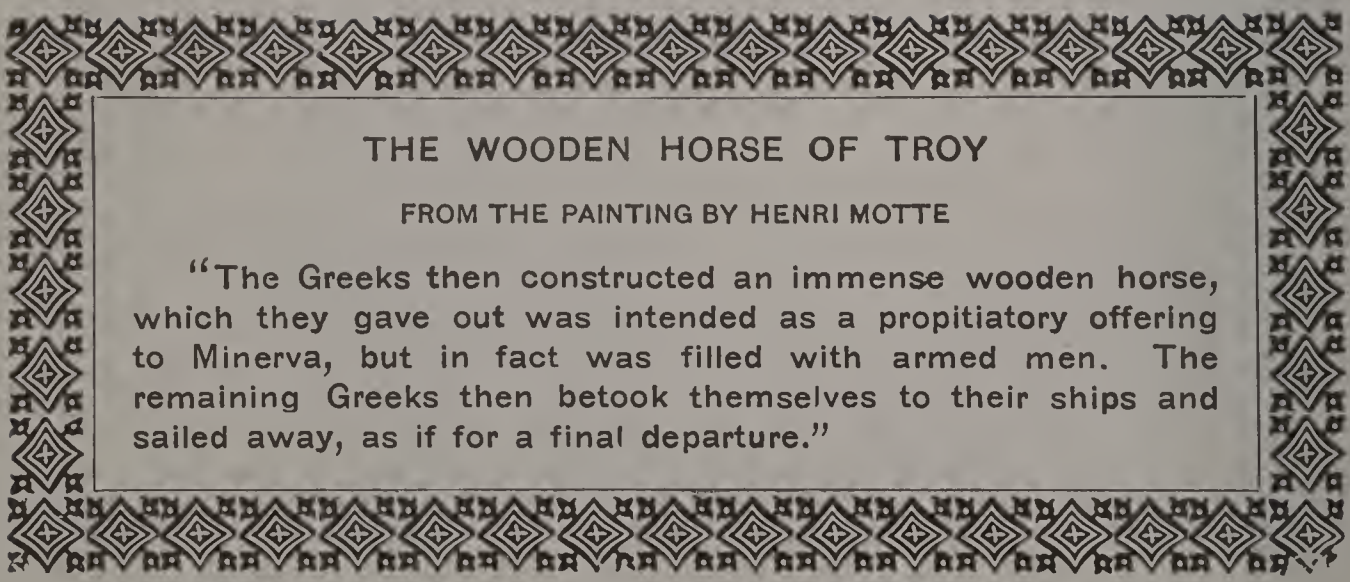
but it stuck to his flesh, and with it he tore away whole pieces of his body. In this state he embarked on board a ship and was conveyed home. Dejanira, on seeing what she had unwittingly done, hung herself. Hercules, prepared to die, ascended Mount Cēta, where he built a funeral pile of trees, gave his bow and arrows to Philoctetes, and laid himself down on the pile, his head resting on his club, and his lion's skin spread over him. With a countenance as serene as if he were taking his place at a festival board he commanded Philoctetes to apply the torch. The flames spread apace and soon invested the whole mass.

THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY AND THE DEATH OF LAOCOÖN.

Troy still held out, and the Greeks began to despair of ever subduing it by force, and by advice of Ulysses resolved to resort to stratagem. They pretended to be making preparations to abandon the siege, and a portion of the ships were withdrawn and lay hid behind a neighboring island. The Greeks then constructed an immense *wooden horse*, which they gave out was intended as a propitiatory offering to Minerva, but in fact was filled with armed men. The remaining Greeks then betook themselves to their ships and sailed away, as if for a final departure. The Trojans, seeing the encampment broken up and the fleet gone, concluded the enemy to have abandoned the siege. The gates were thrown open, and the whole population issued forth rejoicing at the long-prohibited liberty of passing freely over the scene of the late encampment. The great *horse* was the chief object of curiosity. All wondered what it could be for. Some recommended to take it into the city as a trophy; others felt afraid of it.

While they hesitate, Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, exclaims, "What madness, citizens, is this? Have you not learned enough of Grecian fraud to be on your guard against it? For my part, I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts." So saying he threw his lance at the horse's side. It struck, and a hollow sound reverberated like a groan. Then perhaps the people might have taken





THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI MOTTE

“The Greeks then constructed an immense wooden horse, which they gave out was intended as a propitiatory offering to Minerva, but in fact was filled with armed men. The remaining Greeks then betook themselves to their ships and sailed away, as if for a final departure.”

his advice and destroyed the fatal horse and all its contents; but just at that moment a group of people appeared, dragging forward one who seemed a prisoner and a Greek. Stupefied with terror, he was brought before the chiefs, who reassured him, promising that his life should be spared on condition of his returning true answers to the questions asked him. He informed them that he was a Greek, Sinon by name, and that in consequence of the malice of Ulysses he had been left behind by his countrymen at their departure. With regard to the wooden horse, he told them that it was a propitiatory offering to Minerva, and made so huge for the express purpose of preventing its being carried within the city; for Calchas the prophet had told them that if the Trojans took possession of it they would assuredly triumph over the Greeks. This language turned the tide of the people's feelings and they began to think how they might best secure the monstrous horse and the favorable auguries connected with it, when suddenly a prodigy occurred which left no room to doubt. There appeared, advancing over the sea, two immense serpents. They came upon the land, and the crowd fled in all directions. The serpents advanced directly to the spot where Laocoön stood with his two sons. They first attacked the children, winding round their bodies and breathing their pestilential breath in their faces. The father, attempting to rescue them, is next seized and involved in the serpents' coils. He struggles to tear them away, but they overpower all his efforts and strangle him and the children in their poisonous folds. This event was regarded as a clear indication of the displeasure of the gods at Laocoön's irreverent treatment of the wooden horse, which they no longer hesitated to regard as a sacred object, and prepared to introduce with due solemnity into the city. This was done with songs and triumphal acclamations, and the day closed with festivity. In the night the armed men who were enclosed in the body of the horse, being let out by the traitor Sinon, opened the gates of the city to their friends, who had returned under cover of the night. The city was set on fire; the people, over-

come with feasting and sleep, put to the sword, and Troy completely subdued.

THE TWO MISERS.

A HEBREW FAIRY TALE.

By A. R. MONTALBA.

A MISER living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a Miser—more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither; and presented himself to the great master as a humble commencer in the Art of Avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student. “Welcome,” said the Miser of Bassora; “we will straight go into the market to make some purchase.” They went to the baker.

“Hast thou good bread?”

“Good, indeed, my masters—and fresh and soft as butter.” “Mark this, friend,” said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa—“butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two: as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper—and we shall therefore act more wisely and more savingly too, in being satisfied with butter.”

They then went to the butter-merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

“Good, indeed—and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil,” was the answer.

“Mark this also,”—said the host to his guest; “oil is compared with the very best butter, and, therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter.”

They next went to the oil vender:—

“Have you good oil?”

“The very best quality—white and transparent as water,” was the reply.

“Mark that too,” said the Miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; “by this rule water is the very best. Now, at

home I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you." And indeed on their return nothing but water did he place before his guest—because they had learnt that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised," said the Miser of Kufa—"I have not journeyed this long distance in vain."

THE GLASS AX.

A HUNGARIAN FAIRY TALE.

BY H. KLETKE.

ONCE upon a time there was a king and queen who had everything they could wish for in this world except a child. At last, after twelve years, the queen had a son; but she did not live long to enjoy her happiness, for on the following day she died. Before her death she called her husband to her and said: "Never let the child put his feet on the ground, for as soon as he does so he will fall into the power of a wicked fairy, who will do him much harm." And these were the last words the poor queen spoke.

The boy grew big and strong, and when he was too heavy for his nurse to carry, a chair on little wheels was made for him, in which he could wander through the palace gardens without help. At other times he was carried about on a litter, and he was always carefully watched and guarded for fear he should at any time put his feet to the ground.

But as this life was bad for his health, the doctors ordered him horse exercise, and he soon became a first-rate rider and went on long excursions on horseback, accompanied always by his father's stud-groom and a numerous retinue.

Every day he rode through the neighboring fields and woods, and always returned home in the evening safe and well. In this way many years passed; the prince grew to manhood, and few remembered the queen's warning,

though precautions were still taken, more from use and habit than for any other reason.

One day the prince and his suite went for a ride in a wood where his father sometimes hunted. Their way was through a stream whose banks were overgrown with thick brushwood. Just as the horsemen were about to ford the river, a hare, scared by the sound of the horses' hoofs, started up from the grass and ran toward the thicket. The young prince pursued the little creature and had almost overtaken it, when the girth of his saddle suddenly broke in two and he fell heavily to the ground. No sooner had his foot touched the earth than he disappeared before the eyes of the horrified courtiers.

They sought for him far and near, but in vain, and they were forced to recognize the power of the evil fairy against which the queen had warned them on her death-bed. The old king was deeply grieved when they brought him the news of his son's disappearance, but as he could do nothing to free him from his fate, he gave himself up to an old age of grief and loneliness, cherishing always the hope that some lucky chance might one day deliver the youth out of the hands of his enemy.

Hardly had the prince touched the ground than he felt himself seized by an unseen power and hurried away he knew not whither. A new world stretched out before him, quite unlike the one he had left. A splendid castle surrounded by a huge lake was the abode of the fairy, and the only approach to it was over a bridge of clouds. On the other side of the lake high mountains rose up and dark woods stretched along the banks; over all hung a thick mist, and deep silence reigned everywhere.

No sooner had the fairy reached her own domain than she made herself visible, and turning to the prince she told him that unless he obeyed all her commands to the minutest detail he would be severely punished. Then she gave him an ax made of glass, and bade him cross the bridge of clouds and go into the wood beyond and cut down all the trees there before sunset. At the same time she cautioned him with many angry words against speaking to a black girl he would most likely meet in the wood.

The prince listened to her words meekly, and when she had finished took up the glass ax and set out for the forest. At every step he seemed to sink into the clouds, but fear gave wings to his feet, and he crossed the lake in safety and set to work at once.

But no sooner had he struck the first blow with his ax than it broke into a thousand pieces against the tree. The poor youth was so terrified he did not know what to do, for he was in mortal dread of the punishment the fairy would inflict on him. He wandered to and fro in the wood, not knowing where he was going, and at last, worn out by fatigue and misery, he sank to the ground and fell fast asleep.

He did not know how long he had slept, when a sound woke him, and opening his eyes he saw a black girl standing near. Mindful of the fairy's warning he did not dare to address her, but she greeted him in the most friendly manner and asked him if he were under the power of the wicked fairy. The prince nodded his head silently in answer.

Then the black girl told him that she too was in the power of the fairy, who had doomed her to wander about in her present guise until some youth should take pity on her and bear her in safety to the other side of the river which they saw in the distance, where the domain and power of the fairy ended.

The girl's words so inspired the prince with confidence that he told her all his tale of woe, and ended by asking her advice as to how he was to escape the punishment the fairy would be sure to inflict on him when she discovered that he had not cut down the trees in the wood and that he had broken her ax.

"You must know," answered the black girl, "that the fairy in whose power we both are is my own mother, but you must not betray this secret, for it would cost me my life if you did so. Promise only to try and free me and I will stand by you and will accomplish all the tasks which my mother sets you."

The prince promised joyfully all she asked; then having once more warned him not to betray her confidence,

she gave him a draught to drink which very soon sunk his senses in a deep slumber.

His astonishment was great when he awoke to find the glass ax whole and unbroken at his side and all the trees of the wood lying felled around him!

He made all haste across the bridge of clouds and told the fairy that her commands were obeyed. She was amazed when she heard that all the wood was cut down and saw the ax unbroken in his hand, and since she could not believe that he had done all this by himself, she questioned him closely if he had seen or spoken to the black girl. But the prince vowed he had never looked up from his work for a moment. Seeing she could get nothing more out of him, she gave him a little bread and water, and showing him a small dark closet she told him he might sleep there.

When morning dawned the fairy awoke the prince, and giving him the glass ax she told him to cut up all the wood he had felled the day before, and to put it in bundles ready for firewood; warning him once more against approaching or speaking a word to the black girl if he met her in the wood.

Although his task was no easier than that of the day before, the youth set out much more cheerfully, because he knew he could count on the help of the black girl. With quicker and lighter step he crossed the bridge of clouds, when he reached the other side his friend stood before him and greeted him cheerfully. When she heard what the fairy demanded this time she answered smilingly, "Never fear," and handed him another draught, which soon caused him to sink into a deep sleep.

When he awoke everything was done. All the trees of the wood were cut up into firewood and arranged in bundles ready for use.

He returned to the castle as quickly as he could and told the fairy that her commands were obeyed. She was even more amazed than before, and asked him again if he had either seen or spoken to the black girl; but the prince knew better than to betray his word and told the same story once more.

Next day the fairy set him a third task to do, which was even harder than the other two. She told him he must build a castle on the other side of the lake, made of nothing but gold, silver, and precious stones, and unless he could accomplish this within an hour the most frightful doom awaited him.

The prince heard her words without anxiety, so entirely did he rely on the help of his black friend. Full of hope he hurried across the bridge, and recognized at once the spot where the castle was to stand, for spades, hammers, axes, and every other building implement lay scattered on the ground ready for the workman's hand, but of gold, silver, and precious stones there was not a sign. But before the prince had time to feel despondent the black girl beckoned to him in the distance from behind a rock, where she had hidden herself for fear her mother should see her. Full of joy the youth hurried to her and begged her aid and counsel in the new piece of work he had been given to do.

But this time the fairy had watched the prince's movements from her window, and she saw him hiding himself behind the rock with her daughter. She uttered a piercing shriek so that the mountains reëchoed with the sound of it, and the terrified pair had hardly dared to look out from their hiding-place when the enraged fairy, with her dress and hair flying in the wind, hurried over the bridge of clouds. The prince at once gave himself up for lost, but the girl told him to be of good courage and to follow her as quickly as he could. But before they left their shelter she broke off a little bit of the rock, spoke some magic words over it, and threw it in the direction from which her mother was coming. In a moment a glittering palace arose before the eyes of the fairy which blinded her with its dazzling splendor, and with its many doors and passages prevented her from finding her way out of it for some time.

In the mean time the black girl hastened on with the prince, to reach the river, for once on the other side they would forever be out of the wicked fairy's power. But before they had gone half the way they heard again the

rustle of her garments and her muttered curses pursuing them closely.

The prince was terrified; he dared not look back and he felt his strength giving way. But before he had time to despair the girl uttered some more magic words, and immediately she herself was changed into a pond and the prince into a duck swimming on its surface.

When the fairy saw this her rage knew no bounds, and she used all her magic arts to cause the pond to disappear. She caused a hill of sand to rise at her feet, intending to dry up the water at once. But the sand-hill only drove the pond a little further away, and its waters seemed to increase instead of diminishing. When the fairy saw that the powers of her magic art were of so little avail she had recourse to cunning. She threw a lot of gold nuts into the pond, hoping in this way to catch the duck, but all her efforts were fruitless, for the little creature refused to let itself be caught.

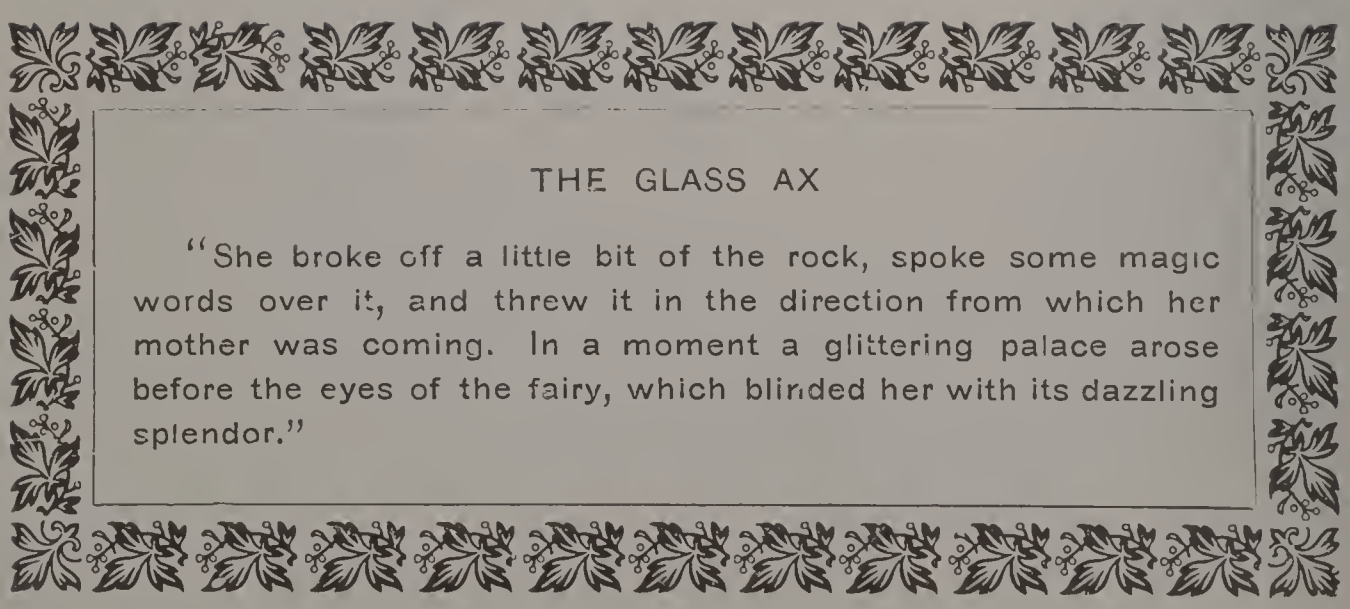
Then a new idea struck the wicked old fairy, and hiding herself behind the rock which had sheltered the fugitives, she waited behind it, watching carefully for the moment when the prince and her daughter should resume their natural forms and continue their journey.

She had not to wait long, for as soon as the girl thought her mother was safely out of the way she changed herself and the prince once more into their human shape and set out cheerfully for the river.

But they had not gone many steps when the wicked fairy hurried after them, a drawn dagger in her hand, and was close upon them, when suddenly, instead of the prince and her daughter, she found herself in front of a great stone church, whose entrance was carefully guarded by a huge monk.

Breathless with rage and passion, she tried to plunge her dagger into the monk's heart, but it fell shattered in pieces at her feet. In her desperation she determined to pull down the church and thus to destroy her two victims. She stamped three times on the ground and the earth trembled, and both the church and the monk began to shake. As soon as the fairy saw this she retreated to





THE GLASS AX

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some distance from the building, so as not to be hurt herself by its fall. But once more her scheme was doomed to failure, for hardly had she gone a yard from the church than both it and the monk disappeared, and she found herself in a wood black as night and full of wolves and bears and wild animals of all sorts and descriptions.

Then her wrath gave place to terror, for she feared every moment to be torn in pieces by the beasts, who one and all seemed to defy her power. She thought it wisest to make her way as best she could out of the forest, and then to pursue the fugitives once more and accomplish their destruction either by force or cunning.

In the mean time the prince and the black girl had again assumed their natural forms and were hurrying on as fast as they could to reach the river. But when they got there they found that there was no way in which they could cross it, and the girl's magic art seemed no longer to have any power. Then turning to the prince she said: "The hour for my deliverance has not yet come, but as you promised to do all you could to free me, you must do exactly as I bid you now. Take this bow and arrow and shoot every beast you see with them, and be sure you spare no living creature."

With these words she disappeared, and hardly had she done so than a huge wild boar started out of the thicket near and made straight for the prince. But the youth did not lose his presence of mind, and drawing his bow he pierced the beast with his arrow right through the skull. The creature fell heavily on the ground, and out of its side sprang a little hare, which ran like the wind along the river bank. The prince drew his bow once more, and the hare lay dead at his feet; but at the same moment a dove rose up in the air and circled round the prince's head in the most confiding manner. But, mindful of the black girl's commands, he dared not spare the little creature's life, and taking another arrow from his quiver he laid it as dead as the boar and the hare. But when he went to look at the body of the bird he found instead of the dove a round white egg lying on the ground.

While he was gazing on it and wondering what it could

mean he heard the sweeping of wings above him, and looking up he saw a huge vulture with open claws swooping down upon him. In a moment he seized the egg and flung it at the bird with all his might and lo and behold! instead of the ugly monster the most beautiful girl he had even seen stood before the astonished eyes of the prince.

But while all this was going on the old fairy had managed to make her way out of the wood, and was now using the last resource in her power to overtake her daughter and the prince. As soon as she was in the open again she mounted her chariot, which was drawn by a fiery dragon, and flew through the air in it. But just as she got to the river she saw the two lovers in each other's arms swimming through the water as easily as two fishes.

Quick as lightning and forgetful of every danger she flew down upon them. But the waters seized her chariot and sunk it in the lowest depths, and the waves bore the old fairy down the stream till she was caught in some thorn bushes and drowned.

And so at last the prince and his lovely bride were free. They hurried as quickly as they could to the old king, who received them with joy and gladness. On the following day a most gorgeous wedding-feast was held, and as far as we know the prince and his bride lived happily forever afterward.

HERMOD AND HADVOR.

AN ICELANDIC FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there were a king and a queen who had an only daughter, called Hadvor, who was fair and beautiful, and being an only child was heir to the kingdom. The king and queen had also a foster-son, named Hermod, who was just about the same age as Hadvor and was good-looking, as well as clever at most things. Hermod and Hadvor often played together while they were children, and liked each other so much that while they were still young they secretly plighted their troth to each other.

As time went on the queen fell sick, and suspecting that it was her last illness sent for the king to come to her. When he came she told him that she had no long time to live and therefore wished to ask one thing of him, which was that if he married another wife he should promise to take no other one than the Queen of Hetland the Good. The king gave the promise and thereafter the queen died.

Time went on, and the king, growing tired of living alone, fitted out his ship and sailed out to sea. As he sailed there came upon him so thick a mist that he altogether lost his bearings, but after long trouble he found land. There he laid his ship to and went on shore all alone. After walking for some time he came to a forest, into which he went a little way and stopped. Then he heard sweet music from a harp, and went in the direction of the sound until he came to a clearing, and there he saw three women, one of whom sat on a golden chair and was beautifully and grandly dressed; she held a harp in her hands and was very sorrowful. The second was also finely dressed, but younger in appearance, and also sat on a chair, but it was not so grand as the first one's. The third stood beside them and was very pretty to look at; she had a green cloak over her other clothes, and it was easy to see that she was maid to the other two.

After the king had looked at them for a little he went forward and saluted them. The one that sat on the golden chair asked him who he was and where he was going; and he told her all the story—how he was a king and had lost his queen, and was now on his way to Hetland the Good to ask the queen of that country in marriage. She answered that fortune had contrived this wonderfully, for pirates had plundered Hetland and killed the king, and she had fled from the land in terror and had come hither after great trouble, and she was the very person he was looking for, and the others were her daughter and maid. The king immediately asked her hand; she gladly received his proposal and accepted him at once. Thereafter they all set out and made their way to the ship, and after that nothing is told of their voyage until

the king reached his own country. There he made a great feast and celebrated his marriage, and after that things are quiet for a time.

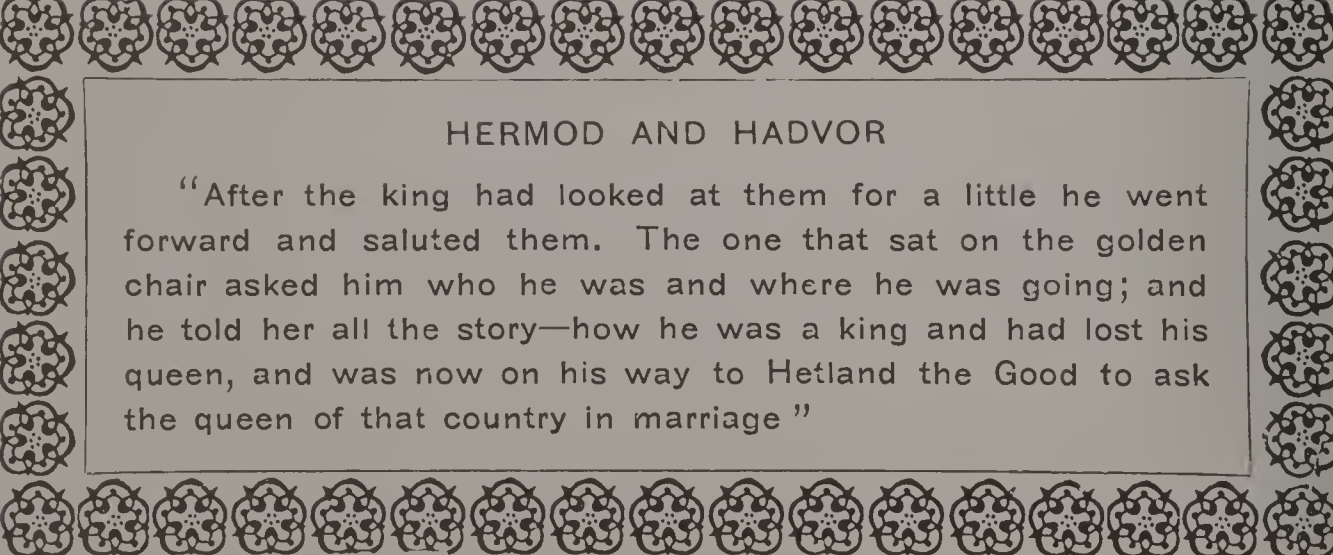
Hermod and Hadvor took but little notice of the queen and her daughter, but, on the other hand, Hadvor and the queen's maid, whose name was Olof, were very friendly, and Olof came often to visit Hadvor in her castle. Before long the king went out to war, and no sooner was he away than the queen came to talk with Hermod, and said that she wanted him to marry her daughter. Hermod told her straight and plain that he would not do so, at which the queen grew terribly angry, and said that in that case neither should he have Hadvor, for she would now lay this spell on him, that he should go to a desert island and there be a lion by day and a man by night. He should also think always of Hadvor, which would cause him all the more sorrow, and from this spell he should never be freed until Hadvor burned the lion's skin, and that would not happen very soon.

As soon as the queen had finished her speech Hermod replied that he also laid a spell on her, and that was that as soon as he was freed from her enchantments she should become a rat and her daughter a mouse, and fight with each other in the hall until he killed them with his sword.

After this Hermod disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him; the queen caused search to be made for him, but he could nowhere be found. Once when Olof was in the castle beside Hadvor, she asked the princess if she knew where Hermod had gone. At this Hadvor became very sad and said that she did not.

"I will tell you, then," said Olof, "for I know all about it. Hermod has disappeared through the wicked devices of the queen, for she is a witch and so is her daughter, though they have put on these beautiful forms. Because Hermod would not fall in with the queen's plans and marry her daughter she has laid a spell on him, to go on an island and be a lion by day and a man by night, and never to be freed from this until you burn the lion's skin. Besides," said Olof, "she has looked out a match





HERMOD AND HADVOR

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for you. She has a brother in the under world, a three-headed giant, whom she means to turn into a beautiful prince and get him married to you. This is no new thing for the queen. She took me away from my parents' house and compelled me to serve her, but she has never done me any harm, for the green cloak I wear protects me against all mischief."

Hadvor now became still sadder than before at the thought of the marriage destined for her, and entreated Olof to think of some plan to save her.

"I think," said Olof, "that your wooer will come up through the floor of the castle to you, and so you must be prepared when you hear the noise of his coming and the floor begins to open, and have at hand blazing pitch and pour plenty of it into the opening. That will prove too much for him."

About this time the king came home from his expedition, and felt the loss of Hermod to be a great blow; but the queen consoled him as best she could, and after a time the king thought less about his disappearance.

Hadvor remained in her castle and had made preparations to receive her wooer when he came. One night, not long after, a loud noise and rumbling was heard under the castle. Hadvor at once guessed what it was and told her maids to be ready to help her. The noise and thundering grew louder and louder, until the floor began to open, whereupon Hadvor made them take the caldron of pitch and pour plenty of it into the opening. With that the noises grew fainter and fainter, till at last they ceased altogether.

Next morning the queen rose early and went out to the palace gate, and there she found her brother the giant lying dead. She went up to him and said: "I pronounce this spell, that you become a beautiful prince, and that Hadvor shall be unable to say anything against the charges that I shall bring against her."

The body of the dead giant now became that of a beautiful prince, and the queen went in again.

"I don't think," said she to the king, "that your daughter is as good as she is said to be. My brother

came and asked her hand, and she has had him put to death. I have just found his dead body lying at the palace gate.”

The king went along with the queen to see the body and thought it all very strange; so beautiful a youth, he said, would have been a worthy match for Hadvor, and he would readily have agreed to their marriage. The queen asked leave to decide what Hadvor’s punishment should be, which the king was very willing to allow, so as to escape from punishing his own daughter. The queen’s decision was that the king should make a big grave-mound for her brother and put Hadvor into it beside him.

Olof knew all the plans of the queen and went to tell the princess what had been done, whereupon Hadvor earnestly entreated her to tell her what to do.

“First and foremost,” said Olof, “you must get a wide cloak to wear over your other clothes when you are put into the mound. The giant’s ghost will walk after you are both left together in there, and he will have two dogs along with him. He will ask you to cut pieces out of his legs to give to the dogs, but that you must not promise to do unless he tells you where Hermod has gone to and tells you how to find him. He will then let you stand on his shoulders, so as to get out of the mound; but he means to cheat you all the same, and will catch you by the cloak to pull you back again; but you must take care to have the cloak loose on your shoulders, so that he will only get hold of that.”

The mound was all ready now and the giant laid in it, and into it Hadvor also had to go without being allowed to make any defense. After they were both left there everything happened just as Olof had said. The prince became a giant again and asked Hadvor to cut the pieces out of his legs for the dogs; but she refused until he told her that Hermod was in a desert island, which she could not reach unless she took the skin off the soles of his feet and made shoes out of that; with these shoes she could travel both on land and sea. This Hadvor now did, and the giant then let her get up on his shoulders to get out of the mound. As she sprang out he caught hold of her

cloak, but she had taken care to let it lie loose on her shoulders, and so escaped.

She now made her way down to the sea, to where she knew there was the shortest distance over to the island in which Hermod was. This strait she easily crossed, for the shoes kept her up. On reaching the island she found a sandy beach all along by the sea and high cliffs above. Nor could she see any way to get up these, and so, being both sad at heart and tired with the long journey, she lay down and fell asleep. As she slept she dreamed that a tall woman came to her and said:

“I know that you are Princess Hadvor and are searching for Hermod. He is on this island, but it will be hard for you to get to him if you have no one to help you, for you cannot climb the cliffs by your own strength. I have therefore let down a rope, by which you will be able to climb up; and as the island is so large that you might not find Hermod’s dwelling-place so easily, I lay down this clew beside you. You need only hold the end of the thread, and the clew will run on before and show you the way. I also lay this belt beside you, to put on when you awaken; it will keep you from growing faint with hunger.”

The woman now disappeared, and Hadvor woke and saw that all her dream had been true. The rope hung down from the cliff and the clew and belt lay beside her. The belt she put on, the rope enabled her to climb up the cliff, and the clew led her on till she came to the mouth of a cave which was not very big. She went into the cave and saw there a low couch, under which she crept and lay down.

When evening came she heard the noise of footsteps outside, and became aware that the lion had come to the mouth of the cave and shook itself there, after which she heard a man coming toward the couch. She was sure this was Hermod, because she heard him speaking to himself about his own condition and calling to mind Hadvor and other things in the old days. Hadvor made no sign, but waited till he had fallen asleep, and then crept out and burned the lion’s skin, which he had left out-

side. Then she went back into the cave and awakened Hermod, and they had a most joyful meeting.

In the morning they talked over their plans, and were most at a loss to know how to get out of the island. Hadvor told Hermod her dream, and said she suspected there was some one in the island who would be able to help them. Hermod said he knew of a witch there who was very ready to help any one, and that the only plan was to go to her. So they went to the witch's cave and found her there with her fifteen young sons, and asked her to help them to get to the mainland.

"There are other things easier than that," said she, "for the giant that was buried will be waiting for you and will attack you on the way, as he has turned himself into a big whale. I shall lend you a boat, however, and if you meet the whale and think your lives are in danger, then you can name me by name."

They thanked her greatly for her help and advice and set out from the island, but on the way they saw a huge fish coming toward them, with great splashing and dashing of waves. They were sure of what it was, and thought they had as good reason as ever they would have to call on the witch, and so they did. The next minute they saw coming after them another huge whale, followed by fifteen smaller ones. All of these swam past the boat and went on to meet the whale. There was a fierce battle then, and the sea became so stormy that it was not very easy to keep the boat from being filled by the waves.

After this fight had gone on for some time they saw that the sea was dyed with blood; the big whale and the fifteen smaller ones disappeared, and they got to land safe and sound.

Now the story goes back to the king's hall, where strange things had happened in the mean time. The queen and her daughter had disappeared, but a rat and a mouse were always fighting with each other there. Ever so many people had tried to drive them away, but no one could manage it. Thus some time went on, while the king was almost beside himself with sorrow and care

for the loss of his queen, and because these monsters destroyed all mirth in the hall.

One evening, while they all sat dull and down-hearted, in came Hermod with a sword by his side and saluted the king, who received him with the greatest joy, as if he had come back from the dead. Before Hermod sat down he went to where the rat and the mouse were fighting and cut them in two with his sword. All were astonished then by seeing two witches lying dead on the floor of the hall.

Hermod now told the whole story to the king, who was very glad to be rid of such vile creatures. Next he asked for the hand of Hadvor, which the king readily gave him, and being now an old man gave the kingdom to him as well; and so Hermod became king.

Olof married a good-looking nobleman, and that is the end of the story.

HOW THE RAJA'S SON WON THE PRINCESS LABAM.

AN INDIAN FAIRY TALE.

This is another of the many fairy stories which have for their theme the truth that no good deed done to others is ever lost.

IN a country there was a Raja who had an only son who every day went out to hunt. One day the Rani, his mother, said to him: "You can hunt wherever you like on these three sides; but you must never go to the fourth side." This she said because she knew if he went on the fourth side he would hear of the beautiful Princess Labam, and that then he would leave his father and mother and seek for the princess.

The young prince listened to his mother, and obeyed her for some time; but one day, when he was hunting on the three sides where he was allowed to go, he remembered what she had said to him about the fourth side, and he determined to go and see why she had forbidden him to hunt on that side. When he got there he found himself in a jungle, and nothing in the jungle

but a number of parrots, who lived in it. The young Raja shot at some of them, and at once they all flew away up to the sky. All, that is, but one, and this was their Raja, who was called Hiranman parrot.

When Hiranman parrot found himself left alone he called out to the other parrots: "Don't fly away and leave me alone when the Raja's son shoots. If you desert me like this I will tell the Princess Labam."

Then the parrots all flew back to their Raja, chattering. The prince was greatly surprised, and said: "Why, these birds can talk!" Then he said to the parrots: "Who is the Princess Labam? Where does she live?" But the parrots would not tell him where she lived. "You can never get to the Princess Labam's country." That is all they would say.

The prince grew very sad when they would not tell him anything more, and he threw his gun away and went home. When he got home he would not speak or eat, but lay on his bed for four or five days, and seemed very ill.

At last he told his father and mother that he wanted to go and see the Princess Labam. "I must go," he said; "I must see what she is like. Tell me where her country is."

"We do not know where it is," answered his father and mother.

"Then I must go and look for it," said the prince.

"No, no," they said, "you must not leave us. You are our only son. Stay with us. You will never find the Princess Labam."

"I must try and find her," said the prince. "Perhaps God will show me the way. If I live and I find her, I will come back to you; but perhaps I shall die, and then I shall never see you again. Still I must go."

So they had to let him go, though they cried very much at parting with him. His father gave him fine clothes to wear, and a fine horse. And he took his gun, and his bow and arrows, and a great many other weapons, "for," he said, "I may want them." His father, too, gave him plenty of rupees.

Then he himself got his horse all ready for the journey, and he said good-by to his father and mother; and his mother took her handkerchief and wrapped some sweetmeats in it, and gave it to her son. "My child," she said to him, "when you are hungry eat some of these sweetmeats."

He then set out on his journey, and rode on and on till he came to a jungle in which were a tank and shady trees. He bathed himself and his horse in the tank, and then sat down under a tree. "Now," he said to himself, "I will eat some of the sweetmeats my mother gave me, and I will drink some water, and then I will continue my journey." He opened his handkerchief, and took out a sweetmeat. He found an ant in it. He took out another. There was an ant in that one too. So he laid the two sweetmeats on the ground, and he took out another, and another, and another, until he had taken them all out; but in each he found an ant. "Never mind," he said, "I won't eat the sweetmeats; the ants shall eat them." Then the Ant-Raja came and stood before him and said, "You have been good to us. If ever you are in trouble think of me and we will come to you."

The Raja's son thanked him, mounted his horse and continued his journey. He rode on and on until he came to another jungle, and there he saw a tiger who had a thorn in his foot, and was roaring loudly from the pain.

"Why do you roar like that?" said the young Raja. "What is the matter with you?"

"I have had a thorn in my foot for twelve years," answered the tiger, "and it hurts me so; that is why I roar."

"Well," said the Raja's son, "I will take it out for you. But perhaps, as you are a tiger, when I have made you well, you will eat me?"

"Oh, no," said the tiger, "I will never eat you. Do make me well."

Then the prince took a little knife from his pocket, and cut the thorn out of the tiger's foot; but when he cut, the tiger roared louder than ever—so loud that his wife

heard him in the next jungle, and came bounding along to see what was the matter. The tiger saw her coming, and hid the prince in the jungle, so that she could not see him.

"What man hurt you that you roared so loud?" said the wife.

"No one hurt me," answered the husband; "but a Raja's son came and took the thorn out of my foot."

"Where is he? Show him to me," said his wife.

"If you promise not to kill him, I will call him," said the tiger.

"I will not kill him; only let me see him," answered his wife.

Then the tiger called the Raja's son, and when he came the tiger and his wife made him a great many salaams. Then they gave him a good dinner, and he stayed with them for three days. Every day he looked at the tiger's foot, and the third day it was quite healed. Then he said good-by to the tigers, and the tiger said to him, "If ever you are in trouble think of me, and we will come to you."

The Raja's son rode on and on till he came to a third jungle. Here he found four fakirs whose teacher and master had died, and had left four things—a bed, which carried whoever sat on it whithersoever he wished to go; a bag, that gave its owner whatever he wanted, jewels, food, or clothes; a stone bowl that gave its owner as much water as he wanted, no matter how far he might be from a tank; and a stick and rope, to which its owner had only to say, if any one came to make war on him, "Stick, beat as many men and soldiers as are here," and the stick would beat them and the rope would tie them up.

The four fakirs were quarreling over these four things. One said, "I want this;" another said, "You cannot have it, for I want it;" and so on.

The Raja's son said to them, "Do not quarrel for these things. I will shoot four arrows in four different directions. Whichever of you gets to my first arrow shall have the first thing—the bed. Whosoever gets to the

second arrow shall have the second thing—the bag. He who gets to the third arrow shall have the third thing—the bowl. And he who gets to the fourth arrow shall have the last things—the stick and rope.” To this they agreed, and the prince shot off his first arrow. Away raced the fakirs to get it. When they brought it back to him he shot off the second, and when they had found and brought it to him he shot off his third, and when they had brought him the third he shot off the fourth.

While they were away looking for the fourth arrow the Raja's son let his horse loose in the jungle, and sat on the bed, taking the bowl, the stick and rope, and the bag with him. Then he said, “Bed, I wish to go to the Princess Labam's country.” The little bed instantly rose up into the air and began to fly, and it flew and flew till it came to the Princess Labam's country, where it settled on the ground. The Raja's son asked some men he saw, “Whose country is this?”

“The Princess Labam's country,” they answered. Then the prince went on till he came to a house where he saw an old woman.

“Who are you?” she said. “Where do you come from?”

“I come from a far country,” he said; “do let me stay with you to-night.”

“No,” she answered, “I cannot let you stay with me; for our king has ordered that men from other countries may not stay in his country. You cannot stay in my house.”

“You are my aunt,” said the prince; “let me remain with you for this one night. You see it is evening, and if I go into the jungle, then the wild beasts will eat me.”

“Well,” said the old woman, “you may stay here to-night; but to-morrow morning you must go away, for if the king hears you have passed the night in my house he will have me put into prison.”

Then she took him into her house, and the Raja's son was very glad. The old woman began preparing dinner, but he stopped her, “Aunt,” he said, “I will give

you food." He put his hand into his bag saying, "Bag, I want some dinner," and the bag gave him instantly a delicious dinner, served up on two gold plates. The old woman and the Raja's son then dined together.

When they had finished eating the old woman said, "Now I will fetch some water."

"Do not go," said the prince. "You shall have plenty of water directly." So he took his bowl and said to it, "Bowl, I want some water," and then it filled with water. When it was full the prince cried out, "Stop, bowl," and the bowl stopped filling. "See, aunty," he said, "with this bowl I can always get as much water as I want."

By this time night had come, "aunty," said the Rajah's son, "why don't you light a lamp?"

"There is no need," she said. "Our king has forbidden the people in his country to light any lamps; for, as soon as it is dark, his daughter, the Princess Labam, comes and sits on her roof, and she shines so that she lights up all the country and our houses, and we can see to do our work as if it were day."

When it was quite black night the princess got up. She dressed herself in her rich clothes and jewels, and rolled up her hair, and across her head she put a band of diamonds and pearls. Then she shone like the moon, and her beauty made night day. She came out of her room, and sat on the roof of her palace. In the daytime she never came out of her house; she only came out at night. All the people in her father's country then went about their work and finished it.

The Raja's son watched the princess quietly and was very happy. He said to himself, "How lovely she is!"

At midnight, when everybody had gone to bed, the princess came down from her roof, and went to her room; and when she was in bed and asleep the Raja's son got up softly, and sat on his bed. "Bed," he said to it, "I want to go to the Princess Labam's bedroom." So the little bed carried him to the room where she lay fast asleep.

The young Raja took his bag and said, "I want a great deal of betel-leaf," and it at once gave him quantities of

betel-leaf. This he laid near the princess' bed, and then his little bed carried him back to the old woman's house.

Next morning all the princess' servants found the betel-leaf, and began to eat it. "Where did you get all that betel-leaf?" asked the princess.

"We found it near your bed," answered the servants. Nobody knew the prince had come in the night and put it all there.

In the morning the old woman came to the Raja's son. "Now it is morning," she said, "and you must go; for if the king finds out all I have done for you he will seize me."

"I am ill to-day, dear aunty," said the prince; "do let me stay till to-morrow morning."

"Good," said the old woman. So he stayed, and they took their dinner out of the bag, and the bowl gave them water.

When night came the princess got up and sat on her roof, and at twelve o'clock, when every one was in bed, she went to her bedroom, and was soon fast asleep. Then the Raja's son sat on his bed, and it carried him to the princess. He took his bag and said, "Bag, I want a most lovely shawl." It gave him a splendid shawl, and he spread it over the princess as she lay asleep. Then he went back to the old woman's house and slept till morning.

In the morning, when the princess saw the shawl she was delighted. "See, mother," she said; "Khuda must have given me this shawl, it is so beautiful." Her mother was very glad too.

"Yes, my child," she said; "Khuda must have given you this splendid shawl."

When it was morning the old woman said to the Raja's son, "Now you must really go."

"Aunty," he answered, "I am not well enough yet. Let me stay a few days longer. I will remain hidden in your house, so that no one may see me." So the old woman let him stay.

When it was black night the princess put on her lovely clothes and jewels, and sat on her roof. At midnight she

went to her room and went to sleep. Then the Raja's son sat on his bed and flew to her bedroom. There he said to his bag, "Bag, I want a very, very beautiful ring." The bag gave him a glorious ring. Then he took the Princess Labam's hand gently to put on the ring, and she started up very much frightened.

"Who are you?" she said to the prince. "Where do you come from? Why do you come to my room?"

"Do not be afraid, princess," he said; "I am no thief. I am a great Raja's son. Hiranman parrot, who lives in the jungle where I went to hunt, told me your name, and then I left my father and mother and came to see you."

"Well," said the princess, "as you are the son of such a great Raja I will not have you killed, and I will tell my father and mother that I wish to marry you."

The prince then returned to the old woman's house; and when morning came the princess said to her mother, "The son of a great Raja has come to this country, and I wish to marry him." Her mother told this to the king.

"Good," said the king; "but if this Raja's son wishes to marry my daughter he must first do whatever I bid him. If he fails I will kill him. I will give him eighty pounds weight of mustard seed, and out of this he must crush the oil in one day. If he cannot do this he shall die."

In the morning the Raja's son told the old woman that he intended to marry the princess. "Oh," said the old woman, "go away from this country, and do not think of marrying her. A great many Rajas and Rajas' sons have come here to marry her, and the father has had them all killed. He says whoever wishes to marry his daughter must first do whatever he bids him. If he can, then he shall marry the princess; if he cannot, the king will have him killed. But no one can do the things the king tells him to do; so all the Rajas and Rajas' sons who have tried have been put to death. You will be killed too, if you try. Do go away." But the prince would not listen to anything she said.

The king sent for the prince to the old woman's house,

and his servants brought the Raja's son to the king's courthouse to the king. There the king gave him eighty pounds of mustard seed, and told him to crush all the oil out of it that day, and bring it next morning to him to the courthouse. "Whoever wishes to marry my daughter," he said to the prince, "must first do all I tell him. If he cannot, then I have him killed. So if you cannot crush all the oil out of this mustard seed you will die."

The prince was very sorry when he heard this. "How can I crush the oil out of all this mustard seed in one day?" he said to himself; "and if I do not the king will kill me." He took the mustard seed to the old woman's house, and did not know what to do. At last he remembered the Ant-Raja, and the moment he did so the Ant-Raja and his ants came to him. "Why do you look so sad?" said the Ant-Raja.

The prince showed him the mustard seed, and said to him, "How can I crush the oil out of all this mustard seed in one day? And if I do not take the oil to the king to-morrow morning he will kill me."

"Be happy," said the Ant-Raja; "lie down and sleep; we will crush all the oil out for you during the day, and to-morrow morning you shall take it to the king." The Raja's son lay down and slept, and the ants crushed out the oil for him. The prince was very glad when he saw the oil.

The next morning he took it to the courthouse to the king. But the king said, "You cannot yet marry my daughter. If you wish to do so you must first fight with my two demons and kill them." The king a long time ago had caught two demons, and then, as he did not know what to do with them, he had shut them up in a cage. He was afraid to let them loose for fear they would eat up all the people in his country; and he did not know how to kill them. So all the kings and kings' sons who wanted to marry the Princess Labam had to fight with these demons; "for," said the king to himself, "perhaps the demons may be killed, and then I shall be rid of them."

When he heard of the demons the Raja's son was very

sad. "What can I do?" he said to himself. "How can I fight with these two demons?" Then he thought of his tiger; and the tiger and his wife came to him and said, "Why are you so sad?" The Raja's son answered, "The king has ordered me to fight with his two demons and kill them. How can I do this?" "Do not be frightened," said the tiger. "Be happy. I and my wife will fight with them for you."

Then the Raja's son took out of his bag two splendid coats. They were all gold and silver, and covered with pearls and diamonds. These he put on the tigers to make them beautiful, and he took them to the king, and said to him, "May these tigers fight your demons for me?" "Yes," said the king, who did not care in the least who killed his demons, provided they were killed. "Then call your demons," said the Raja's son, "and these tigers will fight them." The king did so, and the tigers and the demons fought and fought until the tigers had killed the demons.

"That is good," said the king. "But you must do something else before I give you my daughter. Up in the sky I have a kettle-drum. You must go and beat it. If you cannot do this I will kill you."

The Raja's son thought of his little bed; so he went to the old woman's house and sat on his bed. "Little bed," he said, "up in the sky is the king's kettle-drum. I want to go to it." The bed flew up with him, and the Raja's son beat the drum, and the king heard him. Still, when he came down, the king would not give him his daughter. "You have," he said to the prince, "done the three things I told you to do; but you must do one thing more." "If I can I will," said the Raja's son.

Then the king showed him the trunk of a tree that was lying near his courthouse. It was a very, very thick trunk. He gave the prince a wax hatchet, and said, "Tomorrow morning you must cut this trunk in two with this wax hatchet."

The Raja's son went back to the old woman's house. He was very sad, and thought that now the Raja would certainly kill him. "I had his oil crushed out by the

ants," he said to himself. "I had his demons killed by the tigers. My bed helped me to beat his kettle-drum. But now what can I do? How can I cut that thick tree trunk in two with a wax hatchet?"

At night he went on his bed to see the princess. "To-morrow," he said to her, "your father will kill me." "Why?" asked the princess.

"He has told me to cut a thick tree-trunk in two with a wax hatchet. How can I ever do that?" said the Raja's son. "Do not be afraid," said the princess; "do as I bid you, and you will cut it in two quite easily."

Then she pulled out a hair from her head, and gave it to the prince. "To-morrow," she said, "when no one is near you you must say to the tree-trunk, 'The Princess Labam commands you to let yourself be cut in two by this hair.' Then stretch the hair down the edge of the wax hatchet's blade."

The prince next day did exactly as the princess had told him; and the minute the hair that was stretched down the edge of the hatchet-blade touched the tree-trunk it split into two pieces.

The king said, "Now you can marry my daughter." Then the wedding took place. All the Rajas and kings of the countries round were asked to come to it, and there were great rejoicings. After a few days the prince's son said to his wife, "Let us go to my father's country." The Princess Labam's father gave them a number of camels and horses and rupees and servants; and they traveled in great state to the prince's country, where they lived happily.

The prince always kept his bag, bowl, bed, and stick; only, as no one ever came to make war on him, he never needed to use the stick.

THE DEMON WITH THE MATTED HAIR.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Just how old this Oriental story is we do not know — it is certainly many hundreds of years old — and it shows how the same stories are told in all parts of the world, for a story very much like it is told by Uncle Remus in one of Mr. J. C. Harris' famous books.

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadata was King of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as son of his chief queen. On his name-day they asked eight hundred Brahmans, having satisfied them with all their desires, about his lucky marks. The Brahmans who had skill in divining from such marks beheld the excellence of his, and made answer:

“Full of goodness, great King, is your son, and when you die he will become king; he shall be famous and renowned for his skill with the five weapons, and shall be the chief man in all India. On hearing what the Brahmans had to say, they gave him the name of the Prince of the Five Weapons—sword, spear, bow, battle-ax, and shield.

When he came to years of discretion, and had attained the measure of sixteen years, the King said to him:

“My son, go and complete your education.”

“Who shall be my teacher?” the lad asked.

“Go, my son; in the kingdom of Candahar, in the city of Takkasila, is a far-famed teacher from whom I wish you to learn. Take this, and give it him for a fee.” With that he gave him a thousand pieces of money, and dismissed him.

The lad departed, and was educated by this teacher; he received the Five Weapons from him as a gift, bade him farewell, and leaving Takkasila, he began his journey to Benares, armed with the Five Weapons.

On his way he came to a forest inhabited by the Demon with the Matted Hair. At the entering in of the forest some men saw him, and cried out:

“Hullo, young sir, keep clear of that wood! There's a

Demon in it called he of the Matted Hair: he kills every man he sees!" And they tried to stop him. But the Bodhisatta, having confidence in himself, went straight on, fearless as a maned lion.

When he reached mid-forest the Demon showed himself. He made himself as tall as a palm-tree; his head was the size of a pagoda, his eyes as big as saucers and he had two tusks all over knobs and bulbs; he had the face of hawk, a variegated body, and blue hands and feet.

"Where are you going?" he shouted. "Stop! You'll make a meal for me!"

Said the Bodhisatti: "Demon, I came here trusting in myself. I advise you to be careful how you come near me. Here's a poisoned arrow, which I'll shoot at you and knock you down!" With this menace, he fitted to his bow an arrow dipped in deadly poison, and let fly. The arrow stuck fast in the Demon's hair. Then he shot and shot, till he had shot away fifty arrows; and they all stuck in the Demon's hair. The Demon snapped them all off short, and threw them down at his feet; then came up to the Bodhisatta, who drew his sword and struck the Demon, threatening him the while. His sword—it was thirty-three inches long—stuck in the Demon's hair! The Bodhisatta struck him with his spear—that stuck too! He struck him with his club—and that stuck too!

When the Bodhisatta saw that this had stuck fast he addressed the Demon. "You, Demon!" said he, "did you never hear of me before—the Prince of the Five Weapons? When I came into the forest which you live in I did not trust to my bow and other weapons. This day will I pound you and grind you to powder!" Thus did he declare his resolve, and with a shout he hit at the Demon with his right hand. It stuck fast in his hair! He hit him with his left hand—that stuck too! With his right foot he kicked him—that stuck too; then with his left—and that stuck too! Then he butted at him with his head, crying, "I'll pound you to powder!" and his head stuck fast like the rest.

Thus the Bodhisatta was five times snared, caught fast

in five places, hanging suspended: yet he felt no fear—was not even nervous.

Thought the Demon to himself: “Here’s a lion of a man! A noble man! More than man is he! Here he is, caught by a Demon like me; yet he will not fear a bit. Since I have ravaged this road, I never saw such a man. Now, why is it that he does not fear? He was powerless to eat the man, but asked him: “Why is it, young sir, that you are not frightened to death?”

“Why should I fear, Demon?” replied he. “In one life a man can die but once. Besides inside me is a thunderbolt; if you eat me you will never be able to digest it; this will tear your inwards into little bits, and kill you: so we shall both perish. That is why I fear nothing.” (By this the Bodhisatta meant the weapon of knowledge which he had within him.)

When he heard this the Demon thought: “This young man speaks the truth. A piece of the flesh of such a lion-man as he would be too much for me to digest, if it were no bigger than a kidney-bean. I will let him go!” So, being frightened to death, he let go the Bodhisatta, saying:

“Young sir, you are a lion of a man! I will not eat you up. I set you free from my hands, as the moon is disgorged from the jaws of Rahu after the eclipse. Go back to the company of your friends and relations!”

And the Bodhisatta said: “Demon, I will go, as you say. You were born a Demon, cruel, devourer of others, because you did wickedly in former lives. If you still go on doing wickedly you will go from darkness to darkness. But now that you have seen me you will find it impossible to do wickedly. Taking the life of living creatures causes birth, as an animal, in the world of Petas, or in the body of Asura, or, if one is reborn as a man, it makes his life short.” With this and the like monition he told him the disadvantage of the five kinds of wickedness, and the profit of the five kinds of virtue, and frightened the Demon in various ways, discoursing to him until he subdued him and made him self-denying, and established him in the five kinds of virtue; he made

him worship the deity to whom offerings were made in that wood; and having carefully admonished him, departed out of it.

At the entrance of the forest he told all to the people thereabout; and went on to Benares, armed with his five weapons. Afterward he became king, and ruled righteously; and after giving alms and doing good he passed away according to his deeds.

THE STORY OF SIVA AND MADHAVA.

AN INDIAN FAIRY TALE.

BY A. R. MONTALBA.

THERE still exists a town famed for its splendor and richness, called Ratnapura. In it there once dwelt two rogues, Siva and Madhava, who, with the help of their confederates, contrived to make both rich and poor of that place victims to their cunning and rapacity.

Once these two individuals met together to consult. "This town," they said, "has so entirely been laid under contribution by us, that we can have no reasonable hopes of any further success; let us, therefore, go to Ujjayini, and settle ourselves down there. The house-priest of the king, Sankar'aswarni by name, is considered a very rich man, and if, by some contrivance, we could possess ourselves of his treasures, it would be easy to curry favor with the charming and lovely women of the Malavese. The Brahmins, without exception, call him avaricious and miserly, for, though so rich that he measures his treasures by the bushel, he begrudges every offering to their altars, and it is only on compulsion he gives a portion of the dues. It is also well known that he has a remarkably beautiful daughter, whom, if we once are able to gain his confidence, one of us must receive as a wife from his own hands."

After this, these two rogues, Siva and Madhava, having first matured their plans and resolved upon the parts

each individually was to play, took their departure from the city of Ratnapura, and soon arrived at Ujjayini.

Madhava, disguised as a Rajput, remained with his followers in a small village outside the city; but Siva, more versed in all the arts of deceit, entered the town alone, garbed in the habit of a devout penitent. He built a cell on an elevated place on the banks of the Sipra, from whence he could be well observed, and here he laid on the ground a deer-skin, a pot wherein to collect alms, some darbha-grass, and some clay.

At the first dawn of morning, he rubbed his whole body over with clay; he then entered the river, and remained with his head for a considerable time under the water; leaving the bath, he steadfastly fixed his gaze on the sun; then, holding in his hand some kusa-grass, he knelt before the image of a god, murmuring his prayers; he then plucked holy flowers, which he sacrificed to Siva, and when his offering was concluded he again began to pray, and remained long lost in deepest devotion.

On the following day, in order to gather alms, he wandered through the town, mute, as if dumb, leaning on a staff, and his only raiment consisting of the small skin of a black gazelle. After having made his collections at the houses of the Brahmins, he divided the gifts received into three parts; the first he gave to the crows, the second to the first person he met, and with the third he fed himself; then slowly counting the beads of his rosary, with constant and fervent prayers, he returned to his cell. The nights he devoted, apparently, to deepest meditation, and to the solution of great religious and philosophical questions.

Thus, by daily repeating these deceptions, he impressed on the inhabitants so great an idea of his sanctity that he was universally revered; and, when he passed, the people of Ujjayini reverentially bowed and knelt before him, exclaiming, "This is, indeed, a holy man!"

Meanwhile, his friend Madhava had, through his spies, received intelligence of all these doings, and now, magnificently dressed like a Rajput he also entered the city. He took up his abode in an adjacent temple, and went to

the banks of the Sipra to bathe in the river. After having performed his ablutions, Madhava saw Siva, who, lost in prayer, knelt before the image of the god. The former then, along with his retinue, prostrated himself in reverence before the holy man; and addressing the people around him, said, "There lives not on earth a more devout penitent; more than once in my travels have I seen him, when, as here, he has been visiting the sacred rivers and the holy places of pilgrimage."

Though Siva had well observed and heard his companion, no feature betrayed the fact; immovably as before, he continued in his devotion. Madhava soon after returned to his dwelling.

In the depth of night, in a lonely place, they again met, where, after having well feasted, they consulted together upon their next proceedings. At the dawn of morning Siva returned to his cell, and Madhava commanded one of his companions, at an early hour of the day, as follows: "Take these two robes of honor and present them to Sankar'aswarni, the house-priest of the king, and address him thus:—'A Rajput named Madhava, treacherously assaulted, and by his nearest relatives driven from his empire, has, with the vast treasures of his father, taken refuge in these realms, and is anxious to present himself before the king, and offer him the faithful and gratuitous services of himself and his brave followers. He has therefore sent me to thee, thou ocean of fame, to beg thy permission to visit him.' " As Madhava had commanded him, the follower, holding the robes of honor in his hands, waited at the house of the priest. Watching a favorable opportunity, when the priest was alone, he presented himself before him, laid the presents at his feet, and delivered Madhava's message. The priest, full of dignity, received them condescendingly, and longing for some of the treasures to which the messenger had made no slight allusion, he graciously acquiesced in the demand.

Madhava consequently went the following day at a proper hour to visit the priest, accompanied by his followers, dressed like courtiers, in magnificent robes, and

with silver spears in their hands. A messenger was sent in advance to announce them, and the priest, receiving them at the entrance of his house, most reverentially saluted them, and gave them the very best welcome. Madhava, after having passed a short time in pleasant conversation, and made a favorable impression on the priest, returned to his own dwelling.

The following day he again sent two robes of honor, and then presented himself to the priest, saying: "We are anxious as early as possible to enter the service of the king, for time hangs heavily on our hands; let our sole recompense be the honor of attending him, for we have sufficient treasures for all our wants."

When the priest had heard this, hoping to extract large sums from him, he granted his request, and immediately went to the king, who, out of esteem and love for his religious adviser, at once permitted the introduction of the Rajput at court.

On the following day the priest formally introduced Madhava and his followers to the king, who graciously and with honors received them, and at once appointed the former to fill a high station in the household, for he was greatly pleased with his appearance, which in every thing resembled that of a high born Rajput. Thus was Madhava fairly installed at court, but every night he went secretly to Siva, to consult with him about their plans. Once the avaricious priest said to Madhava, who with his rich presents had shown him marked attention: "Come and live in my house," and as he pressed him very much, Madhava and his followers removed to the spacious dwelling of the priest.

Madhava had procured a great number of ornaments and trinkets set with false stones, wondrously well imitated; these he had inclosed in a jewel-box, which, slightly opening it that the priest might learn its contents, he begged him to deposit in his treasury. By this artifice he entirely won his confidence, and being thus secure, he feigned illness, and by abstaining for several days from taking any food, at last grew so thin and emaciated, that he had every appearance of being in a very alarming

state of health. A few more days thus passed away, and the illness seemed to make rapid progress, when in a faint voice he thus addressed the priest, who was sitting at the side of his bed: "The malady which is devouring my strength and energies seems a retribution from the gods for some of the sins my flesh has committed; bring therefore to me, O wise and pious man, some distinguished Brahmin to whom I may bequeath my treasures to insure my salvation here and there; for what man, even of ordinary wisdom would, when life is ebbing, set value on gold or jewels!"

Whereupon the priest answered: "I will do as thou wishest."

Out of gratitude, Madhava knelt down and kissed his feet. But whatever Brahmin the priest brought to the sick man, not one pleased him; he said an inward voice told him that their life was not pure enough, their favor with Brahma not sufficient. When this had been several times repeated, with the same result, one of the rogues, who was standing by, suggested, in a low tone of voice, "As not one of all these Brahmins seems worthy of the benefits intended to be conferred; the holy priest, Siva, so celebrated for his sanctity, who dwells on the shores of the Sipra, might be sent for: perhaps he might find favor with our master."

Madhava when appealed to, sighed heavily, and, as if unable in his agony to articulate, bowed his head by way of consent. The priest forthwith rose and went to Siva, whom he found absorbed in deepest meditation. After having walked round him without being observed, he at last placed himself on the ground facing him. The impostor having finished his long-protracted prayers, raised his eyes, when the priest reverentially saluted him, and said: "Most holy man, if thou wouldst permit me, I have a petition to make to thee; there lives at my house a very rich Rajput, by name, Madhava, born in the south, and lately arrived from thence. He is dying and wishes for some holy individual to whom he may give his riches; if it should please thee, I think it is for thee he intends all his treasures,

which consist in ornaments and jewels of inestimable value."

Siva having attentively listened to this, thoughtfully and slowly answered: "Brahmin, how should I, whose whole earthly striving and longing is after immortal reward; whose only aspiration is heaven, there to have my prayers and my privations recognized and approved; whose meager maintenance is derived from alms of the charitable; how should I feel any wish or desire for earthly possessions?"

Whereupon the king's priest answered: "Say not so, noble and pious man! Well you know the pleasure of the God toward the Brahmin-priest, who in his own person is able to offer hospitality to the gods and to man; who within his own house can welcome and relieve the devout pilgrim; who with rich contributions can assist in the embellishments of their temples and the splendor of their service, and who by taking a wife can extend his sphere of utility and philanthropy. Only by the possession of treasures these things are achievable, therefore it is laudable in man to strive after wealth. The father of a family is the best of Brahmins."

To which Siva answered: "Whence should I take a wife? My poverty prevents my alliance with any great family."

When the priest heard this, he thought the treasures already his own, and having found a favorable opportunity, he said to him: "I have an unmarried daughter, her name is Vinyasvamini; she is most beautiful; her I will give thee to wife. The treasure that will be thine through the generosity of Madhava, I will guard and preserve for thee; choose, therefore, the pleasures and the bliss of the married state."

Siva attentively and with inward pleasure listened to the words of the priest, in which he saw their deep-laid scheme and their anxious wishes brought into fulfillment and with diffidence he answered: "Brahmin, if by so doing I shall be able to please you and gain your favor, I consent to it; and as regards the treasure, to you I leave the whole and sole control and management

thereof, as neither my understanding nor inclination lies in that direction."

Rejoiced at this answer of Siva, the priest forthwith took him into his house, assigned him a suite of apartments there, and announced to Madhava his arrival and what he had done, for which the latter warmly thanked him. Next the priest gave his unhappy daughter in marriage to Siva, thus sacrificing her to his avarice; and on the third day after the nuptials he led the bridegroom to Madhava, who now assumed a faintness as if in the last gasp of dissolution. After a pause, apparently rallying all his strength, he said: "In deepest humiliation I salute thee, most holy man, and beg of thee to accept, as I am dying and shall have no use for it, all that I possess of earthly wealth." He then had the artfully imitated jewels brought from the priest's treasury, and according to the sacred rites and customs on such occasions, had them presented to Siva. The latter, in accepting them, handed them over to the priest, without even looking at them, saying, "Of such things I understand nothing, but you know their value."

"I will take care of them, as agreed between us," answered the priest; and again deposited the supposed treasure in its former place of security. Siva, after having in solemn words pronounced his blessing over Madhava, returned to the apartments of his wife.

The following day Madhava seemed already greatly recovered, and ascribed this wonderful change to the influence of his gift and the holiness of the man on whom he had bestowed it. In warmest terms, he thanked the priest for his kind interference, and assured him of his everlasting gratitude. With Siva he now openly allied himself, praising him every where, and declaring that through his great powers alone his life had been preserved.

After the lapse of a few days Siva said to the priest, "It is not right that I thus should continue to live in thy house where I must be of vast expense to thee; thou hadst better give me a sum, if only corresponding with

half the value of the gems, which you consider so precious.”

The priest, who in reality priced these jewels and ornaments at an inestimable sum, a sum capable of purchasing an empire, was very glad to assent to such a proposition; and with the idea of giving something like the twentieth part of their value, he gave him all the money he possessed. He then had documents drawn out, in which on both sides the exchange of the properties was legally secured, for fear that Siva in the course of time might repent of his bargain. They then separated, Siva and his wife living in greatest joy and happiness, and soon they were joined by Madhava, with whom the former now divided the treasures of the priest.

After some years the priest wanted money to make some purchase, and taking a part of the ornaments, he went to a goldsmith who had a stand in the market to offer them for sale. This man, who was a great judge, after narrowly examining them, cried out, full of astonishment—“The man who has manufactured these must indeed be a great artisan; for though of no intrinsic value, they are the finest and most wonderful imitations that ever were worked out of such materials; for these stones are nothing but glass, and the setting nothing but gilt metal.”

Having heard this, the priest breathless though full of despair, ran back to his house, fetched the contents of the whole casket, and unwilling to believe, went from one merchant to the other to have his treasure examined; but in every instance the answer was the same—“Only glass and brass!” The priest, as if he had been struck by lightning, fell senseless on the ground, and had to be carried home; but early the following morning, having recovered, he ran to Siva and said to him, “Take back thy jewels, and return me my money.”

This the other refused, alleging that the greater part of it had already been expended, and the rest he had so invested as to be most useful for his wife and children.

Thus disputing they both went before the king, on whom Madhava at the time was in attendance. The

priest in the following words, made the king acquainted with his case: "Behold, my gracious king, these ornaments; they are all artfully manufactured out of valueless metal, colored pieces of glass and crystal. Without knowing this, and believing them real, I have given Siva my whole fortune in exchange for them, and he already has spent it."

To which Siva answered: "From my very childhood, mighty king, have I lived in holy seclusion and devotion; from this seclusion the father of my wife drew me forth, pressed and entreated me to accept the gift of honor, with the value of which I was wholly ignorant; but he assured me he was aware of its great pecuniary worth and he would guarantee it to me. On my accepting it, without even giving it a look, I handed it over to him: he afterward voluntarily purchased it from me, giving me his own price, and in proof of this I adduce this contract in his own handwriting: now, mighty ruler, judge between us; I have in truth laid the case fairly before you."

Siva having thus concluded his defense, Madhava addressed himself to the priest, saying: "Speak not derogatorily of this holy man, now your son. Whatever the cause of your grievance, he is innocent, as you yourself are good and upright; but I also owe an explanation to my liege and master. In what way can I have committed myself?—neither from you nor him have I taken or accepted the least benefit. The fortune my father left me I had for years given into the custody of an old and tried friend of our house; removing it from thence I presented it, under the circumstances your majesty is aware of, to this Brahmin. But if they had not been real gems, but only worthless metal and glass as this worthy priest intimates, by what means was my restoration to health so wonderfully wrought? That I gave it with pure and honest intention, witness for me the all but miracle by which I was saved!"

Thus spoke Madhava, without changing a feature; but the king and his ministers laughed, and testified the good opinion they entertained for him. They then pronounced

the following judgment:—"Neither Siva nor Madhava are in the least to blame, they are wholly innocent."

In sorrow and shame the priest went his way, robbed of his whole fortune, and punished for his avarice and the heartless manner in which he had sacrificed his daughter; though fortunately for her, and no thanks to her father, she found in Siva a good and affectionate husband.

The two rogues altered their mode of life: thenceforward they walked in the path of virtue and well-doing; and favored by the king, whom they faithfully served, they lived many years honored, respected, and happy in Ujjayini.

CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN.

AN IRISH FAIRY TALE.

BY PATRICK WESTON JOYCE.

This has been translated from the Book of the Dun Cow, a manuscript which was transcribed A.D. 1100, now in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. The story is one of the most ancient illustrations to be found of the widespread Irish superstition that fairies sometimes take away mortals to their enchanted palaces.

CONNLA of the Golden Hair was the son of Conn the Hundred-fighter. One day as he stood with his father on the royal Hill of Usna, he saw a lady a little way off, very beautiful, and dressed in strange attire. She approached the spot where he stood; and when she was near, he spoke to her, and asked who she was, and from what place she had come.

The lady replied, "I have come from the Land of the Living—a land where there is neither death nor old age, nor any breach of law. The inhabitants of earth call us Aes-shee, for we have our dwellings within large, pleasant, green hills. We pass our time very pleasantly in

From "Old Celtic Romances." Translated from the Gaelic by Patrick Weston Joyce. London and Dublin, 1901.

feasting and harmless amusements, never growing old; and we have no quarrels or contentions."

The king and his company marveled very much; for though they heard this conversation, no one saw the lady except Connla alone.

"Who is this thou art talking to, my son?" said the king.

And anon she answered for the youth, "Connla is speaking with a lovely, noble-born young lady, who will never die, and who will never grow old. I love Connla of the Golden Hair, and I have come to bring him with me to Moy-mell, the plain of never-ending pleasure. On the day that he comes with me he shall be made king, and he shall reign for ever in Fairyland, without weeping and without sorrow. Come with me, O gentle Connla of the ruddy cheek, the fair, freckled neck, and the golden hair! Come with me, beloved Connla, and thou shalt retain the comeliness and dignity of thy form, free from the wrinkles of old age, till the awful day of judgment."

"Thy flowing golden hair, thy comely face,
Thy tall majestic form of peerless grace,
That show thee sprung from Conn's exalted race."

King Conn the Hundred-fighter being much troubled, called then on his druid Coran, to put forth his power against the witchery of the banshee:—"O Coran of the mystic arts and of the mighty incantations, here is a contest such as I have never been engaged in since I was made king at Tara—a contest with an invisible lady, who is beguiling my son to Fairyland by her baleful charms. Her cunning is beyond my skill, and I am not able to withstand her power; and if thou, Coran, help not, my son will be taken away from me by the wiles and witchery of a woman from the fairy hills."

Coran the druid then came forward, and began to chant against the voice of the lady. And his power was greater than hers for that time, so that she was forced to retire.

As she was going away she threw an apple to Connla, who straightway lost sight of her; and the king and his people no longer heard her voice.

The king and the prince returned with their company to the palace; and Connla remained for a whole month without tasting food or drink except the apple. And though he ate of it each day, it was never lessened, but was as whole and perfect in the end as at the beginning. Moreover, when they offered him aught else to eat or drink he refused it; for while he had his apple he did not deem any other food worthy to be tasted. And he began to be very moody and sorrowful, thinking of the lovely fairy maiden.

At the end of the month, as Connla stood by his fathers' side among the nobles, on the Plain of Arcomin, he saw the lady approaching him from the west. And when she had come near, she addressed him in this manner:—"A glorious seat, indeed, has Connla among wretched, short-lived mortals, awaiting the dreadful stroke of death! But now, the ever-youthful people of Moy-mell, who never feel age, and who fear not death, seeing thee day by day among thy friends, in the assemblies of thy fatherland, love thee with a strange love, and they will make thee king over them if thou wilt come with me."

When the king heard the words of the lady, he commanded his people to call the druid again to him, saying,—“Bring my druid Coran to me; for I see that the fairy lady has this day regained the power of her voice.”

At this the lady said, “Valiant Conn, fighter of a hundred, the faith of the druids has come to little honor among the upright, mighty, numberless people of this land. When the righteous law shall be restored, it will seal up the lips of the false black demon; and his druids shall no longer have power to work their guileful spells.”

Now the king observed, and marveled greatly, that whenever the lady was present his son never spoke one word to any one, even though they addressed him many times. And when the lady had ceased to speak, the king said, “Connla, my son, has thy mind been moved by the words of the lady?”

Connla spake then, and replied, “Father, I am very



CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR

Connla Singing:—

“And evermore that verdant shore

“Our happy home shall be;

“The land of rest in the golden West

“On the verge of the azure Sea.”

unhappy; for though I love my people beyond all, I am filled with sadness on account of this lady!"

When Connla had said this, the maiden again addressed him, and chanted these words in a very sweet voice:—

“A land of youth, a land of rest,
A land from sorrow free;
It lies far off in the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea.
A swift canoe of crystal bright,
That never met mortal view —
We shall reach the land ere fall of night,
In that strong and swift canoe;
We shall reach the strand
Of that sunny land,
From druids and demons free;
The land of rest
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

“A pleasant land of winding vales, bright streams, and verdurous plains,

Where summer all the live-long year in changeless splendor reigns;
A peaceful land of calm delight, of everlasting bloom;
Old age and death we never know, no sickness, care, or gloom;

The land of youth,
Of love and truth,
From pain and sorrow free,
The land of rest,
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

“There are strange delights for mortal men in that island of the west;
The sun comes down each evening in its lovely vales to rest;

And though far and dim
On the ocean's rim
It seems to mortal view,
We shall reach its halls
Ere the evening falls,
In my strong and swift canoe;
And evermore
That verdant shore
Our happy home shall be;
The land of rest,
In the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea!

"It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair,
It will guard thee from the druids, from the demons of the air,
My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that western shore,
When thou and I in joy and love shall live for evermore:

From the druid's incantation,
From his black and deadly snare,
From the withering imprecation
Of the demon of the air,

"It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair;
My crystal boat shall guard thee, till we reach that silver strand
Where thou shalt reign in endless joy, the king of the Fairyland!"

When the maiden had ended her chant, Connla suddenly walked away from his father's side, and sprang into the curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding, strong, crystal canoe. The king and his people saw them afar off, and dimly moving away over the bright sea towards the sunset. They gazed sadly after them, till they lost sight of the canoe over the utmost verge; and no one can tell whither they went, for Connla was never again seen in his native land.

SPRING WATER.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

A LITTLE way beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, and just outside the town, there is a great lake, where people in the winter go and skate for the sake of diversion; but the sport above the water is nothing to what is under it, for at the very bottom of this lake there are buildings and gardens, far more beautiful than any now to be seen, and how they came to be there was in this manner.

Long before Saxon foot pressed the Irish ground, there was a great king, called Core, whose palace stood where the lake now is, in a round green valley, that was just about a mile about. In the middle of the court-yard was a spring of fair water, so pure and so clear, that it was

From "Tales and Legends of Ireland."

the wonder of all the world. Much did the king rejoice at having so great a curiosity within his palace; but as people came in crowds from far and near to draw the precious water of this spring, he was sorely afraid that in time it might become dry; so he caused a high wall to be built up round it, and would allow nobody to have the water, which was a very great loss to the poor people living about the palace. Whenever he wanted any water for himself he would send his daughter to get it, not caring to trust his servants with the key of the well-door, fearing they might give some away.

One night the king gave a grand entertainment, and there were many great princes present, and lords and nobles without end; and there were wonderful doings throughout the palace; there were bonfires, whose blaze reached up to the very sky; and dancing was there, to such sweet music, that it ought to have waked up the dead out of their graves; and feasting was there in the greatest of plenty for all who came; nor was any one turned away from the palace gates—but “You’re welcome—you’re welcome, heartily,” was the porter’s salute for all.

Now it happened at this grand entertainment there was a young prince above all the rest mighty comely to behold, and as tall and as straight as ever eye would wish to look upon. Right merrily did he dance that night with the old king’s daughter, wheeling here and wheeling there, as light as a feather, and footing it away to the admiration of all. The musicians played the better for seeing their dancing; and they danced as if their lives depended upon it. After all this dancing came the supper; and the young prince was seated at table by the side of his beautiful partner, who smiled upon him as often as he spoke to her; and that was by no means so often as he wished, for he had constantly to turn to the company and thank them for the many compliments paid to his fair partner and himself.

In the midst of this banquet one of the great lords said to King Core, “May it please your majesty, here is

everything in abundance that heart can wish for, both to eat and drink, except water.”

“Water!” said the king, mighty pleased at some one calling for that of which purposely there was a want; “water shall you have, my lord, speedily, and that of such a delicious kind, that I challenge all the world to equal it. Daughter, said he, “go and fetch some in the golden vessel which I made for the purpose.”

The king’s daughter, who was called Fíor Usga (which signifies in English, Spring-Water), did not much like to be told to perform so menial a service before so many people, and though she did not venture to refuse the commands of her father, hesitated to obey him, and looked down upon the ground. The king, who loved his daughter much, seeing this, was sorry for having desired her to do this, but having said the word, he was never known to recall it; he therefore thought of a way to make his daughter go quickly and fetch the water, and this was by proposing that the young prince her partner should go along with her.

Accordingly, with a loud voice, he said, “Daughter, I wonder not at your fearing to go alone so late at night; but I doubt not the young prince at your side will go with you.” The prince was not displeased at this; and taking the golden vessel in one hand, with the other led the king’s daughter out of the hall so gracefully that all present gazed after them with delight.

When they came to the spring of water, in the courtyard of the palace, the fair Usga unlocked the door with the greatest care, and stooping down with the golden vessel to take some of the water out of the well, found the vessel so heavy that she lost her balance and fell in. The young prince tried in vain to save her, for the water rose and rose so fast, that the entire court-yard was speedily covered with it, and he hastened back to the king in a state of distraction.

The door of the well being left open, the water, which had been so long confined, rushed forth incessantly, every moment rising higher, and was in the hall of the entertainment sooner than the young prince himself, so that

when he attempted to speak to the king he was up to his neck in it. At length the water rose to such a height that it filled the whole of the green valley in which the king's palace stood, and so the present lake of Cork was formed.

But the king and his guests were not drowned, as would now happen if such an awful inundation were to take place; neither was his daughter, the fair Usga, who returned to the banquet-hall the very next night after this dreadful event; and every night since, the same entertainment and dancing goes on in the palace in the bottom of the lake, and will continue until some one has the luck to bring up out of it the golden vessel which was the cause of all this mischief.

Nobody can doubt that it was a judgment upon the king for his shutting up the well in the court-yard from the poor people: and if there are any who do not credit my story, they may go and see the lake of Cork; for there it is to be seen to this day; the road to Kinsale passes at one side of it; and when its waters are low and clear, the tops of towers and stately buildings may be plainly viewed in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, without the help of spectacles.

THE THREE LEMONS.

AN ITALIAN FAIRY TALE.

There is in this tale an echo of the Greek and Roman legend of the three Fates who controlled the birth, life and death of every man. These were named Clotho, who held the distaff; Lacheris, who spun the thread of Life; and Atropos, who cut it off when life was ended. They were called the cruel Fates because they worked without any regard for the wishes or desires of any one.

ONCE upon a time there lived a monarch who was called the King of the Tower of Rubies. He had only one son, whom he loved as the apple of his eye, and who was sole heir to the dynasty, which was nearly at an end. To find as a wife for his son a noble princess, possessing beauty and riches, and above all else,

a gentle, amiable disposition (notice these two last points), was the one ambition of the old king. Every night he fell asleep thinking of this much-desired marriage, and every night he dreamed he was a grandfather, and in his dreams caressed a troop of little boys, who passed before him with crowns upon their heads and scepters in their hands.

Unfortunately, together with every virtue which was ever possessed by an heir to a throne, Carlino, for this was the name of the young prince, had one slight defect—he was shyer than a wild colt. At the mere mention of a woman, he would shake his head and flee into the woods. Of course the king's vexation was very great at seeing his throne without successors and his race on the eve of extinction. He might well despair, for nothing moved Carlino; neither the tears of his father, nor the prayers of the whole nation, nor the good of the country; all failed to touch his flinty heart. The greatest preachers wasted their powers of eloquence in reasoning with him, and the wisest senators failed to move him.

One morning while they were seated at table, the prince, who as usual was being lectured by his father, amused himself with watching the flies which were buzzing around them; and forgetting that he had a knife in his hand, by an impatient movement cut his finger. The blood dropped into a plate of cream which had just been placed before Carlino, whereupon a mad whim seized him.

“Sir,” he said to his father, “if I do not soon find a wife whose complexion is as purely red and white as this cream tinged with my blood, I am lost. This wondrous maiden must exist somewhere. I love her; I have completely lost my heart to her, and win her I must. Fortune always favors the brave. If you value my life, permit me to travel in search of the realization of my dream, otherwise I shall die of longing and *ennui*.”

The poor king of the Tower of Rubies was overcome with horror on hearing this mad speech. It seemed to him that his palace was tumbling about his ears. He

first turned pale, then red, and finally recovering himself, he exclaimed—

“Oh, my son! prop of my old age, my heart’s delight, what has put such an idea into your head? Is your brain turned? Yesterday you were fast making me die of grief by refusing to marry and perpetuate our line, and to-day, as though to drive me out of the world, you take this wild idea into your head. Where do you wish to go, unhappy boy? Why should you leave your home? You do not know to what perils and hardships a traveler is exposed. Get rid of these dangerous fancies; stay at home, my son, if you do not wish to kill me, and at the same time ruin the kingdom and your family.”

Every thing that was said to him entered in at one ear and went out at the other; and his father’s eloquence was entirely thrown away upon him.

When the old king, worn out with fruitless prayers, at last realized that it was easier to melt the weathercock on the steeple than to persuade a spoiled child bent on having his own way, he sighed and decided to allow his son to depart. After having given him good advice, to which he never listened, and bags of money, which he received a little more graciously, as well as two devoted body-servants, the king bade farewell to his rebellious son. He embraced him tenderly, and then with a breaking heart ascended the tower of the castle to gaze as long as possible upon the departing traveler.

While the king was thus grieving, our traveler, mounted on a fine horse, cantered away with waving plumes and a light heart, like Alexander on his way to conquer the world. He traversed mountains and valleys, he visited kingdoms, duchies, counties, baronies, towns, villages, castles, and cottages, looking at every woman and observed by all, even by those who pretended to keep their eyes fixed on the ground. All his search, however, was in vain; old Europe did not contain the treasure he was seeking.

At the end of four months he reached Marseilles, having decided to embark there for India; but at the sight of the sea during a storm his brave and faithful servants

were suddenly taken ill. To the great regret of these good men, they felt obliged to take leave of their master and remain quietly on land snugly ensconced between the sheets, while Carlino on board a frail bark defied the winds and waves.

Nothing stands in the way of those who are wholly possessed by a great desire. The prince traveled through Egypt, India, and China, wandering from province to province, from city to city, from house to house, and from hut to hut, seeking every where the original of the lovely image engraven on his heart. His labor was thrown away. Though he saw women of every shade of color—brunette and blonde, chestnut-haired, red-haired, white, yellow, red, and black, he found nowhere the complexion he adored.

Always moving from place to place, and never ceasing from his search, at last Carlino arrived at the world's end, and saw before him nothing but sea and sky. His hopes were crushed, and his dream had vanished. As he was striding along the beach unhappy and disappointed, he espied an old man basking in the sun; so he asked him if there was not any land beyond the waste of waters which stretched away to the horizon.

"No," replied the old man, "nobody has ever discovered any thing in this sea, which has neither shores nor islands; at least those who have ventured to explore it have never come back. I remember when I was a child, our graybeards used to say they had heard from their fathers that in that direction, out yonder, far away beyond the horizon, lay the island of the Fates; but woe to the rash mortal who should approach the inexorable sisters, for to see them was to die!"

"What does that matter?" exclaimed Carlino: "to realize my dream I would face anything."

A boat lay at hand, and into it the prince jumped, and hoisted the sail. The wind, which was blowing freshly, carried the skiff quickly out to sea, the land disappeared, and our hero found himself alone on the ocean. In vain he scanned the horizon, nothing was to be seen but water everywhere. In vain the boat bounded over the foam.

ing waves like a horse proudly shaking its mane. Waves chased waves, and hours succeeded hours. The sun dipped to the horizon, and the silence and solitude round Carlino seemed to increase, when suddenly he descried a black spot upon the horizon. At the same moment, the skiff carried along by the current, shot through the water like an arrow, and grounded on the sand at the foot of some enormous rocks which lifted to the sky their dark crags, worn into sharp pinnacles during the lapse of ages. Fate had cast Carlino on the shore whence none had ever returned.

To scale this wall of rocks was no easy matter. There was neither road nor path, and when, after great exertions, Carlino, bruised, and with bleeding hands, at last reached the top, he found nothing to repay him for his trouble. What he did find was heaped-up ice and black rocks jutting out above the snow, but not a tree or a blade of grass, not a tuft of moss or lichen. It was altogether a scene of winter and of death. Nothing suggested any kind of life, excepting a miserable ruined house, the wooden roof of which was weighed with great stones to resist the violence of the wind. On entering this hut, the prince saw so strange a sight that he was struck dumb with surprise and horror.

At the far end of the apartment was a large piece of tapestry on which was represented every condition of life. Kings, soldiers, laborers, and shepherds, were there depicted, and besides them ladies richly dressed, and peasant women with their distaffs. In the foreground boys and girls were dancing gayly, hand in hand. In front of the tapestry the mistress of the house was walking to and fro.

She was an old woman, whose bones were scarcely concealed under a skin as transparent and yellow as wax. Like a spider about to pounce upon its prey, this old woman, armed with a long pair of scissors, kept closely watching the figures on the tapestry with a cruel eye, then suddenly she would throw herself upon them and snip them up haphazard. Then there would issue from the tapestry a mournful cry, which was enough to curdle

the blood of the bravest heart. Tears of children, the heartrending sobs of mothers, the despair of lovers, the groans of old age, every kind of human sorrow seemed mingled in that bitter cry. At this wail the old woman burst into a laugh, and her hideous face was lit up with a fierce joy; in the meantime an invisible hand restored the stitches on the canvas, which was constantly being destroyed and as constantly repaired.

The old beldam, reopening her scissors, was again approaching the tapestry, when she perceived Carlino's shadow.

"Make your escape, unhappy man," she cried without turning round. "I know what brings you here, and I cannot help you. Go to my sister; perhaps she will do what you wish. She is Life, and I am Death."

Our traveler did not require to be told twice; he ran straight on, thankful to make his escape from such a scene of horror. Soon the aspect of the country changed, and Carlino found himself in a fertile valley. All around he saw harvests, flowery meadows, vines trailing from tree to tree, and olive-trees laden with fruit. Under the shade of a fig-tree beside a running stream, a blind woman was seated, who was winding round her spindle threads of gold and silk. Near her were arranged distaffs charged with different materials, such as flax, hemp, wool, and silk. When she had finished her task, the Fate stretched out a trembling hand, and taking a distaff at haphazard, began to spin.

Carlino made her a profound bow, and in a voice broken by emotion, strove to tell the story of his pilgrimage; but at the first words she stopped him.

"My son," she said, "I can do nothing for you. I am only a poor blind woman, and do not even know myself what I am doing. This distaff, that I have taken at random, is to decide the fate of all who are born this hour. Their riches or poverty, their happiness or misery depend on these threads which I cannot see. I am the slave of destiny, and can create nothing. Address yourself to my sister, perhaps she will do what you desire. She is Birth, and I am Life."

“I thank you, madam,” returned Carlino; and with a light heart he hastened at once to the youngest of the Fates.

He soon found her looking as fresh and lovely as the spring. Round her every thing was bursting into life. Corn was sprouting and stretching up its green shoots along the dark furrows. The orange trees were bursting into blossom, the buds of the forest trees were shedding their red sheaths, while little callow chickens ran hither and thither round their anxious mother, and lambs frisked in the meadow.

This damsel received the prince with extreme graciousness. After listening to him without laughing at his folly, she made him sup with her, and at dessert gave him three lemons and a pretty knife, the handle of which was of mother-of-peal ornamented with silver.

“Carlino,” she said, “you can now return to your father. The prize is gained; you have found what you sought. Now depart, and when you re-enter your kingdom, at the first spring of water you see cut one of the lemons. A fairy will issue from it, who will say to you, ‘Give me to drink.’ Hand her quickly some water or she will slip through your fingers like quicksilver. If the second escapes you also, be very careful about the last. Give her immediately some water to drink and you will possess the wife you desire.”

Intoxicated with joy, the prince repeatedly kissed the fair hand that was granting him the fulfillment of his dreams.

It is a long way from the world’s end to the kingdom of the Tower of Rubies, and in journeying over lands and seas Carlino faced more than one danger, and encountered many storms; but at last, after a long journey and many hardships, he reached his native country, taking with him the three lemons, which he guarded as his greatest treasures.

He was only two hours distant from the royal residence when he entered a thick wood, where he had more than once enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. A clear spring, bordered with ferns and mosses, and shaded by birch-

trees, looked very inviting to the weary traveler, so Carlino seated himself on the daisy-enameled grass, and, taking out his knife, cut one of his lemons.

Suddenly there flashed before him a maiden as white as milk, and as red as a strawberry. "Give me to drink," she said.

"How lovely she is!" cried the prince so enraptured at the sight of such great beauty, that he forgot the advice of the Fate. This was unlucky, for in a second the fairy vision had appeared and disappeared. Carlino was as much astonished as a child who tries to hold water that runs through his fingers. He tried to be calm, and with a hand still trembling cut open the second lemon; but the second apparition was still more beautiful and fleeting than her sister. While Carlino was gazing at her wonderstruck, she was gone in the twinkling of an eye.

"Well, all is not lost yet;" said he, "but if this knife which the Fate gave me, fails me again it will be."

Speaking thus, he cut open the last lemon, and the third fairy sprang forth, and said "Give me to drink."

But this time the prince handed her quickly some water, and lo, and behold! he held by the hand a lovely slender maiden, white as cream, and with cheeks like a carnation.

Her hair was golden, her eyes were blue, and of a limpid sweetness, and her rosy lips looked as if they could only open to charm and console. In a word, from head to foot she was the most enchanting creature that had ever fallen from the sky.

The prince lost his head with surprise and joy as he contemplated his future bride. He puzzled himself to think how such a marvel of beauty and goodness could have come out of the bitter rind of a lemon.

"Am I asleep?" he exclaimed; "and is it all a dream? If it is, for pity's sake do not wake me."

The fairy's smile, however, soon reassured him; she accepted the hand he offered her, and she it was who first asked to be taken to the good king of the Tower of Rubies, who would be happy and thankful to give his two children his blessing.

“Dear heart,” said Carlino, “I am as anxious as you are to see my father, and to prove to him that I have been successful in my search, but we cannot arrive at the palace arm in arm like two peasants taking a country walk. You must make your first appearance as a princess, and you ought to be received in a manner befitting your high rank. Wait for me here while I run to the palace, and before two hours are past I shall return to you with attire and equipages that are worthy of you, and attendants whose duty it will henceforth be never to leave you.”

Thereupon he raised her hand tenderly to his lips, and left her.

When the maiden found herself alone, she began to be frightened. The croak of a raven, the murmuring of the forest leaves, and a dead branch broken by a gust of wind, all added to her alarm. Trembling, she gazed around, and catching sight of an old oak near the spring, whose hollow trunk offered her shelter, she climbed into it and remained concealed from view, excepting her charming head, which framed by the leaves, was reflected below in the clear water.

Now there resided in the neighborhood a lady who every morning sent her slave, a negress, to fetch water from the spring. Chloe, for so the African was called, came that day as usual, carrying a pitcher upon her head; but at the moment of filling it she caught sight of the fairy’s reflection in the water. The foolish woman, who had never looked at herself in any mirror, imagined that it was her own reflection, and exclaimed—

“Poor Chloe! To think of such a beautiful creature as you being sent to fetch water like a beast of burden! Never shall you do it more!”

And in her vanity she broke the pitcher and returned home. When her mistress asked how the pitcher had been broken, she answered, shrugging her shoulders—

“The pitcher may often go to the well, but it is broken at last.”

Whereupon the lady gave her a little wooden cask, and enjoined her to go at once to the spring and fill it.

The negress ran to the fountain, and gazing fondly at the image in the water, she sighed and said—

“No, I am *not* like a monkey, though they are always telling me so. I am far more beautiful than my mistress. It is for donkeys to carry casks!” Then taking up the barrel, she threw it with such force to the ground that it was broken to pieces; and she went back to the house grumbling.

When her mistress, who was waiting for her, inquired what had become of the cask, the slave, in a passion, said—

“A donkey ran up against me, and the cask fell down and was broken.”

At these words her mistress almost lost patience; but taking down a leathern bottle from the wall, she said—

“Run and bring back this bottle full of water immediately.”

The negress, frightened, took to her heels and ran once more to the spring. But, when she had filled the leathern bottle, Chloe gazed at the stream, and again seeing the reflection, cried passionately—

“No, I will never be a water-carrier. I am not made to be worked to death like a dog by an angry mistress!”

Saying this, she drew out of her hair the long pin which fastened it, and pricking the bottle through and through, she made it into a watering-pot, whence a thousand jets issued. At this sight the fairy began to laugh in her hiding-place, and the negress, looking up, saw the lovely young girl, and understood her mistake.

Thereupon in her gentlest voice she asked—

“What are you doing up there, my pretty lady?”

The fairy, who was as good as she was beautiful, sought to comfort the slave by talking to her. Acquaintance was quickly made. The fairy confided to the negress all that had happened to the prince and herself, and how she was alone in the wood, and was every minute expecting Carlino to arrive in a grand carriage to conduct his bride to the king of the Tower of Rubies and to marry her in the presence of the whole court.

While the African listened a most wicked idea occurred to her.

“Madam,” she said, “your husband is approaching with all his suite, and I am sure you wish to look your best. Let me come up beside you and arrange your hair for you, for it is all in disorder.”

“You are as welcome as flowers in May,” replied the fairy, with a winning smile.

Scarcely had she climbed up than the wicked slave let down the fairy’s hair and began to comb it; then suddenly taking out her own long pin, she plunged it into her companion. On feeling herself wounded, the fairy cried out—

“Ring-dove! ring-dove!”

All at once she turned into a ring-dove and flew away. Whereupon the negress calmly took her place, and thrust her black head out of the leafy frame.

In the meantime the prince, mounted upon a magnificent charger, hastened back at full gallop, leaving behind him a long cavalcade. Poor Carlino! He found a crow where he had left a swan. He nearly fainted, and when he tried to speak, tears choked his voice. In vain he looked round on every side, seeking his beloved; at last the negress, putting on the expression of a martyr, said to him, casting her eyes on the ground—

“Your search is vain, prince. A wicked fairy has made me her victim, and a miserable fate has changed your lily into a coal.”

Carlino, like a true prince, would not go back from his word. He gallantly gave his hand to Chloe and helped her to descend from the tree. The African was then attired as became a princess, and was decked with lace and diamonds, which only made her look still blacker than before. Carlino then placed her by his side in a gorgeous glass coach drawn by six white horses, and in this way he returned to the palace with little cheerful feeling, it may well be thought.

About a league from the castle they met the old king. The marvelous tales of his son had turned his head. In spite of etiquette and chamberlains he was hastening to

behold the incomparable beauty of his daughter-in-law. But when, in place of the dove he had been promised, he saw a crow—

“Per baccho!” he cried, “this is a little too much! I knew that my son was mad, but I had not been told that he was blind too. Is this the incomparable lily that he went to the world’s end to find? Is this the rose fresher than the dawn, the miracle of beauty that emerged from a lemon? Can anybody suppose that I will put up with this fresh insult? Do they think that I will leave the empire of the Tower of Rubies, the glorious heritage of my ancestors, to negroes? I will not allow her to enter my palace.”

The prince threw himself at his father’s feet and tried to move him. The prime minister, a man of great experience, represented to his royal master and to the court, that white often became black and *vice versa*, and that there was nothing to be surprised at in such a very natural metamorphosis in the maiden, who would doubtless return on the morrow to her pristine fairness. So in the end he yielded, and consented to this singular union. The *Court Gazette* announced to the whole kingdom what a happy choice the prince had made, and enjoined good subjects to rejoice.

The nuptials were not to take place for a week, as it required that length of time to make all the preparations for so grand a ceremony.

The negress was installed in a magnificent suite of apartments, great ladies disputed the honor of putting on her slippers, and duchesses obtained, not without difficulty, the glorious privilege of dressing her. The town and the castle were adorned with flags of every color, walls were pulled down, avenues were planted, the roads were fresh-graveled, old compliments were polished up, and old speeches re-furbished. Throughout the kingdom the order went forth that the prince was to be congratulated on having chosen a wife so worthy of him.

A hundred and fifty cooks and three hundred scullions set to work under the direction of the famous Bouchibus, the king’s *chef*. Sucking pigs were killed, sheep were

cut up, capons were larded, pigeons were plucked, turkeys were spitted, and there was a general massacre of the feathered tribe, for no feast was ever complete to which the poultry yard had not largely contributed.

In the midst of all this excitement a beautiful wood-pigeon, with bluish wings, came and perched close by the window of the kitchen. In a soft, plaintive voice it sang, sighing these words—

“Roocoo, roocoo, roocoo,
What will the prince and the negress do?”

The great Bouchibus was too much occupied with public matters to pay any attention to the cooing of a pigeon, but as it went on, he noticed that the bird spoke, and he determined to announce this marvelous fact to his new mistress. The African did not disdain to visit the kitchen, and as soon as she had listened to the bird, she gave orders to the *chef* to catch the pigeon and make it into a pie.

No sooner said than done. The poor bird let itself be caught without making any resistance. In an instant Bouchibus cut off its head. Three drops of blood fell on the ground, and three days later a beautiful little lemon-tree appeared out of the ground, which grew so fast that before night it was in flower.

Now it happened that as the prince was breathing the fresh air on his balcony, this lemon-tree attracted his attention. He could not remember having seen it there before, so he called the cook and asked him who had planted it. Bouchibus's account puzzled Carlino very much, and he commanded that no one was to touch the lemon-tree, and that the greatest care was to be taken of it.

The next morning on waking, the prince hastened to the garden, where he found three lemons already on the tree, similar to those that the Fate had given him. Carlino gathered them and locked himself into his suite of rooms.

With a trembling hand he poured some water into a gold cup, ornamented with rubies, which had belonged

to his mother, and then opened the knife which he always carried about with him.

He cut one lemon, and out came the first fairy, but Carlino scarcely looked at her and she disappeared; the same thing occurred with the second, but as soon as the third one appeared, the prince handed her the cup, out of which she drank, smiling, looking more lovely than ever.

Then the fairy related to the young prince all she had suffered at the hands of the wicked negress, and Carlino, almost out of his mind, made such a noise that the king came hurrying to the apartment. And now it was his turn to go mad. Then suddenly he frowned, and throwing a veil over his intended daughter-in-law, which covered her from head to foot, he led her by the hand into the dining-hall.

It was breakfast-time, and ministers and courtiers were standing at a long table, superbly spread, awaiting the arrival of the king and prince. The king summoned them to him in turn, and as each approached the fairy, he lifted her veil and inquired—

“What ought to be done to the person who wished to kill this miracle of loveliness?”

Each one, dazzled by the fairy's beauty, gave a different reply. Some said one thing and some another.

When it was the negress's turn she came forward unsuspectingly, for she did not recognize the fairy.

“Sire,” she said to the king, “the monster who could be cruel to this charming person assuredly deserves to be burned, and to have his ashes scattered to the winds.”

“You have condemned yourself out of your own mouth,” cried the king of the Tower of Rubies. “Wretched woman, behold thy victim, and prepare to die!”

“Sire,” said the maiden, taking hold of the king's hand, “your majesty will not refuse me a wedding present?”

“Certainly not, my child,” replied the old king, “ask whatever you like, and even if it is my crown, I will give it to you gladly!”

“Sire,” rejoined the fairy, “grant me then the life of this unhappy woman. Allow me to make her happy, and to teach her that goodness here below consists in loving.”

“My daughter,” replied the king, “it is easy to see you are a fairy. You do not understand human justice. However, tame her at your own risk. I will not oppose your wishes.”

The fairy raised the negress, who was kissing her hand and weeping. All then sat down to table.

When the good king died, at a ripe old age, Carlino and his gentle wife ascended the throne, and, during a reign of half a century (if we may believe history), they never once increased the taxes, or caused a single tear to be shed, or one drop of blood. More than a thousand years afterward the people of the Tower of Rubies would sigh when they talked of that bygone age, and it was not only the children in that kingdom who longed for the return of the good old times when fairies reigned.

PROSPERO AND MIRANDA.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

We have called this an Italian legend because the characters and scenes are mainly Italian; but just what sources Shakespeare drew upon for this story is not very fully known.

AS TOLD BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very

From “Tales from Shakespeare.” By Charles and Mary Lamb.

useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks, Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have

raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child?"

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my estate affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

“Wherefore,” said Miranda, “did they not that hour destroy us?”

“My child,” answered her father, “they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.”

“O my father,” said Miranda, “what a trouble must I have been to you then!”

“No, my love,” said Prospero, “you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since then my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.”

“Heaven thank you, my dear father,” said Miranda. “Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?”

“Know then,” said her father, “that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.”

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship’s company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

“Well, my brave spirit,” said Prospero to Ariel, “how have you performed your task?”

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king’s son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. “But he is safe,” said Ariel, “in a corner of





THE TEMPEST

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. HAMILTON, R. A.

This illustration from the famous Boydell Shakespeare, represents Ariel singing in the second scene of the first act of "The Tempest" the song:

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And sweet-sprites bear.

the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand,

and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

“O my young gentleman,” said Ariel, when he saw him, “I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me.” He then began singing,

“Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,— Ding-dong, bell.”

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel’s voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

“Miranda,” said Prospero, “tell me what you are looking at yonder.”

“O father,” said Miranda, in a strange surprise, “surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?”

“No, girl,” answered her father; “it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.”

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself,

when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter

know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much

as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, re-

pented the injustice they had done to Prospero: and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero: “if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother’s forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, “I have a gift in store for you too”; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

“O wonder!” said Miranda, “what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.”

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. “Who is this maid?” said he; “she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together.” “No, sir,” answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when first he saw Miranda, “she is a mortal,

but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to

wander, uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

THE JELLY FISH AND THE MONKEY.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

BY YEI THEODORA OZAKI.

LONG, long ago, in old Japan, the Kingdom of the Sea was governed by a wonderful King. He was called Rin Jin, or the Dragon King of the Sea. His power was immense, for he was the ruler of all sea creatures both great and small, and in his keeping were the Jewels of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide. The Jewel of the Ebbing Tide when thrown into the ocean caused the sea to recede from the land, and the Jewel of the Flowing Tide made the waves to rise mountains high and to flow in upon the shore like a tidal wave.

The Palace of Rin Jin was at the bottom of the sea, and was so beautiful that no one has ever seen anything like it even in dreams. The walls were of coral, the roof of jadestone and chrysoprase, and the floors were of the finest mother-of-pearl. But the Dragon King, in spite of his widespreading Kingdom, his beautiful Palace and all its wonders, and his power, which none disputed throughout the whole sea, was not at all happy, for he reigned alone. At last he thought that if he married he would not only be happier, but also more powerful. So he decided to take a wife. Calling all his fish retainers together, he chose several of them as ambassadors to go through the sea and seek for a young Dragon Princess who would be his bride.

At last they returned to the Palace bringing with them a lovely young dragon. Her scales were of a glittering green like the wings of summer beetles, her eyes threw out glances of fire, and she was dressed in gorgeous robes. All the jewels of the sea worked in with embroidery adorned them.

The King fell in love with her at once, and the wedding

From the Japanese Fairy Book by Yei Theodora Ozaki. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

ceremony was celebrated with great splendor. Every living thing in the sea, from the great whales down to the little shrimps, came in shoals to offer their congratulations to the bride and bridegroom and to wish them a long and prosperous life. Never had there been such an assemblage or such gay festivities in the Fish-World before. The train of bearers who carried the bride's possessions to her new home seemed to reach across the waves from one end of the sea to the other. Each fish carried a phosphorescent lantern and was dressed in ceremonial robes, gleaming blue and pink and silver; and the waves as they rose and fell and broke that night seemed to be rolling masses of white and green fire, for the phosphorus shone with double brilliancy in honor of the event.

Now for a time the Dragon King and his bride lived very happily. They loved each other dearly, and the bridegroom day after day took delight in showing his bride all the wonders and treasures of his coral Palace, and she was never tired of wandering with him through its vast halls and gardens. Life seemed to them both like a long summer's day.

Two months passed in this happy way, and then the Dragon Queen fell ill and was obliged to stay in bed. The King was greatly troubled when he saw his precious bride so ill, and at once sent for the fish doctor to come and give her some medicine. He gave special orders to the servants to nurse her carefully and to wait upon her with diligence, but in spite of all the nurses' care and the doctors' medicine, the young Queen showed no signs of recovery, but grew daily worse.

Then the Dragon King interviewed the doctor and blamed him for not curing the Queen. The doctor was alarmed at Rin Jin's evident displeasure, and excused his want of skill by saying that although he knew the right kind of medicine to give the invalid, it was impossible to find it in the sea.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can not get the medicine here?" asked the Dragon King.

"It is just as you say!" said the doctor.

“Tell me what it is you want for the Queen?” demanded Rin Jin.

“I want the liver of a live monkey!” answered the doctor.

“The liver of a monkey! Of course that will be most difficult to get,” said the King.

“If we could only get that for the Queen, Her Majesty would soon recover,” said the doctor.

“Very well, that decides it; we *must* get it somehow or other. But where are we most likely to find a monkey?” asked the King.

Then the doctor told the Dragon King that some distance to the south there was a Monkey Island where a great many monkeys lived.

“If only you could capture one of those monkeys?” said the doctor.

“How can any of my people capture a monkey?” said the Dragon King, greatly puzzled. “The monkeys live on dry land, while we live in the water; and out of our element we are quite powerless! I do not see what we can do!”

“That has been my difficulty too,” said the doctor. “But amongst your innumerable servants, you surely can find one who can go on shore for that express purpose!”

“Something must be done,” said the King, and calling his chief steward he consulted him on the matter.

The chief steward thought for some time, and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, said joyfully:

“I know what we must do! There is the *kurage* (jelly fish). He is certainly ugly to look at, but he is proud of being able to walk on land with his four legs like a tortoise. Let us send him to the Island of Monkeys to catch one.”

The jelly fish was then summoned to the King’s presence, and was told by His Majesty what was required of him.

The jelly fish, on being told of the unexpected mission which was to be entrusted to him, looked very troubled, and said that he had never been to the island in question,

and as he had never had any experience in catching monkeys, he was afraid that he would not be able to get one.

“Well,” said the chief steward, “if you depend on your strength or dexterity you will never catch a monkey. The only way is to play a trick on one!”

“How can I play a trick on a monkey? I do not know how to do it,” said the perplexed jelly fish.

“This is what you must do,” said the wily chief steward. “When you approach the Island of Monkeys and meet some of them, you must try to get very friendly with one. Tell him that you are a servant of the Dragon King, and invite him to come and visit you and see the Dragon King’s Palace. Try and describe to him as vividly as you can the grandeur of the Palace and the wonders of the sea so as to arouse his curiosity and make him long to see it all!”

“But how am I to get the monkey here? You know monkeys don’t swim!” said the reluctant jelly fish.

“You must carry him on your back. What is the use of your shell if you can’t do that!” said the chief steward.

“Won’t he be very heavy?” asked *kurage* again.

“You mustn’t mind that, for you are working for the Dragon King!” replied the chief steward.

“I will do my best then,” said the jelly fish, and he swam away from the Palace and started off towards the Monkey Island. Swimming swiftly he reached his destination in a few hours, and was landed by a convenient wave upon the shore. On looking round he saw not far away a big pine-tree with drooping branches, and on one of those branches was just what he was looking for—a live monkey.

“I’m in luck!” thought the jelly fish. “Now I must flatter the creature and try to entice him to come back with me to the Palace, and my part will be done!”

So the jelly fish slowly walked towards the pine-tree. In those ancient days the jelly fish had four legs and a hard shell like a tortoise. When he got to the pine-tree he raised his voice and said:

“How do you do, Mr. Monkey? Isn’t it a lovely day?”

“A very fine day,” answered the monkey from the tree. “I have never seen you in this part of the world before. Where have you come from and what is your name?”

“My name is *kurage* or jelly fish. I am one of the servants of the Dragon King. I have heard so much of your beautiful island that I have come on purpose to see it,” answered the jelly fish.

“I am very glad to see you,” said the monkey.

“By-the-bye,” said the jelly fish, “have you ever seen the Palace of the Dragon King of the Sea where I live?”

“I have often heard of it, but I have never seen it!” answered the monkey.

“Then you ought most surely to come. It is a great pity for you to go through life without seeing it. The beauty of the Palace is beyond all description—it is certainly to my mind the most lovely place in the world,” said the jelly fish.

“Is it so beautiful as all that?” asked the monkey in astonishment.

Then the jelly fish saw his chance, and went on describing to the best of his ability the beauty and grandeur of the Sea King’s Palace, and the wonders of the garden with its curious trees of white, pink and red coral, and the still more curious fruits like great jewels hanging on the branches. The monkey grew more and more interested, and as he listened he came down the tree step by step so as not to lose a word of the wonderful story.

“I have got him at last!” thought the jelly fish, but aloud he said:

“Mr. Monkey, I must now go back. As you have never seen the Palace of the Dragon King, will you not avail yourself of this splendid opportunity by coming with me? I shall then be able to act as guide and show you all the sights of the sea, which will be even more wonderful to you—a land-lubber.”

“I should like to go,” said the monkey, “but how am I to cross the water? I can not swim, as you surely know!”

“There is no difficulty about that. I can carry you on my back.”

“That will be troubling you too much,” said the monkey.

“I can do it quite easily. I am stronger than I look, so you need not hesitate,” said the jelly fish, and taking the monkey on his back he stepped into the sea.

“Keep very still, Mr. Monkey,” said the jelly fish. “You must not fall into the sea; I am responsible for your safe arrival at the King’s Palace.”

“Please do not go so fast, or I am sure I shall fall off,” said the monkey.

Thus they went along, the jelly fish skimming through the waves with the monkey sitting on his back. When they were about half-way, the jelly fish, who knew very little of anatomy, began to wonder if the monkey had his liver with him or not!

“Mr. Monkey, tell me, have you such a thing as a liver with you?”

The monkey was very much surprised at this queer question, and asked what the jelly fish wanted with a liver.

“That is the most important thing of all,” said the stupid jelly fish, “so as soon as I recollected it, I asked you if you had yours with you?”

“Why is my liver so important to you?” asked the monkey.

“Oh! you will learn the reason later,” said the jelly fish.

The monkey grew more and more curious and suspicious, and urged the jelly fish to tell him for what his liver was wanted, and ended by appealing to his hearer’s feelings saying that he was very troubled at what he had been told.

Then the jelly fish, seeing how anxious the monkey looked, was sorry for him, and told him everything. How the Dragon Queen had fallen ill, and how the doctor said that only the liver of a live monkey would cure her, and how the Dragon King had sent him to find one.

“Now I have done as I was told, and as soon as we

arrive at the Palace the doctor will want your liver, so I feel sorry for you!" said the silly jelly fish.

The poor monkey was horrified when he learnt all this, and very angry at the trick played upon him. He trembled with fear at the thought of what was in store for him.

But the monkey was a clever animal, and he thought it the wisest plan not to show any sign of the fear he felt, so he tried to calm himself and to think of some way by which he might escape.

"The doctor means to take my liver! Why I shall die!" thought the monkey. At last a bright thought struck him, so he said quite cheerfully to the jelly fish:

"What a pity it was, Mr. Jelly Fish, that you did not speak of this before we left the island!"

"If I had told you why I wanted you to accompany me you would certainly have refused to come," answered the jelly fish.

"You are quite mistaken," said the monkey. "Monkeys can very well spare a liver or two, especially when it is wanted for the Dragon Queen of the Sea. If I had only guessed of what you were in need, I should have presented you with one without waiting to be asked. I have several livers. But the greatest pity is, that as you did not speak in time, I have left all my livers hanging on the pine-tree."

"Have you left your liver behind you?" asked the jelly fish.

"Yes," said the cunning monkey, "during the daytime I usually leave my liver hanging up on the branch of a tree, as it is very much in the way when I am climbing about from tree to tree. To-day, listening to your interesting conversation, I quite forgot it, and left it behind when I came off with you. If only you had spoken in time I should have remembered it, and should have brought it along with me!"

The jelly fish was greatly disappointed when he heard this, for he believed every word the monkey said. The monkey was no good without a liver. Finally the jelly fish stopped and told the monkey so.

“Well,” said the monkey, “that is soon remedied. I am really sorry to think of all your trouble; but if you will only take me back to the place where you found me, I shall soon be able to get my liver.”

The jelly fish did not at all like the idea of going all the way back to the island again; but the monkey assured him that if he would be so kind as to take him back he would get his very best liver, and bring it with him the next time. Thus persuaded, the jelly fish turned his course towards the Monkey Island once more.

No sooner had the jelly fish reached the shore than the sly monkey landed, and getting up into the pine-tree where the jelly fish had first seen him, he danced among the branches with joy at being safe home again, and then looking down at the jelly fish said:

“So many thanks for all the trouble you have taken! Please present my compliments to the Dragon King on your return!”

The jelly fish wondered at this speech and the mocking tone in which it was uttered. Then he asked the monkey if it wasn't his intention to come with him at once after getting his liver.

The monkey replied laughingly that he couldn't afford to lose his liver; it was too precious.

“But remember your promise!” pleaded the jelly fish, now very discouraged.

“That promise was false, and anyhow it is now broken!” answered the monkey. Then he began to jeer at the jelly fish and told him that he had been deceiving him the whole time; that he had no wish to lose his life, which he certainly would have done had he gone on to the Sea King's palace to the old doctor waiting for him, instead of persuading the jelly fish to return under false pretences.

“Of course, I won't *give* you my liver, but come and get it if you can!” added the monkey mockingly from the tree.

There was nothing for the jelly fish to do now but to repent of his stupidity, and return to the Dragon King of the Sea and confess his failure, so he started sadly and

slowly to swim back. The last thing he heard as he glided away, leaving the island behind him, was the monkey laughing at him.

Meanwhile the Dragon King, the doctor, the chief steward, and all the servants were waiting impatiently for the return of the jelly fish. When they caught sight of him approaching the Palace, they hailed him with delight. They began to thank him profusely for all the trouble he had taken in going to Monkey Island, and then they asked him where the monkey was.

Now the day of reckoning had come for the jelly fish. He quaked all over as he told his story. How he had brought the monkey half-way over the sea, and then had stupidly let out the secret of his commission; how the monkey had deceived him by making him believe that he had left his liver behind him.

The Dragon King's wrath was great, and he at once gave orders that the jelly fish was to be severely punished. The punishment was a horrible one. He was to lose all his bones.

The poor jelly fish, humiliated and horrified beyond all words, cried out for pardon. But the Dragon King's order had to be obeyed. The servants of the Palace made him lose his bones and then took him out beyond the Palace gates and threw him into the water. Here he was left to repent his foolish chattering, and to grow accustomed to his new state of bonelessness.

From this story it is evident that in former times the jelly fish once had a shell and bones something like a tortoise, but, ever since the Dragon King's sentence was carried out on the ancestor of the jelly fishes, his descendants have all been soft and boneless just as you see them to-day thrown up by the waves high upon the shores of Japan.

THE STORY OF URASHIMA TARO, THE FISHER LAD.

A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

BY YEI THEODORA OZAKI.

There are several elements in this story which remind us of the fairy tales of other lands. The Land of Eternal Youth reminds us of a very old Irish legend; the incident of the box reminds us of that of Pandora; and the long absence and subsequent return, of the famous legend of Rip Van Winkle.

LONG, long ago in the province of Tango there lived on the shore of Japan in the little fishing village of Mizu-no-ye a young fisherman named Urashima Taro. His father had been a fisherman before him, and his skill had more than doubly descended to his son, for Urashima was the most skilful fisher in all that country side, and could catch more in a day than his comrades could in a week.

But he was known for his kind heart more than for being a clever fisher. In his whole life he had never hurt anything, either great or small, and when a boy, his companions had always laughed at him, for he would never join with them in teasing animals, but always tried to keep them from this cruel sport.

One soft summer twilight he was going home at the end of a day's fishing when he came upon a group of children. They were all screaming and talking, and seemed to be in a state of great excitement about something, and on his going up to them to see what was the matter he saw that they were tormenting a tortoise. First one boy pulled it this way, then another boy pulled it that way, while a third child beat it with a stick, and the fourth hammered its shell with a stone.

Now Urashima felt very sorry for the poor tortoise and made up his mind to rescue it. He spoke to the boys:

From *The Japanese Fairy Book*. By Yei Theodora Ozaki. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

“Look here, boys, you are treating that poor tortoise so badly that it will soon die!”

The boys took no notice of Urashima's gentle reproof, but went on teasing it as before. One of the older boys answered:

“Who cares whether it lives or dies? We do not. Here, boys, go on, go on!”

And they began to treat the poor tortoise more cruelly than ever. Urashima waited a moment, turning over in his mind what would be the best way to deal with the boys. He would try to persuade them to give the tortoise up to him, so he smiled at them and said:

“I am sure you are all good, kind boys! Now won't you give me the tortoise? I should like to have it so much!”

“No, we won't give you the tortoise,” said one of the boys. “Why should we? We caught it ourselves.”

“What you say is true,” said Urashima, “but I do not ask you to give it to me for nothing. I will give you some money for it. Won't that do for you, my boys?” He held up the money to them, strung on a piece of string through a hole in the centre of each coin. “Look, boys, you can buy anything you like with this money. You can do much more with this money than you can with that poor tortoise.”

The boys were not bad boys at all, they were only mischievous, and as Urashima spoke they were won by his kind smile and gentle words and began “to be of his spirit,” as they say in Japan. Gradually they all came up to him, the ringleader of the little band holding out the tortoise to him.

“Very well, Ojisan, we will give you the tortoise if you will give us the money!” And Urashima took the tortoise and gave the money to the boys, who, calling to each other, scampered away and were soon out of sight.

Then Urashima stroked the tortoise's back, saying as he did so:

“Oh, you poor thing! Poor thing!—there, there! you are safe now! They say that a stork lives for a thousand years, but the tortoise for ten thousand years. You have

the longest life of any creature in this world, and you were in great danger of having that precious life cut short by those cruel boys. Luckily I was passing by and saved you, and so life is still yours. Now I am going to take you back to your home, the sea, at once. Do not let yourself be caught again, for there might be no one to save you next time!"

All the time that the kind fisherman was speaking he was walking quickly to the shore and out upon the rocks; then putting the tortoise into the water he watched the animal disappear, and turned homewards himself, for he was tired and the sun had set.

The next morning Urashima went out as usual in his boat. The weather was fine and the sea and sky were both blue and soft in the tender haze of the summer morning. Urashima got into his boat and dreamily pushed out to sea, throwing his line as he did so. He soon passed the other fishing boats and left them behind him till they were lost to sight in the distance, and his boat drifted further and further out upon the blue waters. Somehow, he knew not why, he felt unusually happy that morning; and he could not help wishing that, like the tortoise he set free the day before, he had thousands of years to live instead of his own short span of human life.

He was suddenly startled from his reverie by hearing his own name called:

"Urashima, Urashima!"

Clear as a bell and soft as the summer wind the name floated over the sea.

He stood up and looked in every direction, thinking that one of the other boats had overtaken him, but gaze as he might over the wide expanse of water, near or far there was no sign of a boat, so the voice could not have come from any human being.

Startled, and wondering who or what it was that had called him so clearly, he looked in all directions round about him and saw that without his knowing it a tortoise had come to the side of the boat. Urashima saw with surprise that it was the very tortoise he had rescued the day before.

“Well, Mr. Tortoise,” said Urashima, “was it you who called my name just now?”

The tortoise nodded its head several times, and said:

“Yes, it was I. Yesterday you saved my life, and I have come to offer you my thanks and to tell you how grateful I am for your kindness to me.”

“Indeed,” said Urashima, “that is very polite of you. Come up into the boat. I would offer you a smoke, but as you are a tortoise doubtless you do not smoke,” and the fisherman laughed at the joke.

“He—he—he—he!” laughed the tortoise; “rice wine is my favorite refreshment, but I do not care for tobacco.”

“Indeed,” said Urashima, “I regret very much that I have no wine in my boat to offer you, but come up and dry your back in the sun—tortoises always love to do that.”

So the tortoise climbed into the boat, the fisherman helping him, and after an exchange of complimentary speeches the tortoise said:

“Have you ever seen Rin Gin, the Palace of the Dragon King of the Sea, Urashima?”

The fisherman shook his head and replied: “No; year after year the sea has been my home, but though I have often heard of the Dragon King’s realm under the sea I have never yet set eyes on that wonderful place. It must be very far away, if it exists at all!”

“Is that really so? You have never seen the Sea King’s Palace? Then you have missed seeing one of the most wonderful sights in the whole world. It is far away at the bottom of the sea, but if I take you there we shall soon reach the place. If you would like to see the Sea King’s land I will be your guide.”

“I should like to go there, certainly, and you are very kind to think of taking me, but you must remember that I am only a poor mortal and have not the power of swimming like a sea creature such as you are——”

Before the fisherman could say more the tortoise stopped him, saying:

“What? You need not swim yourself. If you will ride

on my back I will take you without any trouble on your part."

"But," said Urashima, "how is it possible for me to ride on your small back?"

"It may seem absurd to you, but I assure you that you can do so. Try at once! Just come and get on my back, and see if it is as impossible as you think!"

As the tortoise finished speaking, Urashima looked at its shell, and strange to say he saw that the creature had suddenly grown so big that a man could easily sit on its back.

"This is strange indeed!" said Urashima; "then, Mr. Tortoise, with your kind permission I will get on your back."

The tortoise, as if this strange proceeding were quite an ordinary event, said:

"Now we will set out at our leisure," and with these words he leapt into the sea with Urashima on his back. Down through the water the tortoise dived. For a long time these two strange companions rode through the sea. Urashima never grew tired, nor his clothes moist with the water. At last, far away in the distance, a magnificent gate appeared, and behind the gate, the long, sloping roofs of a palace on the horizon.

"Ya," exclaimed Urashima, "that looks like the gate of some large palace just appearing! Mr. Tortoise, can you tell what that place is we can now see?"

"That is the great gate of the Rin Gin Palace. The large roof that you see behind the gate is the Sea King's Palace itself."

"Then we have at last come to the realm of the Sea King and to his Palace," said Urashima.

"Yes, indeed," answered the tortoise, "and do you not think we have come very quickly?" And while he was speaking the tortoise reached the side of the gate. "And here we are, and you must please walk from here."

The tortoise now went in front, and speaking to the gate-keeper said:

"This is Urashima Taro, from the country of Japan.

I have had the honor of bringing him as a visitor to this kingdom. Please show him the way."

Then the gatekeeper, who was a fish, at once led the way through the gate before them.

The red bream, the flounder, the sole, the cuttlefish, and all the chief vassals of the Dragon King of the Sea now came out with courtly bows to welcome the stranger.

"Urashima Sama, Urashima Sama! welcome to the Sea Palace, the home of the Dragon King of the Sea. Thrice welcome are you, having come from such a distant country. And you, Mr. Tortoise, we are greatly indebted to you for all your trouble in bringing Urashima here." Then, turning again to Urashima, they said, "Please follow us this way," and from here the whole band of fishes became his guides.

Urashima, being only a poor fisher lad, did not know how to behave in a palace; but, strange though it all was to him, he did not feel ashamed or embarrassed, but followed his kind guides quite calmly where they led to the inner palace. When he reached the portals a beautiful Princess with her attendant maidens came out to welcome him. She was more beautiful than any human being, and was robed in flowing garments of red and soft green like the under side of a wave, and golden threads glimmered through the folds of her gown. Her lovely black hair streamed over her shoulders in the fashion of a king's daughter many hundreds of years ago, and when she spoke her voice sounded like music over the water. Urashima was lost in wonder while he looked upon her, and he could not speak.

Then he remembered that he ought to bow, but before he could make a low obeisance the Princess took him by the hand and led him to a beautiful hall, and to the seat of honor at the upper end, and bade him be seated.

"Urashima Taro, it gives me the highest pleasure to welcome you to my father's kingdom," said the Princess. "Yesterday you set free a tortoise, and I have sent for you to thank you for saving my life, for I was that tortoise. Now if you like you shall live here for ever in the land of eternal youth, where summer never dies and

where sorrow never comes, and I will be your bride if you will, and we will live together happily for ever afterwards!"

And as Urashima listened to her sweet words and gazed upon her lovely face his heart was filled with a great wonder and joy, and he answered her, wondering if it was not all a dream:

"Thank you a thousand times for your kind speech. There is nothing I could wish for more than to be permitted to stay here with you in this beautiful land, of which I have often heard, but have never seen to this day. Beyond all words, this is the most wonderful place I have ever seen."

While he was speaking a train of fishes appeared, all dressed in ceremonial, trailing garments. One by one, silently and with stately steps, they entered the hall, bearing on coral trays delicacies such as no one can dream of, and this wondrous feast was set before the bride and bridegroom. The bridal was celebrated with dazzling splendor, and in the Sea King's realm there was great rejoicing. As soon as the young pair had pledged themselves in the wedding cup of wine, three times three, music was played, and songs were sung, and fishes with silver scales and golden tails stepped in from the waves and danced. Urashima enjoyed himself with all his heart. Never in his whole life had he sat down to such a marvellous feast.

When the feast was over the Princess asked the bridegroom if he would like to walk through the palace and see all there was to be seen. Then the happy fisherman, following his bride, the Sea King's daughter, was shown all the wonders of that enchanted land where youth and joy go hand in hand and neither time nor age can touch them.

The palace was built of coral and adorned with pearls, and the beauties and wonders of the place were so great that the tongue fails to describe them.

But, to Urashima, more wonderful than the palace was the garden that surrounded it. Here was to be seen at one time the scenery of the four different seasons; the

beauties of summer and winter, spring and autumn, were displayed to the wondering visitor at once.

First, when he looked to the east, the plum and cherry trees were seen in full bloom, the nightingales sang in the pink avenues, and butterflies flitted from flower to flower.

Looking to the south all the trees were green in the fullness of summer, and the day cicada and the night cricket chirruped loudly.

Looking to the west the autumn maples were ablaze like a sunset sky, and the chrysanthemums were in perfection.

Looking to the north the change made Urashima start, for the ground was silver white with snow, and trees and bamboos were also covered with snow and the pond was thick with ice.

And each day there were new joys and new wonders for Urashima, and so great was his happiness that he forgot everything, even the home he had left behind and his parents and his own country, and three days passed without his even thinking of all he had left behind. Then his mind came back to him and he remembered who he was, and that he did not belong to this wonderful land or the Sea King's palace, and he said to himself:

"O dear! I must not stay on here, for I have an old father and mother at home. What can have happened to them all this time? How anxious they must have been these days when I did not return as usual. I must go back at once without letting one more day pass." And he began to prepare for the journey in great haste.

Then he went to his beautiful wife, the Princess, and bowing low before her he said:

"Indeed, I have been very happy with you for a long time, Otohime Sama" (for that was her name), "and you have been kinder to me than any words can tell. But now I must say good-bye. I must go back to my old parents."

Then Otohime Sama began to weep, and said softly and sadly:

"Is it not well with you here, Urashima, that you wish

to leave me so soon? Where is the haste? Stay with me yet another day only!"

But Urashima had remembered his old parents, and in Japan the duty to parents is stronger than everything else, stronger even than pleasure or love, and he would not be persuaded, but answered:

"Indeed, I must go. Do not think that I wish to leave you. It is not that. I must go and see my old parents. Let me go for one day and I will come back to you."

"Then," said the Princess sorrowfully, "there is nothing to be done. I will send you back to-day to your father and mother, and instead of trying to keep you with me one more day, I shall give you this as a token of our love—please take it back with you"; and she brought him a beautiful lacquer box tied about with a silken cord and tassels of red silk.

Urashima had received so much from the Princess already that he felt some compunction in taking the gift, and said:

"It does not seem right for me to take yet another gift from you after all the many favors I have received at your hands, but because it is your wish I will do so," and then he added:

"Tell me what is this box?"

"That," answered the Princess, "is the Box of the Jewel Hand, and it contains something very precious. You must not open this box, whatever happens! If you open it something dreadful will happen to you! Now promise me that you will never open this box!"

And Urashima promised that he would never, never open the box whatever happened.

Then bidding good-bye to Otohime Sama he went down to the seashore, the Princess and her attendants following him, and there he found a large tortoise waiting for him.

He quickly mounted the creature's back and was carried away over the shining sea into the East. He looked back to wave his hand to Otohime Sama till at last he could see her no more, and the land of the Sea King and the roofs of the wonderful palace were lost in the far, far

distance. Then, with his face turned eagerly towards his own land, he looked for the rising of the blue hills on the horizon before him.

At last the tortoise carried him into the bay he knew so well, and to the shore from whence he had set out. He stepped on to the shore and looked about him while the tortoise rode away back to the Sea King's realm.

But what is the strange fear that seizes Urashima as he stands and looks about him? Why does he gaze so fixedly at the people that pass him by, and why do they in turn stand and look at him? The shore is the same and the hills are the same, but the people that he sees walking past him have very different faces from those he had known so well before.

Wondering what it can mean he walks quickly towards his old home. Even that looks different, but a house stands on the spot, and he calls out:

"Father, I have just returned!" and he was about to enter, when he saw a strange man coming out.

"Perhaps my parents have moved while I have been away, and have gone somewhere else," was the fisherman's thought. Somehow he began to feel strangely anxious, he could not tell why.

"Excuse me," said he to the man who was staring at him, "but till within the last few days I have lived in this house. My name is Urashima Taro. Where have my parents gone whom I left here?"

A very bewildered expression came over the face of the man, and, still gazing intently on Urashima's face, he said:

"What? Are you Urashima Taro?"

"Yes," said the fisherman, "I am Urashima Taro!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man, "you must not make such jokes. It is true that once upon a time a man called Urashima Taro did live in this village, but that is a story three hundred years old. He could not possibly be alive now!"

When Urashima heard these strange words he was frightened, and said:

"Please, please, you must not joke with me, for I am

greatly perplexed. I am really Urashima Taro, and I certainly have not lived three hundred years. Till four or five days ago I lived on this spot. Tell me what I want to know without more joking, please."

But the man's face grew more and more grave, and he answered:

"You may or may not be Urashima Taro, I don't know. But the Urashima Taro of whom I have heard is a man who lived three hundred years ago. Perhaps you are his spirit come to re-visit your old home?"

"Why do you mock me?" said Urashima. "I am no spirit! I am a living man—do you not see my feet"; and he stamped on the ground, first with one foot and then with the other to show the man. (Japanese ghosts have no feet.)

"But Urashima Taro lived three hundred years ago, that is all I know; it is written in the village chronicles," persisted the man, who could not believe what the fisherman said.

Urashima was lost in bewilderment and trouble. He stood looking all around him, terribly puzzled, and, indeed, something in the appearance of everything was different from what he remembered before he went away, and the awful feeling came over him that what the man said was perhaps true. He seemed to be in a strange dream. The few days he had spent in the Sea King's palace beyond the sea had not been days at all; they had been hundreds of years, and in that time his parents had died and all the people he had ever known, and the village had written down his story. There was no use in staying here any longer. He must get back to his beautiful wife beyond the sea.

He made his way back to the beach, carrying in his hand the box which the Princess had given him. But which was the way? He could not find it alone! Suddenly he remembered the box, the *Tamate-Bako*.

"The Princess told me when she gave me the box never to open it—that it contained a very precious thing. But now that I have no home, now that I have lost everything that was dear to me here, and my heart grows thin with

sadness, at such a time, if I open the box, surely I shall find something that will help me, something that will show me the way back to my beautiful Princess over the sea. There is nothing else for me to do now. Yes, yes, I will open the box and look in!"

And so his heart consented to this act of disobedience, and he tried to persuade himself that he was doing the right thing in breaking his promise.

Slowly, very slowly, he untied the red silk cord, slowly and wonderingly he lifted the lid of the precious box. And what did he find? Strange to say only a beautiful little purple cloud rose out of the box in three soft wisps. For an instant it covered his face and wavered over him as if loth to go, and then it floated away like vapor over the sea.

Urashima, who had been till that moment like a strong and handsome youth of twenty-four, suddenly became very, very old. His back doubled up with age, his hair turned snowy white, his face wrinkled and he fell down dead on the beach.

Poor Urashima! because of his disobedience he could never return to the Sea King's realm or the lovely Princess beyond the sea.

Little children, never be disobedient to those who are wiser than you, for disobedience was the beginning of all the miseries and sorrows of life.

A GOOD WOMAN.

A NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a farmer named Gudbrand, who lived in a lonely farmhouse, situated on a hill; so he went by the name of "Gudbrand of the Hill." Now this farmer had an excellent wife, and Gudbrand knew the value of such a treasure. The couple lived in perfect harmony, rejoicing in their mutual happiness, and without anxiety about the future. What-

From "Popular Tales from the Norse." By G. W. Dasent.

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ever Gudbrand did, his wife had thought of and wished for beforehand, so much so that her husband could do nothing without his partner thanking him for having divined and forestalled her wishes.

Their life was an easy one; the farm was their own, and they had a hundred crowns in the dresser, and two fine cows in the byre. They wanted for nothing, and could grow old peacefully, without needing assistance from any one.

One evening as they were talking together about their work and their projects, the wife said to her husband—

“My love, I think you ought to take one of the cows and sell it in the town. The one we keep will give us sufficient milk and butter, and why need we wish for more? We have no children. Had we not better spare ourselves all extra work now we are growing old? You will always find plenty of furniture and tools to repair, and I shall have more time to sit beside you with my distaff.”

Gudbrand agreed with his wife, as he always did, and the very next day he went to the town with the cow he intended to sell; but it was not a market day, and he found no purchaser.

“Never mind!” said Gudbrand, “at the worst I shall have nothing to do but take my cow home again. I have enough hay and litter for the beast, and the road is no longer one way than the other.”

Upon which he quietly retraced his steps homeward. At the end of some hours, when he was beginning to feel very tired, he met a man leading a horse to the town, a powerful-looking animal, saddled and bridled.

“The road is long, and the night is coming on,” thought Gudbrand; “I shall never get my cow home, and to-morrow I shall have to take the same journey over again. Now here is a horse which would suit me much better, and I should reach home as fresh as a lark. How pleased my wife would be to see me come back in triumph like a Roman emperor!”

Whereupon he stopped the horsedealer, and exchanged his cow for the horse. When once he was mounted, he

began to regret his bargain. Gudbrand was old and heavy, whilst the horse was young and skittish. At the end of half an hour the rider was walking on foot, holding the bridle over his arm, and dragging the horse after him, tossing its mane in the wind and shying at every stone in the road.

"This is a bad bargain," thought he; and at that moment he caught sight of a peasant driving before him a fat pig. "A nail is of use and is worth more than a diamond which only sparkles and is useless," said Gudbrand: "my wife often says so."

He then exchanged the horse for the pig.

It was a happy inspiration, but the good man had reckoned without his host. Piggy was tired and disinclined to move. Gudbrand remonstrated, prayed, implored, but all in vain. He dragged the pig by its snout, he pushed it from behind, and he beat it, but it was labor lost. The pig lay down in the dust like a vessel stranded in the mud.

The farmer was in despair, when a man passed him leading a goat, which ran and leaped in a most engaging manner.

"That is what I want!" cried Gudbrand; "that lively goat pleases me far more than this grunting, stupid pig." So without more ado he exchanged the pig for the goat.

All went well for the first half-hour. His new purchase dragged Gudbrand after her to his great amusement, but when a man is no longer young, he soon grows tired of climbing over rocks; so the farmer meeting a shepherd with his flock had no hesitation in bartering his goat for a sheep.

"I shall have as much milk," he said to himself, "and this beast at least will keep quiet, and will not disturb either my wife or myself."

Gudbrand was right; nothing could be more quiet than the sheep. It had no tricks and never butted, but it stood stock still and ba-a-ed incessantly after its companions and the more Gudbrand dragged it away the more pitifully it ba-a-ed.

"The stupid beast," cried Gudbrand; "it is as obsti-

nate and melancholy as my neighbor's wife. Who will take this wretched bleating sheep off my hands? I would be thankful to be rid of it at any price."

"That is a bargain, if you choose, old fellow," said a peasant who was passing.

"Take this fine fat goose in exchange for that miserable sheep which is at death's door."

"Agreed," said Gudbrand, "a live goose is better than a dead sheep;" so he carried off the goose. This was no easy task, for he found the bird a troublesome companion. Uncomfortable at no longer being on foot, it fought with its beak and claws and wings, and Gudbrand was soon tired out by the struggle.

"Ugh!" said he, "the goose is a wretched bird; my wife never cared to have one about the house." Upon which at the first farm he came to he exchanged the goose for a handsome rooster, with fine plumage and spurs.

This time he was satisfied. The rooster, it is true, from time to time crowed with a voice too hoarse to please delicate ears, but as its feet were tied, and its head hung down, it resigned itself to its fate and kept quiet. The only trouble was that it was getting late. Gudbrand, who had set out before dawn, found himself in the evening hungry and without any money. He had a long road still before him, and feeling faint for want of food, he took an heroic resolve. At the first road-side inn he came to, he sold the bird for half a crown, and as he had a good appetite, he spent the last halfpenny of it in satisfying his hunger.

"After all," thought he, "what use would a rooster be to me if I had died of hunger?"

As he drew near home, the farmer began to reflect on the singular way in which his journey had turned out. Before going in doors, he stopped at the house of his neighbor, Peter Greybeard, as he was called thereabouts.

"Well, gossip," said Greybeard, "how did your business in the town prosper?"

"So, so," replied Gudbrand; "I cannot say I have been lucky, but, on the other hand, I cannot complain." And he related all that had happened to him.

“Neighbor,” said Peter, “you have done a good day’s work; what a warm reception you will get from your wife. Heaven preserve you! I would not be in your shoes!”

“Well,” said Gudbrand of the Hill, “things might have turned out worse for me, but at present I am quite easy in my mind. Whether I was right or wrong, my wife is so good that she will not say a word about what I have done.”

“I hear what you say, neighbor, and I envy you; but, with all respect, allow me to say that I do not believe a word of it.”

“Come with me and you shall hear,” was the reply.

This arranged, the two friends entered Gudbrand’s house, but Peter staid at the door of the room to listen to the old couple.

“Good evening, wife,” said Gudbrand.

“Good evening,” replied the good woman. “Is it you, my friend? Heaven be praised! How have you sped?”

“Neither well nor ill,” answered Gudbrand; “when I reached the town, I found nobody to buy a cow, so I exchanged it for a horse.”

“For a horse!” said the wife, “that is capital! I am so glad! We shall now be able to go to church in a cart, and people who are no better than ourselves need no longer look down upon us. If we choose to keep a horse, I consider we have every right to do so. Where is the horse? It must be put into the stable.”

“I have not brought it home,” said Gudbrand, “for I changed my mind on the way, and I exchanged the horse for a pig.”

“Well, now,” said the wife, “that is just what I should have done. A thousand thanks! Now, when my neighbors come to see me, I shall have some ham to offer them. What do we want with a horse? People would say, ‘See how proud they are; too proud to go to church on foot!’ But the pig must be put into the sty.”

“I have not brought home the pig,” said Gudbrand, “for on the road I exchanged it for a goat.”

“Well done!” said the good woman. “What a

thoughtful man you are! When I think of it, what should I have done with a pig? People would have pointed at us and said: 'Look at those people, they eat up all they gain'; but with my goat I shall have milk and cheese, not to mention kids. Be quick and put the goat in the stable."

"I have not brought home the goat either," said Gudbrand, "for on the road home I exchanged it for a sheep."

"That is just like you," said the good wife; "you are so thoughtful for me, because I am too old to be running over hill and dale after a goat, but a sheep will give me wool and milk. Let us put it at once into the shed."

"I have not brought home the sheep either," returned Gudbrand; "I exchanged it on the way for a goose."

"Thanks, thanks, with all my heart!" said the good wife. "What should I have done with a sheep? I have neither loom nor spinning-wheel; besides it is hard work weaving, and when that is done, there is still the cutting out and sewing to do. It is simpler to buy our clothes as we have always done; but a goose—a fat goose—is what I have always wanted. I want some down for our quilt, and for a long time I have had a fancy to dine off roast goose. You must shut up the goose in the fowl-house."

"I have not brought home the goose either," said Gudbrand, "on the way I exchanged it for a rooster."

"Dearest!" said the good woman, "you are wiser than I. A rooster is capital; it is far better than a clock that has to be wound up every week. He crows every morning at four o'clock, and tells us that it is time to rise. But what should we do with a goose? I do not understand cookery, and as for my quilt, thank goodness, we have no lack of moss as soft as down. You must put the bird in the fowl-house."

"I have not brought the bird home either," said Gudbrand, "for at sunset I felt as hungry as a hunter, and I was obliged to sell it for half a crown; for if I had not done so I should have died of hunger."

"Heaven be praised that you had it to sell," said the excellent woman; "whatever you do, Gudbrand,

is sure to please me. What do you want with a rooster? We are our own masters, I fancy; no one can order us about, and we can stay in bed as late as we please. You are here, dearest, and that is all I want to make me quite happy. I only need one thing, which is to feel you near me."

Thereupon Gudbrand opened the door, and cried out—"Well, neighbor Peter, what do you say to that?"

He then kissed his old wife on both cheeks with as much pleasure and more tenderness than if she had been still twenty.

THE GLASS MOUNTAIN.

A POLISH FAIRY TALE.

BY H. KLETKE.

ONCE upon a time there was a glass mountain at the top of which stood a castle made of pure gold, and in front of the castle there grew an apple-tree on which there were golden apples.

Any one who picked an apple gained admittance into the golden castle, and there in a silver room sat an enchanted princess of surpassing fairness and beauty. She was as rich, too, as she was beautiful, for the cellars of the castle were full of precious stones, and great chests of the finest gold stood round the walls of all the rooms.

Many knights had come from afar to try their luck, but it was in vain they attempted to climb the mountain. In spite of having their horses shod with sharp nails, no one managed to get more than half-way up, and then they all fell back right down to the bottom of the steep slippery hill. Sometimes they broke an arm, sometimes a leg, and many a brave man had broken his neck.

The beautiful princess sat at her window and watched the bold knights trying to reach her on their splendid horses. The sight of her always gave men fresh courage, and they flocked from the four quarters of the globe to attempt the work of rescuing her. But all in vain, and

for seven years the princess had sat now and waited for some one to scale the glass mountain.

In three more days the seven years would be at an end, when a knight in golden armor and mounted on a spirited steed was seen making his way toward the fatal hill.

Urging his horse he made a rush at the mountain and got up half-way, then he calmly turned his horse's head and came down again without a slip or tumble. The following day he started in the same way; the horse trod on the glass as if it had been level earth, and sparks of fire flew from its hoofs. All the other knights gazed in astonishment, for he had almost gained the summit, and in another moment he would have reached the apple-tree; but of a sudden a huge eagle rose up and spread its mighty wings, hitting as it did so the knight's horse in the eye. The horse shied, opened its wide nostrils and tossed its mane, then rearing high up in the air, its hind feet slipped and it fell with its rider down the steep mountain side.

And now there was only one more day before the close of the seven years. Then there arrived on the scene a mere school-boy—a merry, happy-hearted youth, but at the same time strong and well grown. He saw how many knights had broken their necks in vain, but undaunted he approached the steep mountain on foot and began the ascent.

For long he had heard his parents speak of the beautiful princess who sat in the golden castle at the top of the glass mountain. He listened to all he heard and determined that he too would try his luck. He fastened the sharp claws of a lynx on to his own hands and feet.

Armed with these weapons he boldly started up the glass mountain. The sun was nearly going down, and the youth was not more than half-way up. He could hardly draw breath he was so worn out, and his mouth was parched by thirst. A huge black cloud passed over his head, but in vain did he beg and beseech her to let a drop of water fall on him. He opened his mouth, but the black cloud sailed past, and not as much as a drop of dew moistened his dry lips.

His feet were torn and bleeding, and he could only hold on now with his hands. Evening closed in, and he strained his eyes to see if he could behold the top of the mountain. Then he gazed beneath him, and what a sight met his eyes! A yawning abyss, with certain and terrible death at the bottom.

It was almost pitch-dark now, and only the stars lit up the glass mountain. The poor boy still clung on as if glued to the glass by his blood-stained hands. He made no struggle to get higher, for all his strength had left him, and seeing no hope he calmly awaited death. Then all of a sudden he fell into a deep sleep, and forgetful of his dangerous position he slumbered sweetly. But all the same, although he slept, he had stuck his sharp claws so firmly into the glass that he was quite sure not to fall.

Now, the golden apple-tree was guarded by the eagle which had overthrown the golden knight and his horse. Every night it flew round the glass mountain keeping a careful lookout, and no sooner had the moon emerged from the clouds than the bird rose up from the apple-tree, and circling round in the air caught sight of the sleeping youth.

Greedy for carrion, and sure that this must be a fresh corpse, the bird swooped down upon the boy. But he was awake now, and perceiving the eagle, he determined by its help to save himself.

The eagle dug its sharp claws into the tender flesh of the youth, but he bore the pain without a sound and seized the bird's two feet with his hands. The creature in terror lifted him high up into the air and began to circle round the tower of the castle. The youth held on bravely. He saw the glittering palace, which by the pale rays of the moon looked like a dim lamp; and he saw the high windows, and round one of them a balcony in which the beautiful princess sat lost in sad thoughts. Then the boy saw that he was close to the apple-tree, and drawing a small knife from his belt he cut off both the eagle's feet. The bird rose up in the air in its agony and vanished into the clouds, and the youth fell on to the broad branches of the apple-tree.

Then he drew out the claws of the eagle's feet that had remained in his flesh and put the peel of one of the golden apples on the wound, and in one moment it was healed and well again. He plucked several of the beautiful apples and put them in his pocket; then he entered the castle. The door was guarded by a great dragon, but as soon as he threw an apple at it the beast vanished.

At the same moment a gate opened, and the youth perceived a court-yard full of flowers and beautiful trees, and on the balcony sat the lovely enchanted princess with her retinue.

As soon as she saw the youth she ran toward him and greeted him as her husband and master. She gave him all her treasures, and the youth became a rich and mighty ruler. But he never returned to the earth, for only the mighty eagle, who had been the guardian of the princess and of the castle, could have carried on his wings the enormous treasure down to the world. But as the eagle had lost its feet it died, and its body was found in a wood on the glass mountain.

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One day when the youth was strolling about the palace garden with the princess, his wife, he looked down over the edge of the glass mountain and saw to his astonishment a great number of people gathered there. He blew his silver whistle, and the swallow who acted as messenger in the golden castle flew past.

"Fly down and ask what the matter is," he said to the little bird, who sped off like lightning and soon returned saying:

"The death of the eagle has restored all the people below to life. All those who have perished on this mountain are awakening up to-day, as it were from a sleep, and are mounting their horses, and the whole population are gazing on this unheard-of wonder with joy and amazement."

THE JIPI.

A ROUMANIAN LEGEND.

BY CARMEN SYLVA (LATE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA).

There is something in this charming story of loving self-sacrifice which recalls both that of "Baucis and Philemon" and the strange, mystical German legend of "Undine."

THERE is in Roumania a group of mountains named the Bucegigroup. Among these the two peaks of Jipi tower aloft, close together, as though gazing defiantly at one another, and between them the Urlatoare, or "roaring stream," dashes down, a cloud-like waterfall, into the valley below, and storms onward over every barrier towards the town of Prahova.

They say that long, long ago the Jipi were twin-brothers, who loved each other so well that one could not live without the other, or eat a mouthful of bread the other did not share; nay, more—that when one was asked a question, the other answered it, and that when one did himself some hurt, the other wept and would not be comforted. They were as fair as morning and evening, as slender and straight as lances, as swift as arrows, as strong as young bears. The mother who had borne them looked upon them with pride and joy, and would say, as she stroked their curly heads, "Andrei and Mirea, my beautiful sons, may your fame become so great that even the stones shall discourse of it."

They were of noble blood, and dwelt in a castle upon a lofty crag, where they lorded it as though the whole world belonged to them. They often jestingly declared that they should have to wed one wife only between them, since they were sure never to find two quite alike, and that the best plan would be for them never to wed at all. But of this their mother would not hear, for she longed to

From "Legends of River and Mountain." By Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell. London, George Allen.

cradle her sons' sons upon her knee and sing them lullabies.

She would often sing the ancient lays of their country to her boys, of an evening, while she sat spinning and the noble lads hung fondly about her. Andrei would kneel at her feet, while Mirea leant upon the arm of her chair, and drew in the sweet scent of the heavy, dark braids that shone lustrous through her delicate white veil.

"Our mother is still quite a young woman," said Andrei.

"Yes, indeed," cried Mirea; "she has not yet a single gray hair."

"Nor a wrinkle," rejoined Andrei.

"We shall find no wife worth our mother," continued Mirea, kissing the veil upon her head.

"Thou dost cast them all into the shade," laughed Andrei, and kissed the fingers that were spinning such wondrous fine threads.

"Our father was a happy man," cried the one. "And we are lucky children," rejoined the other. Then the mother would smile at the tender dialogue, and tell them tales of their grandmother, and of the rough times she lived in—of her stern father and yet sterner husband.

The meals that the three partook of together were as merry as though the house had been full of company; and, indeed, when guests were really present they grew graver, as beseemed the dignity of their house. They were the most kindly of hosts, and spent many a night upon the bare ground, that their soft couch might be given up to some stranger guest. All who entered there felt at ease in that happy home, wherein love made its dwelling.

One day the two brothers were out hunting a bear that had been making sore havoc in the district. They climbed up the steepest of their cliffs to find him, and got at last upon his track, as a loud growling and a shower of dislodged stones betokened. At the very moment, however, that Mirea was about to cast his spear, another flew out of the underbrush hard by and smote the beast in the vitals. A peal of silvery laughter followed the stroke. Then the bear, growling with rage, rose upon his hinder

feet and made for the patch of undergrowth. Andrei perceived the danger in which the bold huntsman stood, and while Mirea called out indignantly, "Let him end the chase he has begun!" his brother exclaimed, "Canst thou not hear?—it is a boy's voice!" and casting himself before the bear, which towered high above him, he plunged his knife up to the hilt in its shoulder. The brute clawed the air for a moment and then fell dead. "Oh, what a pity!" cried a clear voice, and from the bushes there stepped forth a wondrously fair maiden, clad in short garments and sandals, and having a white fur cap set upon her wild and abundant brown locks. Her eyes shone beneath dark, highly arched brows; they were green eyes, yet with a glint of gold in them. From her shoulders hung a mantle of snow-white, silky goat-skin; like Andrei, she held in her hand a broad hunting-knife, with which she had unflinchingly awaited the onslaught of the bear. "What a pity," she cried again, "now it is not I that have slain him!" and her eyes filled with tears. Andrei stood quite shamefaced, gazing at the bear, as though he would gladly, to please the lovely maiden, have restored him to life again. To conceal her ill-humor, she thoughtlessly thrust at the brute with her foot—when, behold! he turned in the death-throe and clawed at her once again. But on the instant she was caught back by Mirea, who set her on her feet with the reproving words, "Foolish child!" She gazed upwards in astonishment, for the voice was that of the young man before her—and the face, too, was bewildering in its likeness to his. Open-mouthed, like a child indeed, she looked from one to the other till all three broke out into a storm of laughter.

"You are double!" cried the girl, "like two hazel-nuts in one shell."

"And two nuts out of one shell we are," replied Andrei. "But who art thou, little wood-fairy? Perchance some witch in disguise, who will work our undoing."

"Who can say?" answered the maiden. "Perhaps I am a witch—grandfather often says so; and, indeed, I

have only been with him a week yet, and he has had no more of his old pain since I came."

"We would straightway treat thee as an evil witch, then," said Mirea, "and carry thee a prisoner to our castle, for having hunted upon our hills without leave."

"We have a cruel mother, too, at our castle," added Andrei.

"Good," cried the maiden. "Her I must see. I am your prisoner!"

She called her attendant huntsman, gave him messages to her grandfather, and bade him bring horses to fetch her home; then she followed the brothers with a light step by the giddiest and steepest paths to the castle.

The lads' mother, Dame Roxana, stood looking from the castle windows, and wondering what strange shepherd-boy her sons were bringing home with them. The dead bear was carried behind them, slung upon green boughs. As they drew near the castle Dame Roxana exclaimed in alarm, "It is a girl they have with them. Where can they have found her?"

The next moment the sound of youthful voices and foot-steps re-echoed through courtyard and hall. "Mother," cried Mirea, "here we bring thee a prisoner, a hunter who has spoilt our chase! What shall be his punishment?"

Dame Roxana gazed at the young girl in great anxiety. She would fain have sent her away again as quickly as possible; but the vision was so entrancing a one that she could not restrain a kindly smile, and stretched out her hand, which the maiden respectfully kissed. "I think," said Dame Roxana, "that the worst punishment would be to make this merry child spend a few hours in spinning with an old woman like me!"

"Nay, nay," the girl replied; "I can spin as lightly as any fairy. The spear has not made my hand heavy. And as for old folks—why, I spend all my time alone with grandfather, who sits in his chair all day, and falls asleep whenever I would tell him aught."

She was about to lay aside her mantle as she spoke, but Andrei stepped forward and took it from her, while his

mother herself lifted the fur cap from her brow and stroked back the damp curly hair. With abundant locks falling about her like a lion's mane, she seemed fairer than ever, and mother and sons gazed at her in delight.

"What is thy name, dear child?" asked Dame Roxana.

"Urlanda. Is it not an ugly name? They would have called me Rolanda, but it turned into Urlanda, because I was always so wild and untutored. My grandfather dwells on the other side of the mountain. Oh! I have come so far to-day."

"Then thou wilt be all the gladder of the meal that awaits us."

They led her into the dining-hall, sumptuously decked with Eastern carpets and hangings and massive silver-ware. Here the talk flowed merrily on. Wondrous tales were told of the chase and of adventures with savage bears; but Urlanda would never suffer herself to be out-done, and would cap each tale with one more amazing yet, told in tones as earnest as though she were swearing an oath upon it.

The merriment was heightened by her constant mistaking of one brother for the other, and when Andrei gave himself out as having saved her life, Mirea would eagerly affirm that it was he who had warded off the bear's last embrace.

"It's a good thing," she would cry, "that I have to thank you both for my life, for else, indeed, I should never be able to recognise my preserver."

When the meal was over she begged for distaff and spindle, "for she wanted to show that her spinning was no hunter's tale." This was spoken with a sly glance at the brothers. And, in truth, the threads she spun were as fine and even as a spider's web, to the great amazement of Dame Roxana.

"I can embroider beautifully too," said the maiden. "My mother, who could do wonders at it, taught me that, for she hoped to tame me with such fair work. But it was all in vain, for I had always finished before she expected it, and was out and away again to the stables or the chase." She sighed a little. "But now the stud

is sold; and, indeed, who could ride among these wretched mountains, where there is no room? Ah, there are the horses!" and she sprang from her seat. "I must go, or I shall not be home by nightfall; and surely grandfather must know how to chide if he be minded to, for he has such bushy eyebrows!" In a moment she had kissed the hand of Dame Roxana, greeted the brothers with a wave of her furry cap as she cast it upon her curly locks, and was away out of the hall and into her saddle like a whirlwind. But the brothers, too, had their horses ready, and were not to be hindered from bearing their young guest company to the outskirts of their lands. So, greeting Dame Roxana with laughing glances, they rode away, and she looked after them with grave eyes, though a smile was on her lips. Her heart was heavy, she knew not why, and she would fain have called her sons back to her.

It was with difficulty that Urlanda could be restrained from galloping up hill and down dale; only when her pity for the horses were stirred did she draw rein, saying with a sigh, "You call these walking chairs horses!"

As night was now falling, she begged the brothers to seek shelter beneath her grandfather's roof. The old man was sitting by the hearth when they entered, stroking the white beard that fell down far over his breast.

"And where has this wild creature been now?" he kindly asked.

"In a dreadful prison, because of having trespassed on another's hunting-ground! And here are my persecutors, whom I have brought with me to prove whether I speak truly."

The old man's gaze was full of kindness as it rested upon the two youths, standing ready to do him homage. The evening meal was soon ready; nor was it less cheerful than that which they had shared at midday at Dame Roxana's table. At early dawn Andrei and Mirea rode hence again. They were startled, as they passed under the castle windows, at finding themselves pelted by a shower of blossoms. But as they glanced upwards a window was hastily closed, and they saw no one.

This was the first of many mutual visits, of many riding and hunting parties, and pleasant hours passed in merry chatter within doors. But Rolanda had her sadder moments also, when she was more entrancing than ever; then she would speak of her dead parents, and of how lonely she was in the wide world; for her grandfather could not live much longer, and then she would not know whither to turn.

“Oh, cruel words!” Andrei would exclaim. “Are we then, not thy brothers? and is there no home for thee here?”

“Does our mother not love thee?” Mirea would add.

Then would Dame Roxana’s heart quiver with pain once more; and yet the untutored child had become very dear to her.

Not long after this a clatter of hurrying horse’s hoofs sounded up the hillside, and then upon the stones of the courtyard; it was Urlanda, riding bare-headed and with fluttering locks. As pale as death she burst in upon Dame Roxana. “Let me take shelter with you! Grandfather is dead! I closed his eyes myself; I made him ready for the grave, and laid him there to rest, and felt no fear the while. But now all the kinsfolk have come flocking in, quarrelling over the inheritance, and giving me hard and cruel words because some of it is to be mine. And one bald-headed fellow would straightway have taken me to wife. Ah me! then I was affrighted. But I told him I was called Urlanda, and was so bad that none would care to marry me. Nor will I have any husband. I will stay here with you until I am turned out.”

It was a hard matter for Dame Roxana to understand this flow of incoherent words, and harder still for her to soothe the agitated girl. She folded her to her heart and stroked the disordered curls; then she led her to the little white bed-chamber, where she had often dwelt before, and told her this should be her home as long as there was a roof over the house.

Urlanda threw herself into her arms, kissed her hands, and promised to become as gentle and calm as a deep, calm lake.

Dame Roxana smiled. "Methinks," she replied, "that the calm and gentleness will come all in good time, when once thou art a wife."

"But I would never become a wife. I would always remain a maiden and free—free as a bird."

Dame Roxana sighed quite low, and listened for the voices of her sons, who had just come home and were asking for Urlanda, whose tumultuous arrival they had witnessed from afar.

A wondrous change took place in the behaviour of the brothers after Rolanda came to sojourn with them.

They had greeted her as their "little sister," but thereupon the young girl had suddenly grown shy and constrained. They lived out of doors more than ever now, only they no longer went together, but by separate ways; and Urlanda stayed much at home with the mother, and grew dreamy and absent, often shedding tears in secret. When she thought herself unnoticed, her quick glance would travel backwards and forwards between the brothers, as though she would fain discover something that yet remained dark to her. She often still confused the two together, yet now she no longer laughed at this, but gazed anxiously over at the mother. Dame Roxana watched with a heavy heart the dark cloud that seemed gathering over her house, and wept far oftener and more secretly than Urlanda, since the day that each of her sons had confessed to her, alone at the twilight hour, his great, undying, unconquerable love, and had asked—

"Dost think my brother loves her too, he is so changed? And to which of us will she give her heart?"

Dame Roxana offered many a taper in the little mountain chapel at Lespes, and hoped that this painfully made pilgrimage might incline Heaven's mercy towards them, and ward off a great disaster from her home.

Urlanda had been in a state of indescribable agitation ever since the time that Andrei and Mirea had, each unknown to the other, confessed their love to her. In vain the poor child questioned her heart; she loved them both too well—far too well—to make either wretched; nor could she separate the one from the other in her

heart, any more than she could with her eyes. She kept silence towards Dame Roxana, for she could not bear to give her pain; but day by day she saw how the brothers no longer cherished each other, and even how sharp words sometimes passed between them, and that had never chanced in all their lives before.

At last Dame Roxana called the three to her side and spoke.

“I have watched the bitter struggle of your hearts too long. One of you must needs make a hard sacrifice, that the other may be happy.”

“Yes,” answered Mirea gloomily, “one of us must quit this world.”

“For God’s sake!” cried Urlanda, “you would not fight over me?”

“Nay,” said Andrei, with a sad smile, “that were impossible. But one can go hence alone.”

Then said Dame Roxana with uplifted hands, “O godless children! have I, then, borne you and brought you up so feeble that neither of you has the strength to bear his first sorrow. Urlanda, till to-morrow shalt thou have time for thought; by to-morrow we shall all have won strength and courage.”

So they parted.

Andrei took a path that led through the forest to Lespes, and there he knelt in the little rock-hewn chapel and prayed: “O my God! Thou knowest my heart and my strength. Grant that I may be preserved from any sin towards myself, my mother, my brother, or the woman that I love. But if she give herself not to me, then turn me to stone, that I may feel pain no more.” But, by another path, Mirea had come, too, to the little chapel, and had prayed the same prayer. They cast a sorrowful look at one another, and went home, each by himself; for each thought that he alone had offered up the sacrifice.

Dame Roxana appeared next morning as white as the veil which covered the first silver threads in her hair. The two brothers wore the look of men going to their death. Urlanda alone came among them with the glow of joy on her face. She was as though transfigured by

an unearthly beauty, that seemed to increase her very height. With gentle dignity she spoke: "Come out yonder with me, my only dear ones; let the decision be given under God's open sky."

She glided out before them, hardly seeming to tread on earth; her hands were transparent as wax, and her eyes full of tears as she raised them to heaven. On the edge of a steep and giddy precipice she paused, and knelt before Dame Roxana.

"Give me thy blessing, mother," she said.

Dame Roxana laid a trembling hand upon the fair, curly head.

"And now," continued Urlanda in a clear voice, "now hearken to me. I love you both so well, so passing well—far more than myself or my own life—that I cannot give myself to either of you. But whichever brings me back from the abyss, his wife will I be." And ere one of them could stretch out a hand she had flown like a bird over the edge of the cliff, into the immeasurable depths below. But—oh wonder!—as she fell, she was changed into a foaming waterfall, whose spray floated in the air like a bridal veil. The two brothers would have cast themselves down after her, but they could not, for their feet turned to rock, their arms to rock, their hearts to stone, and so they towered aloft toward heaven. But the unhappy mother spread out her arms, crying, "And I alone must live! Hast Thou no pity, Heaven?" Then with arms outstretched she fell to earth, embracing her children. And, behold! where she lay she was changed into thick, soft moss, that grew and spread farther and farther, till the rocks were half shrouded in it. So they remain, and will remain for ever—the wild white bride, Urlatoare, the self-sacrificing sons, the Jipi, and their loving, tender mother.

THE FLYING SHIP.

A RUSSIAN FAIRY TALE.

The simpleton, by befriending others, befriended also himself; and this, as has been remarked in connection with other stories in this volume, is a key-note of some fairy tale or legend in almost every country in the world.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old couple who had three sons. Two were clever, but the third was a dunce. The clever sons were very fond of their mother, gave her good clothes, and always spoke pleasantly to her, but the youngest was always getting in her way, and she had no patience with him. Now, one day it was announced in the village that the king had issued a decree offering his daughter, the princess, in marriage to whoever should build a ship that could fly. Immediately the elder brothers determined to try their luck and asked their parents' blessing. So the old mother smartened up their clothes and gave them a store of provisions for their journey. When they had gone the poor simpleton began to tease his mother to smarten him up and let him start off.

"What would become of you?" she answered. "Why, you would be eaten up by wolves."

But the foolish youth kept repeating: "I will go, I will go, I will go!"

Seeing that she could do nothing with him, the mother gave him a crust of bread and a bottle of water and took no further heed of him.

So the simpleton set off on his way. When he had gone a short distance he met a little old manikin. They greeted one another and the manikin asked him where he was going.

"I am off to the king's court," he answered. "He has promised to give his daughter to whoever can make a flying ship."

"And can you make such a ship?"

"Not I."

“Then why in the world are you going?”

“Can’t tell,” replied the simpleton.

“Well, if that is the case,” said the manikin, “sit down beside me. We can rest for a little and have something to eat. Give me what you have in your satchel.”

Now, the poor simpleton was ashamed to show what was in it. However, he thought it best not to make a fuss, so he opened the satchel and could scarcely believe his own eyes, for instead of the hard crust he saw two beautiful fresh rolls and some cold meat. He shared them with the manikin, who said:

“Now, go into that wood and stop in front of the first tree, bow three times, and then strike the tree with your ax, fall on your knees on the ground, with your face on the earth, and remain there till you are raised up. You will then find a ship at your side. Step into it and fly to the king’s palace. If you meet any one on the way, take him with you.”

The simpleton very warmly thanked the manikin, bade him farewell, and went into the wood. When he reached the first tree he stopped in front of it, did everything just as he had been told, and kneeling on the ground with his face to the earth fell asleep. After a little time he was aroused. He woke and, rubbing his eyes, saw a ready-made ship at his side, and at once went into it. And the ship rose and rose, and in another minute was flying through the air, when the simpleton, who was on the lookout, cast his eyes down to the earth and saw a man beneath him on the road who was kneeling with his ear upon the ground.

“Halloo!” he called out. “What are you doing down there?”

“I am listening to what is going on in the world,” replied the man.

“Come with me in my ship,” said the simpleton.

So the man was only too glad, and got in beside him; and the ship flew, and flew, and flew through the air, till again from his outlook the simpleton saw a man on the road below who was hopping on one leg, while his other

leg was tied up behind his ear. So he hailed him, calling out:

“Halloo! What are you doing hopping on one leg?”

“I can’t help it,” replied the man. “I walk so fast that unless I tied up one leg I should be at the end of the earth in a bound.”

“Come with us in my ship,” he answered; and the man made no objection, but joined them. And the ship flew on, and on, and on, till suddenly the simpleton, looking down on the road below, beheld a man aiming with a gun in the distance.

“Halloo!” he shouted to him. “What are you aiming at? As far as eye can see there is no bird in sight.”

“What would be the good of my taking a near shot?” replied the man. “I can hit beast or bird at a hundred miles’ distance. That is the kind of a shot I enjoy.”

“Come into the ship with us,” answered the simpleton; and the man was only too glad to join them and he got in. And the ship flew on, further and further, till again the simpleton from his outlook saw a man on the road below carrying on his back a basket full of bread. And he waved to him, calling out:

“Halloo! Where are you going?”

“To fetch bread for my breakfast.”

“Bread? Why, you have a whole basket-load of it on your back.”

“That’s nothing,” answered the man. “I should finish that in one mouthful.”

“Come along with us in my ship, then.”

And so he joined the party, and the ship mounted again into the air and flew up and onward, till the simpleton from the outlook saw a man walking by the shore of a great lake and evidently looking for something.

“Halloo!” he cried to him. “What are you seeking?”

“I want water to drink, I’m so thirsty,” replied the man.

“Well, there’s a whole lake in front of you. Why do you not drink some of that?”

“Do you call that enough?” answered the other. “Why, I should drink it up in one gulp.”

“Well, come with us in the ship.”

And so the mighty drinker was added to the company. And the ship flew further and even further, till again the simpleton looked out, and this time he saw a man dragging a bundle of wood, walking through the forest beneath them.

“Halloo!” he shouted to him. “Why are you carrying wood through a forest?”

“This is not common wood,” answered the other.

“What sort of wood is it, then?” said the simpleton.

“If you throw it upon the ground,” said the man, “it will be changed into an army of soldiers.”

“Come into the ship with us, then.”

And so he too joined them. And away the ship flew on, and on, and on, and once more the simpleton looked out, and this time he saw a man carrying straw upon his back.

“Halloo! Where are you carrying that straw?”

“To the village,” said the man.

“Do you mean to say there is no straw in the village?”

“Ah! but this is quite a peculiar straw. If you strew it about even in the hottest summer the air at once becomes cold, and snow falls, and the people freeze.”

Then the simpleton asked him also to join them.

At last the ship, with its strange crew, arrived at the king’s court. The king was having his dinner, but he at once dispatched one of his courtiers to find out what the huge strange new bird could be that had come flying through the air.

The courtier peeped into the ship, and seeing what it was instantly went back to the king and told him that it was a flying ship and that it was manned by a few peasants.

Then the king remembered his royal oath; but he made up his mind that he would never consent to let the princess marry a poor peasant. So he thought and thought, and then said to himself, “I will give him some impossible tasks to perform; that will be the best way of getting rid of him.” And he there and then decided to dispatch one of his courtiers to the simpleton, with the command that

he was to fetch the king the healing water from the world's end before he had finished his dinner.

But while the king was still instructing the courtier exactly what he was to say, the first man of the ship's company, the one with the miraculous power of hearing, had overheard the king's words and hastily reported them to the poor simpleton.

"Alas! alas!" he cried, "what am I to do now? It would take me quite a year, possibly my whole life, to find the water."

"Never fear," said his fleet-footed comrade. "I will fetch what the king wants."

Just then the courtier arrived bearing the king's command.

"Tell his majesty," said the simpleton, "that his orders shall be obeyed." And forthwith the swift runner unbound the foot that was strung up behind his ear and started off, and in less than no time had reached the world's end and had drawn the healing water from the well.

"Dear me," he thought to himself, "that's rather tiring! I'll just rest for a few minutes. It will be some little time yet before the king has got to dessert." So he threw himself down on the grass, and as the sun was very dazzling he closed his eyes, and in a few seconds had fallen sound asleep.

In the mean time all the ship's crew were anxiously awaiting him; the king's dinner would soon be finished and their comrade had not yet returned. So the man with the marvelous quick hearing lay down and, putting his ear to the ground, listened.

"That's a nice sort of a fellow!" he suddenly exclaimed, "He's lying on the ground, snoring hard!"

At this the marksman seized his gun, took aim, and fired in the direction of the world's end, in order to awaken the sluggard. And a moment later the swift runner reappeared and, stepping on board the ship, handed the healing water to the simpleton. So while the king was still sitting at table finishing his dinner, news was

brought to him that his orders had been obeyed to the letter.

What was to be done now? The king determined to think of a still more impossible task. So he told another courtier to go to the simpleton with the command that he and his comrades were instantly to eat up twelve oxen and twelve tons of bread. Once more the sharp-eared comrade overheard the king's words while he was still talking to the courtier and reported them to the simpleton.

"Alas! alas!" he sighed, "what in the world shall I do? Why, it would take us a year, possibly our whole lives, to eat up twelve oxen and twelve tons of bread."

"Never fear," said the glutton. "It will scarcely be enough for me, I'm so hungry."

So when the courtier arrived with the royal message he was told to take back word to the king that his orders should be obeyed. Then twelve roasted oxen and twelve tons of bread were brought alongside of the ship, and at one sitting the glutton had devoured it all.

"I call that a small meal," he said. "I wish they had brought me some more."

Next the king ordered that forty casks containing forty gallons each, were to be drunk up on the spot by the simpleton and his party. When these words were overheard by the sharp-eared comrade and repeated to the simpleton he was in despair.

"Alas! alas!" he exclaimed, "what is to be done? It would take us a year, possibly our whole lives, to drink so much."

"Never fear," said his thirsty comrade. "I'll drink it all at a gulp, see if I don't." And sure enough, when the forty casks containing forty gallons each were brought alongside of the ship, they disappeared down the thirsty comrade's throat in no time; and when they were empty he remarked:

"Why, I am still thirsty. I should have been glad of two more casks."

Then the king took counsel with himself and sent an order to the simpleton that he was to have a bath in a

bathroom at the royal palace, and after that the betrothal should take place. Now, the bath-room was built of iron, and the king gave orders that it was to be heated to such a pitch that it would suffocate the simpleton. And so when the poor youth entered the room he discovered that the iron walls were red-hot. But fortunately his comrade with the straw on his back had entered behind him, and when the door was shut upon them he scattered the straw about, and suddenly the red-hot walls cooled down, and it became so very cold that the simpleton could scarcely bear to take a bath, and all the water in the room froze. So the simpleton climbed up upon the stove, and wrapping himself up in the bath blankets lay there the whole night. And in the morning when they opened the door there he lay sound and safe, singing cheerfully to himself.

Now, when this strange tale was told to the king he became quite sad, not knowing what he should do to get rid of so undesirable a son-in-law, when suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him.

“Tell the rascal to raise me an army, now at this instant!” he exclaimed to one of his courtiers. “Inform him at once of this, my royal will.” And to himself he added, “I think I shall do for him this time.”

As on former occasions, the quick-eared comrade had overheard the king’s command and repeated it to the simpleton.

“Alas! alas!” he groaned, “now I am quite done for.”

“Not at all,” replied one of his comrades (the one who had dragged the bundle of wood through the forest). “Have you quite forgotten me?”

In the mean time the courtier, who had run all the way from the palace, reached the ship panting and breathless and delivered the king’s message.

“Good!” remarked the simpleton, “I will raise an army for the king,” and he drew himself up. “But if, after that, the king refuses to accept me as his son-in-law, I will wage war against him and carry the princess off by force.”

During the night the simpleton and his comrade went

together into a big field, not forgetting to take the bundle of wood with them, which the man spread out in all directions, and in a moment a mighty army stood upon the spot, regiment on regiment of foot and horse soldiers; the bugles sounded and the drums beat, the chargers neighed, and their riders put their lances in rest, and the soldiers presented arms.

In the morning when the king awoke, he was startled by these warlike sounds, the bugles and the drums, and the clatter of the horses, and the shouts of the soldiers. And stepping to the window he saw the lances gleam in the sunlight and the armor and weapons glitter. And the proud monarch said to himself, "I am powerless in comparison with this man." So he sent him royal robes and costly jewels and commanded him to come to the palace to be married to the princess. And his son-in-law put on the royal robes, and he looked so grand and stately that it was impossible to recognize the poor simpleton, so changed was he; and the princess fell in love with him as soon as ever she saw him.

Never before had so grand a wedding been seen, and there was so much food and wine that even the glutton and the thirsty comrade had enough to eat and drink.

THE GIFTS OF THE DWARFS.

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

The legends of Scandinavia and the Far North all typify and personify, as do many other myths and legends, the great phenomena of Nature. The long winter, the short summer, the flashing aurora borealis of the Land of the Midnight Sun have all impressed the minds of the people more strongly than our more slowly changing seasons, and this will account for the marked difference in the character of these stories.

THOR was, you may know, the strongest and noblest of the great giants of the north. He was tall in stature and had fiery brown eyes, from which the light flashed like lightning, while his long red beard waved through the sky as he drove in his

goat-drawn chariot. Brilliant sparks flew from the hoofs and teeth of the two goats, while a crown of bright stars shone above Thor's head. When he was angered the wheels of his chariot rumbled and crashed their passage through the air, until men trembled and hid, telling each other that Thor had gone to battle with the Rime-giants or other of his enemies.

Now Thor's wife was named Sib, and she was most beautiful to look upon. Her soft, brownny-gold hair was so long and thick that it would cover her from the crown of her head to her little feet, and her deep brown eyes looked into the faces of her friends as those of a mother look into the face of her child. Loki, the mischief-maker among the giants, often looked at Sib and longed to do her some evil, for he was jealous, thinking that it was not right that she should be praised and loved by everyone; go where he would he could find no one who did not speak well of her.

It happened one day when the summer was nearly gone that Loki found Sib alone and sleeping on a bank near the river, so he drew his knife, and creeping softly nearer and nearer, cut off her beautiful flowing hair quite close to her head. Then he joyfully rushed away and strewed it far and wide over the whole earth, so that it became no longer living and golden but faded and turned a dull color as the winds blew it about and the rains beat upon it, and crushed it in between the rocks and stones. When Sib awoke and was about to push the hair from her face, she felt that something was wrong. Wonderingly she ran to the water and looking at her reflection in the clear depths, saw that nothing but a short stubble stood up all over her head. All her lovely hair was gone! Only one would have dared to treat her so badly, and in her grief and anger she called upon Thor to come to her aid.

Loki had of course fled and was hiding far away in another country among the rocks when he heard the distant rumblings of thunder, and tried to shrink deeper into the crevices between the great stones, but the awful sound grew louder, and at last the angry flash from Thor's eyes darted to the very spot where the mischievous

one lay. Then Thor pulled him out and shook him from side to side in his enormous hands, and would have crushed his bones upon the hard rocks had not Loki in great terror asked what good his death would do, for it certainly would not bring Sib's hair back. Then Thor set the mischief-maker on his feet, though still keeping a tight hold on him, and asked what he would do to repair the evil which he had done. Loki promptly answered that he would go down into the mountains to the dwarfs, and get Iwald's sons to make some golden hair for Sib, as good as that which he had destroyed. Now Iwald had had seven sons, and these all lived deep below the earth in the great caverns which lie below the mountains, and these sons were small and dark; they did not like the daylight for they were dwarfs who could see best without the sun to dazzle their eyes; they knew where gold and silver grew, and they could tell where to find beautiful shining stones, which were red, and white, and yellow, and green; they knew the way all over the world by running through caverns and passages under the mountains, and wherever they could find precious stones or metals they built a furnace, and made an anvil, and hammer and bellows, and everything that was wanted in a smithy; for they knew how to fashion the most wonderful things from gold and iron and stone, and they had knowledge which made them more powerful than the people who lived above the ground.

Thor let the mischief-maker go to get the help of the dwarfs to repair the wrong which he had done, and Loki sought about the mountain-side until he found a hole which would lead him into Iwald's cave, and then he promptly dropped into it. There in a dark cave gleaming with many sparkling lights he went to the two cleverest dwarfs who were named Sindri and Brok, and told them what it was he wanted, adding that he would be in sore trouble with Thor if they could not help him. Now Sindri and Brok knew all about Loki perfectly well; they knew all about his mischievous ways and the evil he so often wrought, but as they liked Thor and Sib they were willing to give the help which was asked of them. Thus

without more ado, for these dwarfs never wasted their words, Sindri and Brok began their work.

Huge blocks of earth-brown stone were cast into the furnace until they were in a white heat, when drop by drop red gold trickled from them into the ashes. This was all gathered together, and the glistening heap taken to the dwarf women, who, crushing it in their hands before it had hardened, drew it out upon their wheels, and spun it into fine soft hair. While they were doing this Brok sought amongst his treasures until he found the blue of the ocean and the tough inner pith of an underground tree; these, with other things, were cast into the furnace, and afterwards beaten with his hammer. As the rhythmic strokes fell, the women sang a song which was like the voice of a strong, steady wind. Then when this work was finished, the smith drew forth a little ship, which was carefully placed on one side. The third time the dwarf went to a dark corner, and brought out an ugly bent bar of iron, and this, with two feathers from the wings of the wind, was heated to melting whiteness, and wrought with great cunning and extreme care, for it was to be a spear for Odin himself, the greatest of all the Heroes.

Then Brok and Sindri called Loki to them and giving him these three things bade him hasten back to the Heroes at Asgard and appease their wrath. Loki, however, was already beginning to feel sorry that he had been so successful; he liked teasing folk but he did not like having to atone for his mischief afterwards. He turned the marvellous gifts over scornfully in his hands, and said that he did not see anything very wonderful in *them*; then, looking at Sindri he added, "However, Brok has hammered them very skilfully, and I will wager my head that you could not make anything better."

Now the brother dwarfs had not by any means expected gratitude, but neither had they expected any such rudeness as this, so Sindri determined to give Loki a lesson. Going to one corner of the smithy he picked up a pig-skin and taking the hammer in his hands, told his brother to blow steadily, neither to falter nor to fail until he passed

the word that the work was done. Then with strength and gentleness he wrought with his tools, having cast nothing into the heat but the pig-skin; with mighty blows and delicate touches he brought thickness and substance into it, until a board looked at him from the flames. Loki, fearing for his head, changed himself into an enormous forest fly, and settling upon Brok's hand, stung with vicious fury; but the dwarf would not trouble to brush the fly away, and steadily moved the bellows until his brother called to him to stop, when they drew forth a strong flexible boar whose bristles were of the finest gold.

Then without saying anything or paying any attention to the spiteful words which Loki kept uttering, Sindri chose from a heap of gold the most solid lump he could find and flung it into the white flames. Thrice it was heated and cooled, and the dark elf turned it and worked it with wonderful skill, and in the glow Loki saw a broad red ring, which seemed to live and move. Again he tried to spoil the work as a fly, and bit deeply into Brok's neck, but Brok would not so much as raise his hand to rid him of the pain. When the ring was finally laid to cool, so marvellously had it been wrought that from it each ninth night would fall eight rings as beautiful as itself.

Now came the last test of Sindri's cunning. He cast into the furnace a piece of fine iron, and told Brok his hand must neither tremble nor stay, or the whole of their work would be useless. Then with wild songs of strength upon his lips he hammered and tapped, until those who were in the cave felt that they were out among the roaring waves; they could hear the ice mountains grind and crash to pieces, and the thunder of Thor's chariot wheels rushing through the heavens. A frenzied horror seized upon Loki's mind. If these wretched dwarfs were going to make anything to add to Thor's strength he knew that it would be his own ruin. So, changing himself to a hornet, he sprang upon the forehead of Brok, and dug so fiercely into his eyelids that the blood trickled down and blinded him. Then the dwarf let go of the bellows for one moment to clear his eyes, and Sindri cried out that what lay in the furnace came near to being spoiled, and with

that he took a red-hot hammer up with his tongs. It was neither pretty, nor particularly large, while the handle was an inch too short because of Loki's spite.

Then Brok and Loki set out for Asgard, Loki carrying the three wonderful things which had been given to him, while Brok carried the three marvels which Sindri had so cunningly wrought and accompanied the mischief-maker, that the Heroes might judge who had won the wager so rashly offered by Loki. When they reached Asgard the Heroes seated themselves on their high seats agreeing among themselves that Odin, Thor and Frey should be judges in this case.

First, Loki offered to Odin the spear Gungner which was so wonderfully made that it never failed to hit the thing at which it was thrown, and it always sped back to the hand which had thrown it. Later, when Odin carried this spear in battle, if he shook it over his enemies they became so frightened that they all wanted to run away, but if he shook it over his friends they were so filled with courage that they could not be conquered. Then Thor received the hair, and when it was placed upon Sib's head it grew to her like living tresses, curling and waving in the wind. To Frey the ship was given, and though it was so small that it could be folded and carried in his pocket, when it was placed upon the waves it would grow large enough to hold an army of warriors with all their war gear; besides, as soon as the sails were hoisted, the wind would blow it whithersoever it was desired that the ship should go.

Brok then made his offerings, and to Odin he gave the ring Drapnir which had been made with such magic skill that every ninth night eight other rings dropped off it, though no one could see how they came; this the greatest of the Heroes ever wore upon his arm, until the death of his beautiful son Balder, when, as token of his great love he placed it upon the dead youth's breast as he lay on his funeral pyre. To Frey was given the golden boar, which would run faster than any horse, over the sea or through the air, and wherever it went, there it would be light, because the bristles shone so brightly. To Thor Brok

gave the dull-looking hammer, saying, that whatever he struck with it would be destroyed; that no blow could be hard enough to hurt it; that if he threw it, it would return to him so that he could never lose it; and that as he wished so would its size be—yet there was one fault about it, and that was that the handle was an inch too short.

It was with great joy that Thor took this treasure, knowing that in it he had something to help him in fighting the evil Rime-giants who were always trying to get the whole world for themselves until driven back by him.

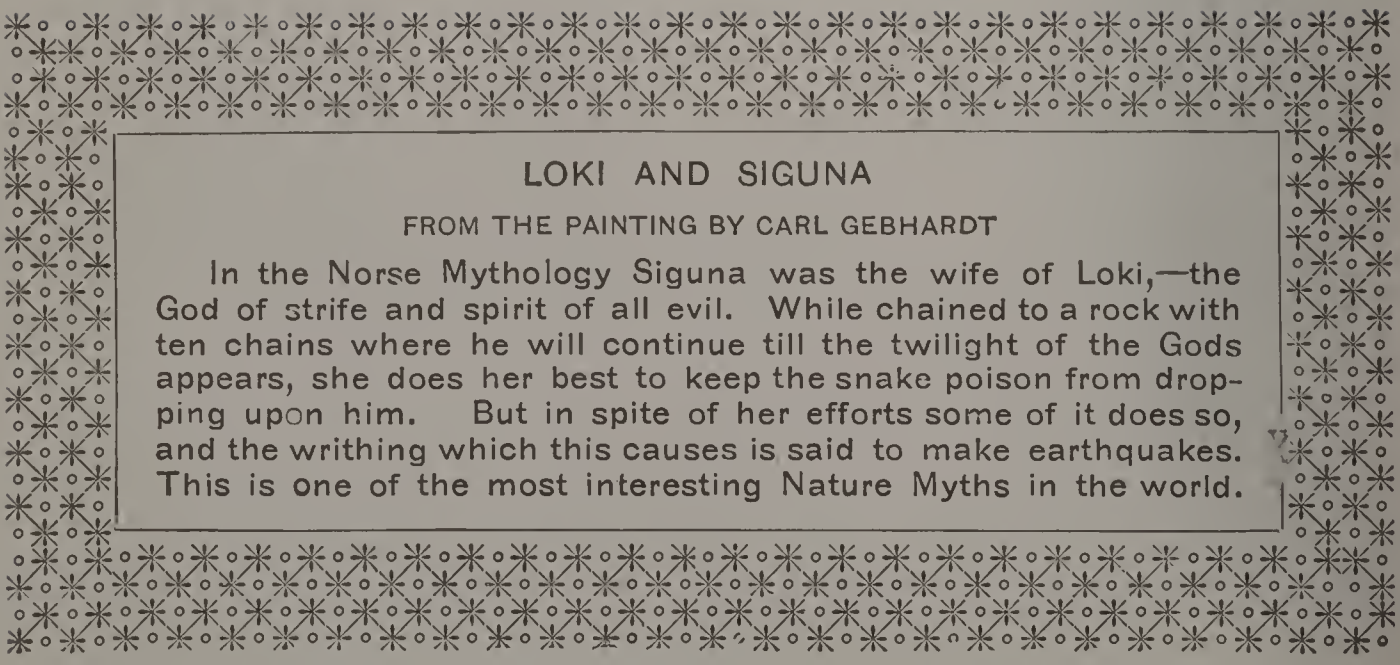
Then the Heroes decided that of all the gifts the hammer was the best, and that, therefore, Loki had lost his wager and must lose his head. Loki offered to give all sorts of things to save himself, but the dwarf would not listen to any of them. “Catch me, then!” cried the mischievous one; but when Brok stretched his hand upon him Loki had gone, for he wore shoes which would carry him over the sea or through the air.

“Catch him!” cried the ugly little dwarf piteously to Thor, and in an instant Loki stood before them, trembling in Thor’s strong grasp. Then the clever one argued that it was his head only which had been wagered, and that not one little tiny bit of his neck might be taken, or the dwarf would have more than his bargain. At this Brok cried impatiently that the head of a wicked person was of no use to him, all that he wanted was to stop Loki’s tongue so that he could work less evil, and he took a knife and thread and tried to pierce holes in Loki’s lips, but Loki bewitched the knife so that it would not cut.

“If only I had Sindri’s awl,” sighed the dwarf, and instantly his brother’s awl was in his hand. Swiftly it pierced the lips of the mischief-maker, and swiftly Brok sewed them together and broke off the thread at the end of the sewing.

Then the Heroes gave presents for the dwarfs in return for their wonderful things, and Brok returned to his cave. As for Loki, I think that it was not long before he loosed his lips and returned to his mischief-making.





LOKI AND SIGUNA

FROM THE PAINTING BY CARL GEBHARDT

In the Norse Mythology Siguna was the wife of Loki,—the God of strife and spirit of all evil. While chained to a rock with ten chains where he will continue till the twilight of the Gods appears, she does her best to keep the snake poison from dropping upon him. But in spite of her efforts some of it does so, and the writhing which this causes is said to make earthquakes. This is one of the most interesting Nature Myths in the world.

THE STORY OF BALDER.

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

BY ANNA KLINGENSMITH.

THE great god Odin was the father of all the gods. He and his children dwelt in the city of Asgard at the end of the rainbow.

Odin's palace was as high as the sky and roofed with pure silver. In it was a throne of gold. When Odin sat upon the throne, he could see all over the world. Each day he sat upon the throne to see if everything was as it should be upon the earth. He loved the people and the animals, and all the beautiful things of earth because they were the work of his hands.

Odin had two ravens which were as swift as thought. Every day he sent the ravens to fly over the land and over the sea. When they came back they perched upon his shoulders and whispered in his ear all that they had seen. Heimdal, the white god, stayed always at the foot of the rainbow, which was the bridge of the gods, to give the alarm if the frost giants tried to come into Asgard, and to listen to the sounds of the earth. So sharp were his ears that he could hear the wool on the sheeps' backs and the grass growing.

One day when Odin mounted his throne, he saw that the earth was no longer green and beautiful. The air was full of snow flakes and the ground was as hard as iron. All was dark and cold. The ravens, which had been sent out to see if all was well came hurrying back to tell Odin that Hoder, the blind old god of darkness, had taken possession of the earth. Heimdal, the watchman, called that he could no longer hear the music of the waterfalls and all the pleasant sounds of earth. Everything was mute with fear of the terrible god of darkness.

Odin called all the gods together, and they looked with pity on the great earth, which had been so pleasant a place. Thor, the strong god, offered to go and fight with the god of darkness, but Odin knew that Hoder could

hide himself away from Thor. Then Balder, the beautiful, the god of light, whom all the gods loved, offered to go. So Odin gave him his winged horse, Sleipner, and he rode away across the rainbow bridge.

As soon as the light of Balder's shining eyes fell upon the poor, cold earth, it brightened and stirred, but the old, blind god, Hoder, brought all his forces to resist the god of light, and the earth lay as if dead. Balder struck no blows as Thor, the strong god, wished to do. He did not even try to resist the god of darkness. He only smiled upon the earth and called to it to awake.

At last the blind god turned and fled before the light of Balder's face. Then the streams leaped up and sang, and the birds came back and the flowers bloomed. Everywhere the grass and the waving grain sprang up beneath Balder's footsteps, and the trees put out their gayest blossoms to greet him. The squirrels and rabbits came out of the places where they had hidden themselves and danced and frisked with joy. Never had the earth been so beautiful.

But Hoder, the blind god, in his realm of darkness, was only waiting for an opportunity to take possession of the earth again. So Odin permitted Balder's mother to cross the rainbow bridge to help her son. The goddess went through all the earth, begging each plant and stone and tree not to harm her son, who had brought them nothing but blessings. And every tree and shrub and tiny plant, and every rock and pebble, and every stream and little brook, gave the promise gladly. Only the mistletoe, which grows high up in the oak-tree and not on the ground as other plants do, was forgotten.

Loki, who was a meddlesome god, always doing something wrong, found out that the mistletoe had not given the promise, and brought it to Hoder. Hoder thought that because it was so little and weak, it could not really kill the god of light, and so he shot an arrow tipped with a tiny twig of mistletoe at Balder. The arrow pierced through and through the beautiful god and he fell dead. Then the earth put off her green robe and grew silent and dark for a time. But because Balder the beautiful had

once lived on earth, Hoder could only make it cold half the year and dark half the day.

Even now, if you listen, in the winter you can hear the wind moan through the trees, which fling their great arms in grief; and on summer mornings, very early, you will find the stones and the grass wet with weeping in the darkness. But when the sun shines the tears are turned to diamonds, and the earth is glad, remembering Balder, the good.

I heard a voice, that cried,
Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods!
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were with magic spell
Never to do him harm;
Even the plants and the stones,
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe!

Holder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe!

—H. W. Longfellow.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

A SCOTTISH FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a King of Scotland who had never loved anyone, and never meant to do so. All the ladies of the court wanted to marry him, and tumbled over one another in trying to sit next to him at table, but he never would look at them, and spent all his time in hunting and fighting and eating. But as time went on, his knights began to say that he really *must* marry; for if he died without leaving any children, the kingdom would fall to his cousin who was an Englishman and a tyrant. The King, however, would not change his mind, but said that he would never marry till he really fell in love.

One day when the King was out hunting, he came upon a town that he had never seen before, and in this town there was a house. It was not a large house, but the garden in front of it was well looked after, and the flowers grew as he had never seen flowers grow before. There were lilies and roses, roses white and roses red. Then the dog outside the door was so strong and big that the King would gladly have had him for his hunting. The King went up to the dog to pat its head, when he heard a voice singing, and singing so sweetly that he could do naught else but listen. It was the voice of a girl, and though he could not see her, he knew that she must be the most beautiful girl in all Scotland.

Then the voice stopped and the dog of his own accord pushed open the door and went in. The King watched him and almost made up his mind to follow. But "No!" he said to himself. "Perhaps the voice was the voice of a witch. I will come back again to-morrow with twenty-four of my belted knights."

Next day the King called out all his knights, and picked out twenty-four who were the best of his fighters.

"Get ready your spears," he said. "I am going this day to find a queen."

So they all began to polish their spears and got ready for a fight.

At twelve o'clock the King came out into the courtyard where they all sat ready on their chargers, but at first they could hardly see that it was the King. For he had covered over his armour with rags, just like a beggar, and his legs were all covered over with mud. The knights said nothing, but whispered to one another that the King was mad. The King however took no notice of them, but simply jumped on his horse and galloped off, leaving them to follow as best they could.

When the King came near the town where the house was, he stopped and tied his horse to a tree and walked into the town to the door of the house. He listened for a moment, and heard a voice singing, the voice that he had heard singing the day before. Then he knocked, the singing stopped, and a girl opened the door, quite simply dressed, but so beautiful that the King was full of wonder.

"Come in," she said, opening the door wide. "Come in, beggar-man, with your bonny curly hair."

So the King went in and sat down beside the fire, while the girl made him some porridge.

"It's a cold night," said the King, "and the ground is cold to sleep upon."

"I will give you a bed here," said the girl, "and it is of clean straw and hay, beggar-man, with your bonny curly hair."

She went to the barn and took the best straw and hay in her arms.

"That's the best straw and hay," said the King, "and I'm only a beggar."

"Yes," said the lass. "You're only a beggar, with your bonny curly hair." And so she made a bed for him behind the hall door.

Then when night came and the goodman came home, he wanted to turn the beggar out.

"But, no," said the King. "I must sleep here, with my bonny curly hair."

"Then sleep in the barn," said the goodman.

“No,” said the King. “But I will sleep behind the hall door, with my bonny curly hair.”

“Well, Mary,” said the goodman to his daughter, “go and bar the door.”

But before she reached the door, the King jumped before her and stopped her, and drew out his bugle and blew a blast, and in a minute his four and twenty knights galloped up to the door, to answer the call of their king. And the King threw off his beggar’s rags, and the girl saw that he was the king.

“Ah!” said Mary. “You’re the King, with your bonny curly hair.”

“Ay,” said the King. “And I’ve come here for my Queen.” So they put Mary on a horse, and went off with her to the King’s Palace, where he married her, and they lived happily ever after.

THE FLEECE OF GOLD.

A SERVIAN FAIRY TALE.

AT Kronjevatz there was once a hunter known by the name of Ivan Lazarévitch. He was the king of the mountains. Although he had only a small house surrounded by an orchard, he lived there in happiness and plenty with his wife and child. His bees gave him honey, his plum trees the best brandy in the land, and, thanks to his rifle, his table never lacked game. The rich have fields, mines, and treasures. Ianko had his in the forest. Hares, roebucks, and stags belonged to him for ten miles round, and when one wanted a beautiful bear’s skin or a handsome skin of a fox at Belgrade, Pesth, or Constantinople, they wrote to Ianko, the hunter of Kronjevatz.

Happiness is like the flower of the field, it fades in a morning. One beautiful night in autumn, Ianko was lying low in wait for his game, when he perceived in the distance a strange light. The trees of the forest grew clear one after another, as if in the light of a furnace, then they became dark again, as the light advanced al-

ways. At the same time he heard the noise of a heavy tread on the earth and the crashing of branches. To leave his refuge and to run to find out all about it, was for Ianko the work of an instant. All at once there sprang out from the wood an enormous ram, whose eyes darted flames, and whose fleece sparkled like the rays of the sun. Ianko took his carbine, but quicker than lightning the animal turned on him and threw him down.

The next day at dawn, some wood-cutters, who were on their way to their wood yard, found the poor hunter extended on the earth and already cold in death. The wood-cutters bore the body of their brave comrade into the village; he was buried, and all was finished. In the happy home which Ianko had made echo with his joyous songs, there was only heard the groans of the widow and the sobs of a child.

Glad or sorrowful, the years pass, carrying with them our sorrow or our joy. As Stoian, the son of Ianko, became a man, his first desire was the chase. He had in his veins the blood of his father, and, as a child, his greatest joy had been to touch the carbine of the hunter that hung on the wall. But the day when he asked his mother to give him this unlucky weapon and let him go into the forest, the poor woman began to weep.

“No, no, my child; on no account would I give you this weapon. I have already lost my husband. Do you wish that I should lose my son?”

Stoian was silent, and embraced his mother, but the next day he returned to the charge. He was so tender and so caressing, he promised to be so prudent, that she ended by yielding.

Early in the morning, Stoian, intoxicated with joy, hastened to the mountains. He hunted all day, and in the evening he happened to be in the very spot where his father had been found dead.

The night was dark. The young hunter was tired and fell asleep in spite of himself, when a great noise woke him. He saw the trees in the forest illumined one after another, as if by a furnace fire; he heard the tread on the earth and the crash of broken branches. Without quit-

ting his shelter, Stoian took his gun and recommended himself to God. All at once there sprang from the woods an enormous ram, with flames darting from his eyes and his fleece sparkling like the rays of the sun.

“Stoian!” he cried, “I have killed your father, and I am going to kill you.”

“Not yet,” cried the young man, “with the help of God it is I who will kill you.”

His aim was so exact, that the animal, struck between his two eyes, made one bound and fell as if by a thunderbolt.

Then appeared, all at once, at his side, a grand looking woman, with black hair and green eyes. This was Vila, the fairy of the forests.

“Stoian,” she said, “you have delivered me from an enemy; take my hand. I am your sister. When you have need of aid, call on me.”

The young hunter thanked the lady, and descended to Kronjevatz, proud and happy at the result of his hunt. Hung on the wall, the fleece of the ram illumined the whole room. All in the province came to admire it, and Stoian was proclaimed king of the mountains, as his father had been.

At this time the Turks were at war with Servia. Reschid, the pashaw of Belgrade, was an old janizary who, perhaps, had been brave in his day, but he was now only a fat, conceited old man, who spent his life in smoking, drinking, and eating. To govern a people whose language, religion, and manners he despised, he had near him a renegade who had come from no one knew where; one of those miscreants, without faith or law, who live only by theft and crime. Yacob was the name of this man, and he had a low brow, a nose crooked as the beak of an eagle, and ten fingers more crooked than his nose. Of all the words in his language, that which he knew best was the verb “to take.” He could conjugate that in all its moods and tenses. As to the verb “to give back,” he did not know it.

It is said in a common proverb, that a Turk makes more havoc than six wolves, and that a renegade, in this respect,

is worth six Turks. Yacob did not prove this proverb wrong. One day Reschid had come to hunt in the mountains, and Yacob, according to his custom, went to work to collect the tax for his profit. We will say, to do him justice, that he did give something to his master, who gave nothing to the Sultan.

On entering the house of Stoian, he was astounded at the golden fleece. His eyes shone with covetousness.

"My son," he said to the young hunter, "this is an admirable fleece. The pashaw ought to know all the beasts in his forest. Go and take him the fleece of this ram. It belongs to him."

"The fleece is mine," said Stoian. "I do not wish to give it to any one."

"Who talked of giving?" said Yacob. "With the great ones of the earth all is exchange. The pashaw, my master and yours, is too generous to rest under an obligation."

"I shall not sell it; I shall keep it," answered Stoian.

"Weigh your words, young man," said Yacob, with a frown. "Pride carries misfortune, and the pashaw has a long arm. I wish this fleece, and I will have it."

For an answer Stoian cocked his gun and showed the renegade the door.

"Don't trouble yourself, my son," said Yacob, making a rapid exit. "Perhaps you will regret not following my advice some day."

Re-entering the palace, the renegade found Reschid, who was drinking a glass of the white wine of Semendria.

"Taste this wine," he said to Yacob. "If the cadis tasted such, they would change their Koran for a bottle."

"The flavor is excellent," answered Yacob, "but it is not equal to the white wine I have drunk in Smyrna. It is true that the pashaw there owns a vine that gives grapes that cannot be equaled."

"He is very happy," said Reschid, going on with his drinking.

"What prevents your being as happy?" said Yacob. "There is in this country a certain Stoian, a sort of sorcerer, who in eight days can plant a vine and raise you

just such grapes. But perhaps he would make conditions."

"Conditions!" cried the Turk, shrugging his shoulders. "What if one should send him a janizary and declare to him that if I did not have, in eight days, a wine as beautiful as that in Smyrna, and grapes just as fine, I would have his head off, eh?"

"There is nothing to answer to such an argument," said Yacob, with a great laugh, and he added, in a low voice, "The golden fleece is mine."

When Stoian heard the sorrowful news, he began to weep.

"Alas! my mother, we are lost."

"My son," said the poor woman, "did I not say that this gun would cost you your life, as it has cost the life of your father?"

In despair the young man went out, walking without aim he cared not whither. At the foot of the mountain a young girl passed him.

"Brother," she said, "why do you weep?"

"God keep you," answered Stoian, brusquely, "you can do nothing to help me."

"How do you know?" answered she; "one finds out friends by proving them."

The hunter raised his head and recognized Vila, the fairy of the mountain. He threw himself weeping into her arms, and told her all the vileness of Yacob and the folly of the pashaw.

"Is that all?" said the fairy. "Take courage, my brother, I'll help you. Go find the pashaw and ask him where he wishes the vine planted. Tell him that it is necessary to dig the furrows. Take then a sprig of basilica, plant it in the turf, and sleep tranquilly. Before eight days you will pick ripe grapes."

Stoian did as Vila commanded. On the first day he planted a sprig of basilica; but he had not much confidence in the promises of the fairy, and he went to sleep with a full heart. Rising before the sun, he ran to the first furrow. The roots commenced to pierce the earth. The second day they had grown much more, the third the

leaves opened, the fourth the vines bloomed. On the sixth day, though it was yet spring-time, the grapes were golden. Stoian picked and pressed them, and carried to his terrible master a flask of sweet wine and a plate of ripe grapes. At view of this marvelous vintage all were astonished except the pashaw, who found the thing very natural, and did not even thank poor Stoian. Nothing is more easy, says the proverb, than to catch serpents by the hand of another.

“Eh, well,” said Reschid to Yacob, “what do you think of my power? I am not a sorcerer, I pride myself. When one has a sword in the hand one needs to know nothing and to have nothing; the gold and the wisdom of others are all yours.”

“I admire the genius of your highness,” said Yacob, with a low bow, “so I hope the work will not be left unfinished.”

“What is wanting to my vine?” demanded Reschid, with a discontented air.

“There is needed the tower of ivory which at Smyrna excites the admiration of believers and the despair of infidels.”

“Only that,” said the pashaw, laughing. “Approach, young man. If in a month I have not a tower of ivory like the one in Smyrna I will cut off your head. You have heard. Obey.”

Stoian ran to his mother in tears.

“Alas! my mother, we are lost.”

“Go, my son, run to the mountains. Perhaps you will find there our protectress and friend.”

The young man ran to the mountains and called the fairy three times. She came to him, with a smiling air; and listened to him with tenderness.

“Is that all?” she said. “Courage, my brother! Count on me. Go to the pashaw, demand of him a vessel, three hundred hogsheads of wine, two hundred measures of brandy and a dozen carpenters. Once embarked, sail straight on. When you come between two mountains, disembark, empty the tank you will see before you, and fill it up with the wine and brandy. When the elephants

come there in the evening to quench their thirst, they will drink till they fall down drunk. The carpenters will saw off their tusks, and you will soon have a full cargo. Come back to the vine with your conquest; take with you a sprig of basilica, and sleep tranquilly in your new garden. In eight days the tower will be finished."

Stoian did all as Vila commanded. The vessel stopped between the two mountains. They emptied the tank, and filled it with wine and brandy.

At the break of day the elephants came running in a troop. The first who tasted the brandy seemed astonished, but he returned to it with a certain pleasure, and each of the others did the same. Then there was a joy, a noise, a universal tumult. All the elephants were on a carouse. In defiance of all etiquette, the king of the elephants danced a dance, while the queen waltzed with a young courtier. Then the whole company fell in a heavy sleep, and the carpenters commenced their work.

On returning to his country, Stoian arranged in the garden this enormous mass of ivory. Concealed behind a wall, Yacob spied the young hunter to find out his secret. But Stoian passed the whole day in singing plaintive songs and playing on the guitar. When night cast its veil on the earth, nothing was done. Yacob retired, rubbing his hands. "He is lost," he said, "the fleece of gold is mine."

But on the morrow the tower of ivory left the ground; the second day, it had mounted to the first story. The sixth, it was finished, with its dome and minarets.

For ten miles round it was seen shining in the sun, whiter than the sea lit by a silvery moon.

At view of this marvelous edifice every one was astonished except the pashaw, who found the whole thing quite natural, and did not even thank the poor Stoian.

"Ah, well," said he to Yacob, toying with the handle of his poinard, "what do you think of my power?"

"I admire the genius of your highness," answered Yacob, bowing. "I hope the work will not be left incomplete."

“Is there anything wanting in my ivory tower?” demanded Reschid, with a discontented air.

“The Princess of India is lacking,” said Yacob. “Of what use is the tower of ivory if it does not inclose the most beautiful of creatures?”

“You are right,” answered the pashaw, “it is the bird which makes the cage valuable. Draw near, young man,” said he to Stoian. “Go search for the Princess of India. If you come back without her, I will have your head taken off. You hear me; obey!”

Stoian ran to his mother, weeping.

“Alas, my mother, we are lost! You will never see your child again.”

“Go, my son, run to the mountain. Perhaps you will find there our protectress and friend.”

The young man ran to the mountain and called the fairy three times. She came with a smiling air, and listened to him with tenderness.

“Is that all?” said she. “Have courage, my brother. I will help you. Go find the pashaw, and demand a great fleet. In the vessels establish a dozen beautiful shops, and put in them the stuffs and jewels that one sees only in the bazars of Constantinople. In these shops install, as merchants, a dozen of the handsomest young men of Servia, and dress them as princes. Then go on, and when the vessels stop between two mountains, you may land. You will be in the kingdom of India. There, take your guitar and sing, with your companions, and when the daughters of the land come to the fountain, invite them to look at the wealth of your fleet. Make them presents, and they will be charmed with your generosity. When they go back they will say, ‘There has never been seen such a beautiful fleet, more rich treasures, or more amiable merchants.’ Being a woman and a princess, the daughter of the king of India will be doubly curious. She will come to see you; amuse her all day, but as soon as night comes, lift anchor and spread sail. When the princess is on your vessel all is not done. For she can work magic and can lead you into more than one danger. But follow my counsel, and take courage.”

Saying this, the fairy approached a stream that descended the mountain side, and called a salmon that came running to her. She took off a scale, which she gave to Stoian.

“Take this charm,” she said. “If you ever have need of any service in the sea, throw this scale in the water, and call my brother, the salmon, to help you.”

Then, raising her eyes to the sky, Vila saw a falcon pursuing a dove. She whistled, and the two birds came and perched on her shoulders. From the falcon’s crest she took a feather, and one from the wing of the dove, and gave them to Stoian.

“Take these two charms,” she said. “If ever you have need of any service in the air, cast these plumes in the air, and call my brother the falcon, and my sister the dove, to help you. And now, farewell, my brother. I have exhausted for you the secrets of my art. You will not see me more.”

Stoian thanked his sister Vila, and did all as she had said. The vessels stopped between two mountains. The young girls came to the fountains, they heard the songs of Stoian, they went on board and accepted the prettiest presents without too much persuasion, and in the evening they told all the village, “There was never seen more beautiful ships, richer treasures, or more amiable merchants.”

The next day the Princess of India, with a dozen companions, came to the bank in a magnificent palanquin borne by the gentlest and most beautiful elephants. She had a little green parrakeet on her shoulder, who delighted her with its chatter. Stoian came to meet the lady and do the honors of his ship. At each booth they displayed the richest stuffs—the most rare and sparkling jewelry, rings, bracelets, necklaces, diadems. The princess and her companions were fascinated. The day passed before they could tear themselves away from all the marvels that astonished and charmed their eyes.

As soon as night fell on the sea, Stoian raised the anchor and spread the sails. At the first movement of

the vessel the princess was frightened. She sprang on the deck and took the parrakeet on her finger.

“Dear bird,” she said, “fly and tell my father they are carrying off his child.”

The parrakeet flew off, but Stoian immediately threw in the air the feather of the falcon, crying, “My brother the falcon, come help me!”

All at once a black speck appeared in the sky. This was a falcon, which cleft the air, seized the parrakeet and carried it to a rock.

The princess gave Stoian a disdainful look, and threw her ring in the sea. All at once the ship stopped as if it had touched ground. In vain the wind swept through the sails, a concealed force held the vessel fast.

Stoian threw into the water the scale of the salmon and cried.

“My brother the salmon, come and help me.”

He had not finished speaking, when they saw the surface of the water sparkle with the rich scales of an enormous salmon. Then the fish dived down and took the ring, and the vessel sped on with full sails and the most favorable winds.

Then the princess uttered a cry and ran to rejoin her companions. But the next day at dawn she came on deck and said to Stoian:

“With one word I can change this fleet to stone, and you will never see your home again. But if you will get me some of the water of immortality, I am ready to follow you! Do you see that rock below there, from whence comes a thick smoke? There is a fountain, guarded by two dragons with nostrils that send out fire. No one has evaded the vigilance of these monsters, who do not sleep day or night. If you succeed where all the world has failed, and fill this little bottle, you will have no friend or servant more devoted than I.”

For all answer Stoian seized the flask, and casting the dove’s feather to the wind, said:

“My sister the dove, come help me.”

Immediately a dove, white as snow, came and perched on Stoian’s shoulder. She took the flask in her beak, flew

high in the air, and disappeared. At the end of an hour she returned and drew it off her wing. Stoian could offer to the princess the water of immortality.

"Thanks," said the young woman, in a most tender voice. "Now you have nothing to fear from me. Speak. Where are you taking me?"

"To the pashaw, my master," answered Stoian.

"Ah!" said she, and dropping her veil over her face, she went away. During the rest of the voyage she did not speak to Stoian.

When the return of the young hunter was known, it was a great feast day at Kronjevat. From the town and the country all came to see the entrance of the Princess of India. It was a marvelous sight. First came the dozen companions, each mounted on a black horse. One of Stoian's companions led each horse by the bridle. No one had ever seen any thing more magnificent than these young men with their rich suits, their shining sword-belts, their swords in scabbards of silver, their carbines inlaid with gold. But all was forgotten when they saw Stoian and his captive. Although she was enveloped in a long veil, so that only two great black eyes could be seen, the princess eclipsed her companions as the moon surpasses the stars. Her white horse seemed happy to carry her. All the men admired her on the way, but the women looked at Stoian. Handsome, haughty and sad, he attracted all eyes.

Entering the palace, where the pashaw awaited them, the stranger raised her veil. At the view of her marvelous beauty, Reschid, forgetting his age, ran to her with tottering steps and wished to embrace her. But she repulsed him so forcibly that, if the faithful Yacob had not been there, he might have broken his nose on the ground.

"Hola!" he said, "beautiful stranger, have you made me your slave to treat me in this way?"

"You are ill-bred," said the princess, proudly. "You do not ask my name, nor that of my father. You know neither who I am, nor what I wish. Am I a dog, or a falcon, that one should seize me by force? You must

know that to possess me one must have a two-fold youth, that of the body and of the soul."

"I have a very young soul," said the pashaw. "As to the body, I only ask the best means to rejuvenate that, if but to marry you and live a long time near you. But the means!"

"I have found the means," said the princess. "See here! This flask contains the water of immortality. You must die. Once dead, I will sprinkle you with this magic water and I will make you young and handsome as at twenty years."

The pashaw made a grimace. Then looking around him he saw Stoian, and knit his brows.

"I believe," he said, "in this marvelous water; but I would not mind seeing it tried. Suppose I try it on this handsome young fellow, the sight of whom displeases me, I know not why. Come here, young man, and be rejuvenated."

"I am too young to prove the thing," said Stoian, looking at the lovely princess, "but I do not recoil from danger. Of what use is life?"

At a sign from the pashaw the deed was done. Every one uttered a cry of terror, but the princess sprinkled the marvelous water on the body. Stoian raised himself full of life and health, and so young and handsome that the old pashaw, mad with jealousy, cried out:

"Make me young, princess, and quick! don't lose a moment."

He called a janizary and gave the order. Then perceiving Yacob, who made believe he was weeping, he said:

"My poor Yacob, my faithful friend, my right arm, I cannot leave you old when I am going to become young. Are we not bound together? No, my friend, I am not selfish; I have need of you. It is necessary that we should grow young together."

At this mark of friendship Yacob grew pale as death. He tried to speak. He opened his mouth, but the signal was given, and the deed was done. But the princess did not sprinkle the marvelous water and every one

looked at each other. The Turks frowned, but the Servians drew their swords and said, "The princess is right. The punishment has fallen where it was deserved. Evil to him who does not respect a woman."

And an old Turk responded: "What is done is done, no one escapes his destiny."

Peace once more established, the princess said to Stoian:

"You see me now a widow before being married. Will you now take me back to my father?"

"Not yet," said Stoian, "it is one of the first rights of a Servian to run away with his wife, and I have a dozen friends here who are ready to do the same."

"Stoian," said the princess, smiling. "You know I don't like violence. What need is there to run away with me? It is only necessary to conduct me to your mother, and to give me a place at your fireside."

So said, so done, and on the same day there were thirteen weddings in Kronjevat.

Reschid had more than one successor, and there was more than one Yacob, for where there is a pashaw like Reschid, there will also be flatterers and traitors. But experience is of use to evil doers, and fear checks them. No one disturbed Stoian, and all respected the Princess of India.

The house this couple inhabited may yet be seen, and a stone over the gate is shown to the stranger, which is said to have been carved by Stoian himself. Upon it is a carbine crossed by a sword. Below is the word which was the joy of Stoian and the terror of the Turks—"Liberty."

THE STORY OF ARGILIUS AND THE FLAME-KING.

A SLAVONIC FAIRY TALE. BY A. R. MONTALBA.

IN a certain distant land once reigned a king and queen, who had three daughters and one son. As the king and queen were talking one day together about family matters, the king said to his consort: "Whenever our daughters happen to marry, we shall be obliged to give to each of their husbands a portion of our kingdom, which will thereby be greatly diminished; I think therefore that we can not do better than marry them all three to our son, and so the kingdom will remain entire. In another eight days, harvest will be over, and then we will celebrate the nuptials."

The son overheard this discourse, and thought within himself, "that shall never come to pass."

Now the king and queen having gone to a distant farm to superintend the reapers, some one approached the window, knocked at it, and said to the prince: "Little prince, I am come to marry your eldest sister."

The young prince replied: "Wait a moment, you shall have her directly." He called his eldest sister, and as soon as she entered the room he caught her in his arms, and threw her out of the window. She did not, however, fall to the ground, but on a golden bridge, which was very, very long, in fact it reached to the sun. Her unknown lover took her by the hand, and led her along the golden bridge to his kingdom in the center of the sun, for this unknown happened to be the Sun-king.

About noon some one else knocked at the window and said, as the former had done: "Little prince, I want to marry your second sister."

The little prince replied: "Wait a moment, you shall have her directly." He went into his second sister's apartment, lifted her up and threw her out of the window. She did not fall to the ground either, but into a chariot in the air. Four horses, which never ceased snorting

and prancing, were harnessed to it. The unknown placed himself in the chariot, and as he brandished the whip, the clouds spread themselves out so as to form a road, the rolling of the chariot wheels was like a storm, and they disappeared in an instant. The unknown was the Wind-king.

The little prince was right glad to think that he had already established two sisters, and when toward evening some one else knocked at the window, he said: "You need not speak, I know what you want;" and out he threw his youngest sister. She fell into a silvery stream. The unknown took her by the arm, and the waves bore her gently to the moon, for her lover was no other than the Moon-king. The young prince then went well pleased to bed.

When the king and queen returned the next day they were very much surprised at hearing what their son had done; but as they had now three such powerful sons-in-law, as the kings of the Sun, Wind, and Moon, they were well satisfied, and said to the young prince: "See how grand your sisters are become through their husbands. You must try also to find some powerful queen to be your wife."

The prince answered: "I have already fixed on one Kavadiska, and no other shall be my wife."

The king and queen were quite shocked at this audacious speech, and endeavored to dissuade him from the thought by all kinds of rational arguments; as, however, they in no wise succeeded, they at length said: "Well, then go forth, my son, and may Heaven guide thee in thy rash enterprise."

The old king then took two bottles from his chest and gave them to his son, with these words: "See, my son, this bottle contains the water of life, and this the water of death. If thou sprinkle a corpse with the water of life, it will be restored to life, but if thou sprinkle a living being with the water of death, it will immediately die. Take these bottles, they are my greatest treasure; perhaps they may be serviceable to thee." Now all the courtiers began to weep excessively, especially the ladies who

were all very partial to the prince. He, however, was very cheerful and full of hope, kissed the hands of his royal parents, placed the bottles about his person, that of life on the right side, and that of death on the left, girded on his sword, and departed.

He had already wandered far, when he reached a valley, which was full of slain men. The young prince took his bottle of the water of life and sprinkled some in the eyes of one of the dead, who immediately rose up, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Ha! how long I have been sleeping." The king's son asked him, "What has taken place here?" to which the dead man replied: "Yesterday we fought against Kavadiska, and she cut us all to pieces." The king's son said: "Since you were so weak as not to be able to defend yourselves against a woman, you do not deserve to live;" and then he sprinkled him with the water of death, on which the man fell down again, dead, among the other corpses.

In the next valley lay a whole army in the same condition; the prince again reanimated one of the dead, and inquired: "Did you also fight against Kavadiska?" "Yes," returned the dead. "Why did you make war upon her?" resumed the prince. "Know'st thou not," rejoined the dead, "that our king desires to marry her, but that she will have no one for her husband but him who shall conquer her? We went out against her with three armies: yesterday she destroyed one; this morning at sunrise the second; and she is at this moment fighting against the third." The prince sprinkled the speaker with the water of death, and immediately he also fell to the ground.

In the third valley, lay the third host. The reanimated warrior said: "The fight is only just now ended; Kavadiska has slain us all." "Where shall I find her?" asked the prince. "Her castle is on the other side of that mountain," replied the warrior, and sank down again as soon as the prince sprinkled him.

Argilius—so was the prince called—crossed the mountain and came to Kavadiska's castle. He entered. No one was within. In Kavadiska's chamber hung a sword,

which ceased not to spring out of its sheath and then in again. "Ho, ho, since thou art so restless," thought Argilius, "I will take possession of thee. Thou pleasest me better than my own sword, which never stirs unless I wield it." So he took off his own sword and exchanged it for the other. He had scarcely done so, when Kavadiska suddenly stood before him. "Thou darest to intrude into my castle?" exclaimed she; "draw then, thou must fight me." She snatched the sword from the wall. Argilius drew the blade for which he had just exchanged his own. They began to fight, but the first time their swords crossed, Kavadiska's broke off in the middle. Then she said joyfully: "Thou art my bridegroom!" and fell on his neck, and kissed and caressed him, and forthwith became his wife.

After they had lived some time happily together Kavadiska said one morning: "Beloved husband, I must leave thee for a short time. It is the first and last time I shall ever separate from thee. In seven times seven days I shall return, and thenceforth our life shall flow on in uninterrupted happiness. Every thing in the castle is at thy command, only do not enter the furthest room; great misfortunes may befall us if you do." Having said these words, she vanished.

The time passed very heavily for Argilius after his wife had left him; he wandered through the whole castle, till at last he came to the furthest chamber. Being young and thoughtless he opened it. He saw therein an old man, whose beard was fire; this was the Flame-king Holofernes, but Argilius did not know who he was. The old man had three iron hoops round his body, which bound him fast to the wall.

"Hail to thee, young man," said he; "see, my beard is flame; I am very hot, give me a goblet of wine." Now, as Argilius was very kindly disposed, he gave him a goblet; and as soon as he had drunk it, one of the hoops round his body gave way. He chuckled, and said: "Thou hast greatly relieved me; give me now another goblet." Argilius did so, and when the Flame-king had emptied that, another hoop gave way. He chuckled again, and

said: "Twice hast thou given me wine, now give me a goblet of water." And when Argilius had done as he was requested, the third hoop sprang off, and the Flame-king disappeared.

Kavadiska had not performed half of her journey before Holofernes stood by her side. He addressed her, and his beard waved in anger: "Thou hast rejected me for thy husband, thou hast slain three of my armies, thou hast detained me in prison; now thou art in my power; and now not my wife, but the lowest of my servants shalt thou be." Since her marriage with Argilius, Kavadiska had lost all her power, therefore her resistance was in vain. In three leaps the Flame-king had already borne her to his realm.

Seven times seven days passed, and Kavadiska did not return. Then Argilius became very uneasy, and he resolved to go and see his three brothers-in-law, and inquire if they could give him any information where Kavadiska was. He arrived first at the Sun-king's palace, who was just then coming home.

"Welcome, little brother-in-law," began he.

"Ah! dear brother-in-law," said Argilius, "I am in search of my wife Kavadiska; knowest thou not where she is? Hast thou not seen her?"

"No," rejoined the Sun-king, "I have not seen her. Perhaps she is only visible by night, and in that case thou must inquire of our brother-in-law the Moon-king."

They then took refreshments together, and sat till night came on, when Argilius went on to the Moon-king. He reached his palace just as the Moon-king was about to begin his night wandering, and Argilius having told what he wanted, the Moon-king replied—

"I have not seen her; but come, join me in my nightly pilgrimage, perhaps we shall discover her." They wandered all night, but did not get sight of her. Then said the Moon-king—

"It is now time for me to go home; but yonder comes our brother-in-law, the Wind-king; speak to him; he drives about every where, perhaps he may have seen her."

The Wind-king stood beside them, and when he heard his little brother-in-law's business, he said—

“Assuredly I know where she is. The Flame-king, Holofernes, has her imprisoned in a subterranean cavern, and she is obliged to wash all his kitchen utensils in the fiery stream, and as this makes her very hot, I often waft a cooling breeze upon her.”

“I thank thee, dear brother-in-law, for having given her some relief; pray carry me to her,” said Argilius.

“Right willingly,” rejoined the Wind-king: so he gave a great puff, and he and Argilius, together with the horse of the latter, stood the next moment in the presence of his Kavadiska. Her joy was so great that she let all the kitchen utensils fall into the fiery stream; but Argilius, without stopping to talk much, lifted her on his horse and rode off.

The Flame-king was at that time in his own apartment; he heard an extraordinary noise in the stable, and on going into it he found his horse Taigarot prancing, neighing, biting the manger, and pawing the ground. Taigarot was a very peculiar kind of horse; he understood human language, and could even speak, and he had nine feet!

“What mad tricks are you playing?” cried Holofernes; “have you not had enough hay and oats, or have they not given you drink?”

“Oats and hay I have had in plenty,” said Taigarot, “and drink, too; but they have carried off Kavadiska from you.”

The Flame-king shivered with rage.

“Be calm,” said Taigarot; “you may even eat, drink, and sleep, for in three bounds I will overtake her.”

Holofernes did as his horse bade him, and when he had sufficiently rested and refreshed himself, he mounted Taigarot, and in three bounds overtook Argilius. He tore Kavadiska from his arms and cried out, as he was springing home again—

“Because you set me at liberty, I do not kill thee this time; but if thou returnest once again, thou art lost.”

Argilius went back very melancholy to his three broth-

ers-in-law, and related what had happened. They took counsel together, and then said—

“Thou must find a horse which is still swifter of foot than Taigarot; there is, however, but one such horse existing, and he is Taigarot’s younger brother. It is true he has only four feet but still he is decidedly swifter than Taigarot.”

“Where shall I find this horse?” inquired Argilius. The brothers-in-law replied—

“The witch Iron-nose keeps the horse concealed underground; go to her, enter her service, and demand the horse in lieu of other wages.”

“Carry me thither, dear brothers-in-law,” said Argilius.

“Immediately,” said the Sun-king; “but first accept this gift from thy brothers-in-law, who love thee dearly.”

With these words he gave him a little staff, which was half gold, and half silver, and which never ceased vibrating. It was made of sunshine, moonshine, and wind.

“Whenever thou standest in need of us, stick this staff in the ground, and immediately we shall be by thy side.”

Then the Sun-king took his little brother-in-law on one of his beams, and carried him for one day; then the Moon-king did the same for a whole night, and finally the Wind-king carried him for a whole day and a whole night too, and by that time he reached the palace of the witch Iron-nose.

The palace of the witch was constructed entirely of heads; one only was wanting to complete the building; when the old woman heard a knocking at her gate, she looked out of the window, and rejoiced: “At last another!” exclaimed she, “I have waited three hundred years in vain for this head to complete my magnificent edifice: come in, my good youth!”

Argilius entered, and was a little startled when he first beheld the old woman, for she was very tall, very ugly, and her nose was of iron.

“I should like to enter your service,” were his words.

“Well,” replied she, “what wages do you ask?”

“The horse which you keep under-ground.”

“You shall have him if you serve faithfully; if you fail, however, once only, you shall be put to death.”

“Very well.”

“With me,”—these were witch Iron-nose’s last words, —“with me the year’s service consists of only three days; you may begin your service at once. You will attend to my stud in the meadow, and if in the evening a single one is missing, you die.”

She then led him to the stable. The horses were all of metal, neighed terribly, and made the most surprising leaps.

“Attend to your business,” said Iron-nose, and then locked herself in her apartment. Argilius opened the covered inclosure, threw himself on one of the metal horses and rushed out with the whole troop. They were no sooner on the meadow, when the horse on which he rode threw him into a deep morass, where he sank up to the breast. The whole troop scattered themselves here and there, when Argilius stuck the little staff his brothers-in-law had given him into the ground, and at once the sun’s rays struck with such heat on the morass, that it dried up instantly, and the metal horses began to melt, and ran terrified back to the shed. The witch was very much surprised when she saw they were all driven in again. “To-morrow you must tend my twelve coursers,” said she; “if you are not home again with the last rays of the sun, you die: they are more difficult to manage than the metal horses.”

“Do your duty,” said Argilius, “I shall do mine.”

The twelve coursers soon ran all different ways. Argilius set his staff in the ground, and a fearful storm arose. The wind blew against every horse; and let them rear and prance as they would, the wind got the better of them, and they were all obliged to return to their stable. Argilius immediately shut the stable door, and at that moment the last rays of the sun went down just as witch Iron-nose reached the stable. She was quite astonished when she saw the horses and Argilius.

“If you do your work well this night, to-morrow you shall be free. Go and milk the metal mares, and prepare

a bath of the milk, which must be ready with the first rays of the sun."

Argilius went to the metal shed, and as he had a misgiving that this would prove the hardest task of all, he was about to set his staff in the ground, when he was met by his brother-in-law the Moon-king.

"I was seeking thee," said he. "I know already what thou needest. Where my light shines, just by the metallic horses' shed, dig about three spans deep, and thou wilt find a golden bridle, which, while thou holdest in thy hand, will cause all the mares to obey thee."

Argilius did as he was desired, and all the metallic mares stood quite still and suffered themselves to be milked. In the morning the bath was ready, the smoke and steam rose up from the milk, which now boiled. Witch Iron-nose said: "Place thyself in it."

"If I stand this trial," replied Argilius, "I shall ride away immediately after; let the horse therefore be brought out for the possession of which I bargained."

The horse instantly stood by the bath. It was small, ill-looking, and dirty. As Argilius approached to enter the bath, the horse put his head into the milk, and sucked out all the fire, so that Argilius remained unhurt in it, and when he came out he was seven times handsomer than before. Witch Iron-nose was much charmed by his appearance, and thought within herself: "Now I in like manner will make myself seven times handsomer than I am, and then I will marry this youth."

She sprang into the bath. The horse, however, again put his head into the milk, and blew back into it the fire he had previously sucked out, and witch Iron-nose was immediately scalded to death.

Argilius sprang on his horse and rode away. When they had got beyond the Witch's domain, the horse said: "Wash me in this stream."

Argilius did so, and the horse became the color of gold, and to each hair hung a little golden bell. The horse at one leap cleared the sea, and carried his master to the cave of the Flame-king. Kavadiska was again

standing by the side of the fiery stream, washing the kitchen utensils.

“Come,” cried Argilius, “I will rescue thee.”

“Ah!” exclaimed she, “Holofernes will slay thee if he overtakes thee.”

Argilius had, however, already lifted her on his horse and ridden off. Taigarot again set up a wonderful noise in his stable.

“What’s the matter?” cried the Flame-king.

“Kavadiska has escaped,” replied Taigarot.

“Well, then, I will again eat, drink, and sleep; in three bounds thou wilt overtake her as before,” said Holofernes.

“Not so,” rejoined Taigarot, “mount me directly, and even then we shall not overtake them. Argilius rides my younger brother, and he is the swiftest horse in the whole world.”

Holofernes buckled on his fire-spurs, and flew after the fugitives. It is true he got sight of them, but he could not come up with them. Then the horse of Argilius turning back his head called out: “Why dost thou let those fiery spurs be stuck in thy side, brother? They will burn thy entrails, they are so long; and yet thou wilt never come up with me. It would be much better that we should both serve one master.”

Taigarot perceived this, and the next time Holofernes stuck the spurs in him, he threw the Flame-king. As they were very high up in the air (in fact, they were as high as the stars), Holofernes fell to the ground with such force that he broke his neck. As for Argilius, he brought Kavadiska back to her castle, where they again celebrated their nuptials, lived very happy; and, if they have not died since, they live there to this very day.

THE HALF-CHICK.

A SPANISH FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a handsome black Spanish hen who had a large brood of chickens. They were all fine, plump little birds except the youngest, who was quite unlike his brothers and sisters. Indeed, he was such a strange, queer-looking creature that when he first chipped his shell his mother could scarcely believe her eyes, he was so different from the twelve other fluffy, downy, soft little chicks who nestled under her wings. This one looked just as if he had been cut in two. He had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye, and he had half a head and half a beak. His mother shook her head sadly as she looked at him and said:

“My youngest born is only a half-chick. He can never grow up a tall handsome bird like his brothers. They will go out into the world and rule over poultry-yards of their own; but this poor little fellow will always have to stay at home with his mother.” And she called him Medio Pollito, which is Spanish for half-chick.

Now, though Medio Pollito was such an odd, helpless-looking little thing, his mother soon found that he was not at all willing to remain under her wing and protection. Indeed, in character he was as unlike his brothers and sisters as he was in appearance. They were good, obedient chickens, and when the old hen clucked after them they chirped and ran back to her side. But Medio Pollito had a roving spirit in spite of his one leg, and when his mother called to him to return to the coop, he pretended that he could not hear, because he had only one ear.

When she took the whole family out for a walk in the fields, Medio Pollito would hop away by himself and hide among the corn. Many an anxious minute his brothers and sisters had looking for him, while his mother ran to and fro cackling in fear and dismay.

As he grew older he became more self-willed and dis-

obedient, and his manner to his mother was often very rude and to the other chickens very disagreeable.

One day he had been out in the fields on a longer expedition than usual. On his return he strutted up to his mother with the peculiar little hop and kick which was his way of walking, and cocking his one eye at her in a very bold way he said:

“Mother, I am tired of this life in a dull farm-yard, with nothing but a dreary maize-field to look at. I’m off to Madrid to see the king.”

“To Madrid, Medio Pollito!” exclaimed his mother. “Why, you silly chick, it would be a long journey for a grown-up bird, and a poor little thing like you would be tired out before you had gone half the distance. No, no, stay at home with your mother, and some day, when you are bigger, we will go a little journey together.”

But Medio Pollito had made up his mind, and he would not listen to his mother’s advice nor to the prayers and entreaties of his brothers and sisters.

“What is the use of our all crowding each other in this little place?” he said. “When I have a fine courtyard of my own at the king’s palace, I shall perhaps ask some of you to come and pay me a short visit.”

And scarcely waiting to say good-by to his family, away he stumped down the high-road that led to Madrid.

“Be sure that you are kind and civil to every one you meet,” called his mother, running after him; but he was in such a hurry to be off that he did not wait to answer her or even to look back.

A little later in the day, as he was taking a short cut through a field, he passed a stream. Now, the stream was all choked up and overgrown with weeds and water-plants, so that its waters could not flow freely.

“Oh! Medio Pollito,” it cried as the half-chick hopped along its banks, “do come and help me by clearing away these weeds.”

“Help you, indeed!” exclaimed Medio Pollito, tossing his head and shaking the few feathers in his tail. “Do you think I have nothing to do but to waste my time on such trifles? Help yourself and don’t trouble busy

travelers. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

A little later he came to a fire that had been left by some gypsies in a wood. It was burning very low and would soon be out.

"Oh! Medio Pollito," cried the fire in a weak, wavering voice as the half-chick approached, "in a few minutes I shall go quite out unless you put some sticks and dry leaves upon me. Do help me or I shall die!"

"Help you, indeed!" answered Medio Pollito. "I have other things to do. Gather sticks for yourself and don't trouble me. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

The next morning, as he was getting near Madrid, he passed a large chestnut-tree, in whose branches the wind was caught and entangled.

"Oh, Medio Pollito," called the wind, "do hop up here and help me to get free of these branches. I cannot come away and it is so uncomfortable."

"It is your own fault for going there," answered Medio Pollito. "I can't waste all my morning stopping here to help you. Just shake yourself off, and don't hinder me, for I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito in great glee, for the towers and roofs of Madrid were now in sight. When he entered the town he saw before him a great splendid house, with soldiers standing before the gates. This he knew must be the king's palace, and he determined to hop up to the front gate and wait there until the king came out. But as he was hopping past one of the back windows the king's cook saw him.

"Here is the very thing I want," he exclaimed, "for the king has just sent a message to say that he must have chicken broth for his dinner." Opening the window he stretched out his arm, caught Medio Pollito, and popped him into the broth-pot that was standing near the fire. Oh! how wet and clammy the water felt as it went over Medio Pollito's head, making his feathers cling to him.

“Water, water!” he cried in his despair, “do have pity upon me and do not wet me like this.”

“Ah! Medio Pollito,” replied the water, “you would not help me when I was a little stream away on the fields. Now you must be punished.”

Then the fire began to burn and scald Medio Pollito, and he danced and hopped from one side of the pot to the other, trying to get away from the heat and crying out in pain:

“Fire! fire! do not scorch me like this; you can’t think how it hurts.”

“Ah! Medio Pollito,” answered the fire, “you would not help me when I was dying away in the wood. You are being punished.”

At last, just when the pain was so great that Medio Pollito thought he must die, the cook lifted up the lid of the pot to see if the broth was ready for the king’s dinner.

“Look here!” he cried in horror, “this chicken is quite useless. It is burned to a cinder. I can’t send it up to the royal table.” And opening the window he threw Medio Pollito out into the street. But the wind caught him up and whirled him through the air so quickly that Medio Pollito could scarcely breathe, and his heart beat against his side till he thought it would break.

“Oh, wind!” at last he gasped out, “if you hurry me along like this you will kill me. Do let me rest a moment, or—”

But he was so breathless that he could not finish his sentence.

“Ah! Medio Pollito,” replied the wind, “when I was caught in the branches of the chestnut-tree you would not help me. Now you are punished.” And he swirled Medio Pollito over the roofs of the houses till they reached the highest church in the town, and there he left him fastened to the top of the steeple.

And there stands Medio Pollito to this day. And if you go to Madrid and walk through the streets till you come to the highest church, you will see Medio Pollito perched on his one leg on the steeple, with his one wing

drooping at his side and gazing sadly out of his one eye over the town.

THE TROLL'S HAMMER.

A SWEDISH FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once a great famine in the country; the poor could not procure the necessaries of life, and even the rich suffered great privation. At that time a poor peasant dwelt out on the heath. One day he said to his son, that he could no longer support him, and that he must go out in the world, and provide for himself. Niels, therefore, left home and wandered forth.

Towards evening he found himself in a large forest, and climbed up into a tree, lest the wild beasts might do him harm during the night. When he had slept about an hour or perhaps more, a little man came running towards the tree. He was hunch-backed, had crooked legs, a long beard, and a red cap on his head. He was pursued by a werewolf which attacked him just under the tree in which Niels was sitting. The little man began to scream; he defended himself as well as he could, but all to no purpose, the werewolf was his master, and would have torn him in pieces, if Niels had not sprung down from the tree, and come to his assistance. As soon as the werewolf saw that he had two to contend with, he was afraid, and fled back into the forest.

The Troll then said to Niels: "Thou hast preserved my life, and done me good service; in return I will also give thee something that will be beneficial to thee. See! here is a hammer, and all the smith's work which thou doest with it, no one shall be able to equal. Continue thy way, and things will go better than thou thinkest. When the Troll had spoken these words, he sank into the ground before Niels.

The next day the boy wandered on, until he came to the neighbourhood of the royal palace, and here he engaged himself to a smith.

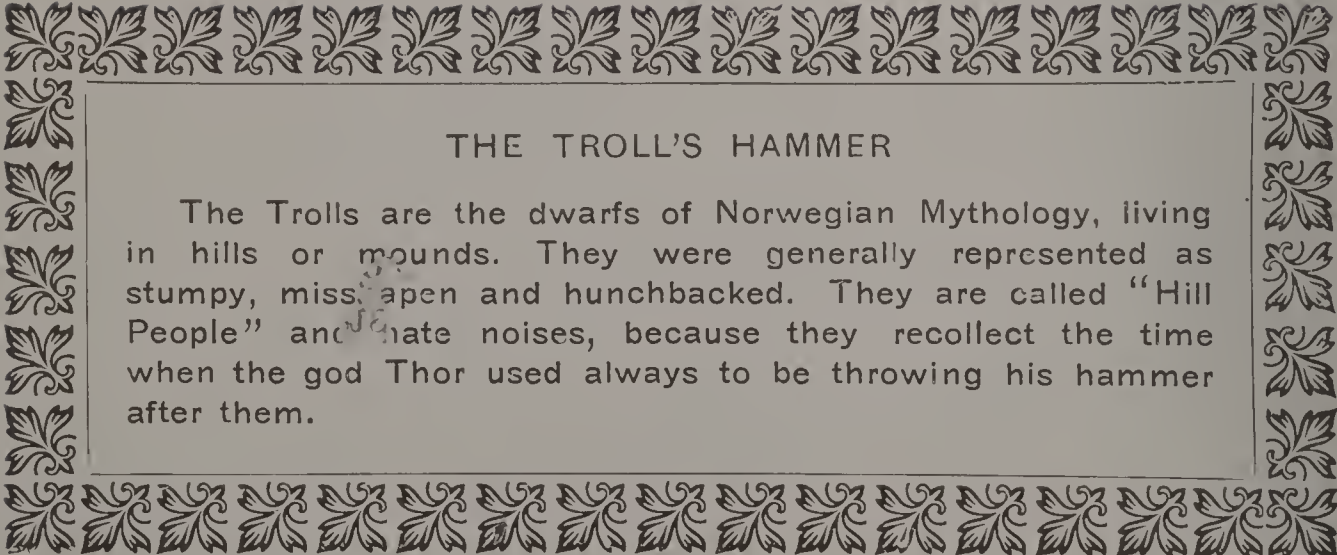
Now it happened, that a few days previously a thief

had broken into the king's treasury and stolen a large bag of money. All the smiths in the city were, therefore, sent for to the palace, and the king promised that he who could make the best and securest lock, should be appointed court locksmith, and have a considerable reward into the bargain. But the lock must be finished in eight days, and so constructed that it could not be picked by any one.

When the smith, with whom Niels lived, returned home and related this, the boy thought he should like to try whether his hammer really possessed those qualities which the Troll had said. He therefore begged his master to allow him to make a lock, and promised that it should be finished by the appointed time. Although the smith had no great opinion of the boy's ability, he allowed him to make the trial. Niels then requested to have a separate workshop, locked himself in, and began hammering the iron. One day went, and then another, and the master began to be inquisitive; but Niels let no one come in, and the smith was obliged to remain outside, and peep through the keyhole. The work, however, succeeded far better than the boy himself had expected; and, without his really knowing how it came to pass, the lock was finished on the evening of the third day.

The following morning he went down to his master and asked him for some money. "Yesterday I worked hard," said he, "and today I will make myself merry." Hereupon he went out of the city, and did not return to the workshop till late in the evening. The next day he did the same, and idled away the rest of the week. His master was, consequently, very angry, and threatened to turn him away, unless he finished his work at the appointed time. But Niels told him to be quite easy, and engaged that his lock should be the best. When the day arrived, Niels brought his work forth, and carried it up to the palace, and it appeared that his lock was so ingenious and delicately made, that it far excelled all the others. The consequence was, that Niels' master was acknowledged as the most skillful, and received the promised office and reward.





THE TROLL'S HAMMER

The Trolls are the dwarfs of Norwegian Mythology, living in hills or mounds. They were generally represented as stumpy, misshapen and hunchbacked. They are called "Hill People" and make noises, because they recollect the time when the god Thor used always to be throwing his hammer after them.

The smith was delighted, but he took good care not to confess to any one who it was that had made the curious lock. He now received one piece of work after another from the king, and let Niels do them all, and he soon became a wealthy man.

In the meantime, the report of the ingenious lock the king had made for his treasury spread from place to place. Travellers came from a great distance to see it, and it happened that a foreign king came also to the palace. When he had examined the work for a long time, he said, that the man who could make such a lock deserved to be honoured and respected. "But however good a smith he may be," added the king, "I have his master at home." He continued boasting in this manner till at length the king offered to wager with him which could execute the most skillful piece of workmanship. The smiths were sent for, and the two kings determined that each smith should make a knife. He who won was to have a considerable reward. The smith related to Niels what had passed, and desired him to try whether he could not make as good a knife as he had a lock. Niels promised that he would, although his last work had not benefited him much. The smith was in truth an avaricious man, and treated him so niggardly, that at times he had not enough to eat and drink.

It happened one day, as Niels was gone out to buy steel to make the knife, that he met a man from his own village, and, in the course of conversation, learnt from him that his father went begging from door to door, and was in great want and misery. When Niels heard this he asked his master for some money to help his father; but his master answered, that he should not have a shilling before he had made the knife. Hereupon Niels shut himself up in the workshop, worked a whole day, and, as on the former occasion, the knife was made without his knowing how it happened.

When the day arrived on which the work was to be exhibited, Niels dressed himself in his best clothes, and went with his master up to the palace, where the two kings were expecting them. The strange smith first

showed his knife. It was so beautiful, and so curiously wrought, that it was a pleasure to look at it; it was, moreover, so sharp and well tempered, that it could cut through a millstone to the very centre, as if it had been only a cheese, and that without the edge being in the least blunted. Niel's knife, on the contrary, looked very poor and common. The king already began to think he had lost his wager, and spoke harshly to the master-smith, when his boy begged leave to examine the stranger's knife a little more closely. After having looked at it for some time, he said: "This is a beautiful piece of workmanship which you have made, and shame on those who would say otherwise; but my master is, nevertheless, your superior, as you shall soon experience." Saying this, he took the stranger's knife and split it lengthwise from the point to the handle with his own knife, as easily as one splits a twig of willow. The kings could scarcely believe their eyes; and the consequence was, that the Swedish smith was declared the victor, and received a large bag of money to carry home with him.

When Niels asked for payment, his master refused to give him anything, although he well knew that the poor boy only wanted the money to help his father. Upon this Niels grew angry, went up to the king, and related the whole story to him, how it was he who had made both the lock and the knife. The master was now called, but he denied everything, and accused Niels of being an idle boy, whom he had taken into his service out of charity and compassion.

"The truth of this story we shall soon find out," said the king, who sided with the master. "Since thou sayest it is thou who hast made this wonderful knife, and thy master says it is he who has done it, I will adjudge each of you to make a sword for me within eight days. He who can make the most perfect one shall be my master-smith; but he who loses, shall forfeit his life."

Niels was well satisfied with this agreement. He went home, packed up all his things, and bade his master farewell. The smith was now in great straits, and would gladly have made all good again; but Niels appeared not

to understand him, and went his way, and engaged with another master, where he cheerfully began to work on the sword.

When the appointed day arrived, they both met at the palace, and the master produced a sword of the most elaborate workmanship that any one could wish to see, besides being inlaid with gold, and set with precious stones. The king was greatly delighted with it.

“Now, little Niels,” said he, “what dost thou say to this sword?”

“Certainly,” answered the boy, “it is not so badly made as one might expect from such a bungler.”

“Canst thou show anything like it?” asked the king.

“I believe I can,” answered Niels.

“Well, produce thy sword; where is it?” asked the king.

“I have it in my waistcoat pocket,” replied Niels.

Hereupon there was a general laugh, which was increased when they saw the boy take a little packet out of his waistcoat pocket. Niels opened the paper, in which the blade was rolled up like a watch-spring. “Here is my work,” said he, “will you just cut the thread, master?”

The smith did it willingly, and in a moment the blade straightened itself and struck him in the face.

Niels took out of his other pocket a hilt of gold, and screwed it fast to the blade; then presented the sword to the king; and all present were obliged to confess that they never before had seen such matchless workmanship.

Niels was unanimously declared the victor, and the master was obliged to acknowledge that the boy had made both the lock and the knife.

The king in his indignation would have had the master executed, if the boy had not begged for mercy on the culprit. Niels received a handsome reward from the king, and from that day all the work from the palace was intrusted to him. He took his old father to reside with him, and lived in competence and happiness till his death.

WILLIAM TELL.

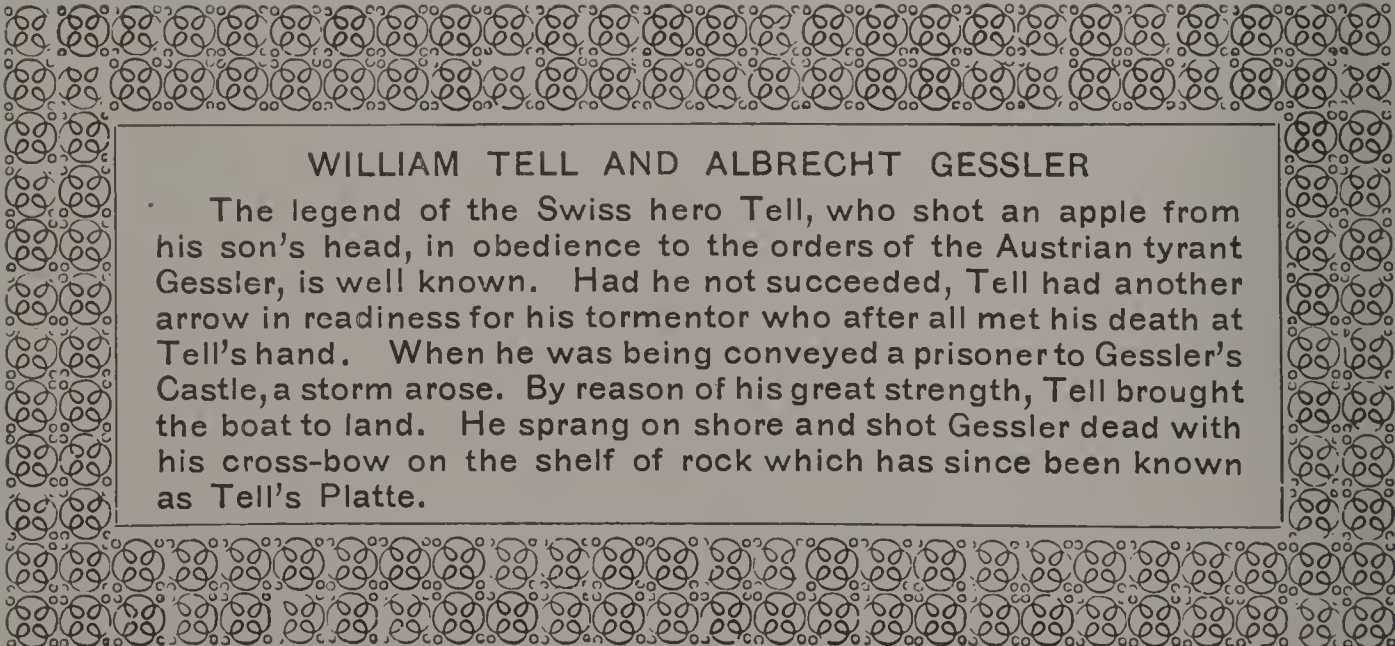
A SWISS LEGEND.

WILLIAM TELL was the boldest of the Swiss mountaineers who lived many hundred years ago. The daughter of Leuthold having been insulted by an emissary of Albrecht Gessler, the enraged father killed the ruffian and fled. William Tell carried the assassin across the lake, and greatly incensed the tyrannical governor. The people rising in rebellion, Gessler put to death Melchtal, the patriarch of the district, and, placing the ducal cap of Austria on a pole, commanded the people to bow down before it in reverence. Tell refused to do so, whereupon Gessler imposed on him the task of shooting an apple from his little boy's head. Tell succeeded in this perilous trial of skill, but, letting fall a concealed arrow, was asked with what object he had secreted it. "To kill thee, O tyrant," he replied, "if I had failed in the task imposed on me." Gessler now ordered the bold mountaineer to be put in chains and carried across the lake to Kussnacht Castle "to be devoured alive by reptiles," but being rescued by the peasantry, he shot Gessler and liberated his country.

The monument to William Tell at Altorf, by Kissling, (erected in 1892) has four reliefs on the pedestal: (1) Tell shooting the apple; (2) Tell's leap from the boat; (3) Gessler's death; and (4) Tell's death at Schachenbach.

But the same story of the shooting the apple from the boy's head is told of several other persons: for example, (1) One day King Nidung commanded Egil, the brother of Wayland Smith, to shoot an apple off the head of his son. Egil took two arrows from his quiver, the straightest and sharpest he could find. When asked by the king why he took two arrows, the god-archer replied, as the Swiss peasant to Gessler, "To shoot thee, tyrant, with the second if the first one fails." (2) Saxo Grammaticus tells nearly the same story respecting Toki, who killed Harald. (3) Reginald Scot says, "Puncher shot a pennie on his





WILLIAM TELL AND ALBRECHT GESSLER

The legend of the Swiss hero Tell, who shot an apple from his son's head, in obedience to the orders of the Austrian tyrant Gessler, is well known. Had he not succeeded, Tell had another arrow in readiness for his tormentor who after all met his death at Tell's hand. When he was being conveyed a prisoner to Gessler's Castle, a storm arose. By reason of his great strength, Tell brought the boat to land. He sprang on shore and shot Gessler dead with his cross-bow on the shelf of rock which has since been known as Tell's Platte.

son's head, and made ready another arrow to have slain the Duke Remgrave, who commanded it." (4) Similar tales are told of Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, William of Cloudeslie and Henry IV., of Olaf and Eindridi, etc.

THE PIECE OF LIVER.

A TURKISH TALE.

TRANSLATED BY R. NISBET BAIN.

[The turbaned Turks have been telling this story to their children and to each other for centuries; we do not know how long. Every reader will notice its likeness to our own "House that Jack Built" and "The Old Woman and Her Pig." Stories similar in style are found amongst nearly all the people in the world.]

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman who felt she would very much like to have a piece of liver, so she gave a girl two or three pennies, and bade her buy the liver in the market-place, wash it clean in the pond, and then bring it home. So the girl went to the market-place, bought the liver, and took it to the pond to wash it; and while she was washing it a stork popped down, snatched the liver out of her hand, and flew away with it.

Then the girl cried: "Stork, stork! give me back my liver, that I may take it to my mammy, lest my mammy beat me!"

"If thou wilt fetch me a barley-ear instead of it, I'll give thee back thy liver," said the stork.

So the girl went to the straw-stalk, and said: "Straw stalk, straw-stalk! give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back my liver, that I may give the liver to my mammy."

"If thou wilt pray Allah for rain, thou shalt have a little barley-ear," said the straw-stalk. But while she was beginning her prayer, saying: "Oh, Allah, give me rain, that I may give the rain to the straw-stalk, that the

From "Turkish Fairy Tales." Collected by Dr. Ignacs Kunos. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

straw-stalk may give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back my liver, that I may give the liver to my mammy," while she was praying thus, up came a man to her and said that without a censer no prayers could ever get to heaven, so she must go to the bazaar-keeper for a censer.

So she went to the bazaar-keeper, and cried: "Bazaar-keeper, bazaar-keeper! give me a censer, that I may burn incense before Allah, that Allah may give me rain, that I may give rain to the straw-stalk, that the straw-stalk may give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back my liver, that I may give my liver to my mammy!"

"I'll give it thee," said the bazaar-keeper, "if thou wilt bring me a boot from the cobbler."

So the girl went to the cobbler, and said to him: "Cobbler, cobbler! give me a boot, that I may give the boot to the bazaar-keeper, that the bazaar-keeper may give me a censer, that I may burn incense before Allah, that Allah may give me rain, that I may give rain to the straw-stalk, that the straw-stalk may give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back the liver, that I may give the liver to my mammy."

But the cobbler said: "If thou fetch me a hide thou shalt have a boot for it."

So the girl went to the tanner and said: "Tanner, tanner! give me a hide, that I may give the hide to the cobbler, that the cobbler may give me a boot, that I may give the boot to the bazaar-keeper, that the bazaar-keeper may give me a censer, that I may burn incense before Allah, that Allah may give me rain, that I may give the rain to the straw-stalk, that the straw-stalk may give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back my liver, that I may give the liver to my mammy."

"If thou gettest a hide from the ox, thou wilt get a hide fit for making a boot," said the tanner.

So the girl went to the ox, and said to it: "Ox, ox! give me a hide, that I may give the hide to the tanner,

that the tanner may give me boot-leather, that I may give the boot-leather to the cobbler, that the cobbler may give me a boot, that I may give the boot to the bazaar-keeper, that the bazaar-keeper may give me a censer, that I may burn incense before Allah, that Allah may give me rain, that I may give the rain to the straw-stalk, that the straw-stalk may give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back my liver, that I may give the liver to my mammy."

The ox said: "If thou get me straw I'll give thee a hide for it!"

So the girl went to the farmer, and said to him: "Farmer, farmer! give me straw, that I may give the straw to the ox, that the ox may give me a hide, that I may give the hide to the tanner, that the tanner may give me shoe-leather, that I may give the shoe-leather to the cobbler, that the cobbler may give me a shoe, that I may give the shoe to the bazaar-keeper, that the bazaar-keeper may give me a censer, that I may burn incense before Allah, that Allah may give me rain, that I may give rain to the straw-stalk, that the straw-stalk may give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back my liver, that I may give the liver to my mammy."

The farmer said to the girl: "I'll give thee the straw if thou give me a kiss."

"Well," thought the girl to herself, "a kiss is but a little matter if it free me from all this bother." So she went up to the farmer and kissed him, and the farmer gave her straw for the kiss. She took the straw to the ox, and the ox gave her a hide for the straw. She took the hide to the tanner, and the tanner gave her shoe-leather. She took the shoe-leather to the cobbler, and the cobbler gave her a shoe for it. She took the shoe to the bazaar-keeper, and the bazaar-keeper gave her a censer. She lit the censer and cried: "Oh, Allah! give me rain, that I may give the rain to the straw-stalk, that the straw-stalk may give me a barley-ear, that I may give the barley-ear to the stork, that the stork may give me back my liver, that I may give the liver to my mammy." Then

Allah gave her rain, and she gave the rain to the straw-stalk, and the straw-stalk gave her a barley-ear, and she gave the barley-ear to the stork, and the stork gave her back her liver, and she gave the liver to her mammy, and her mammy cooked the liver and ate it.

ORION AND DIANA.

(GREEK)

NEPTUNE, the god of the ocean, had a number of children, among them being a son, whose name was Orion. This son was a tall, handsome fellow, a great hunter, and possessed of the power of walking on the water, a power given to him by his father. This and his great strength made him a very skilful and clever man.

It so happened that he fell in love with a maiden named Merope, and wished to marry her. But she was not interested in him at all, and although he did everything he could think of to please her, he did not succeed. He killed all the wild beasts on the island, and brought all kinds of game to her as presents, but her father refused to give his consent to the marriage, and Orion seemed no nearer than ever. It was necessary to try some other means.

Accordingly, one night when it was very dark, Orion attempted to carry the nymph away by force. As fortune would have it, however, her father discovered him, and prevented him from stealing her away. He made him drunk, and then, when Orion was unconscious and unable to defend himself, the king put out his eyes, and threw him out on the seashore, to shift for himself.

Orion was in a pitiable state. He wandered about helplessly for a long time, until at last he heard the sound of a hammer. He followed the sound and at last it brought him to the forge of Vulcan, where one of the Cyclops was busy working under the direction of his master. Now Vulcan himself was lame, from a fall from Mount Olympus, from which he had been thrown in anger by one of the other gods; so he was full of sympathy for the un-

fortunate Orion. He chose one of his men to serve as a guide for Orion, and told him to go to the home of the sun-god, Apollo, whom he might persuade to restore his sight.

For many a weary month Orion travelled eastward, coming nearer and nearer to the palace where the sun-god made his home. Apollo was as sorry for him as Vulcan had been, and readily agreed to give back the sight of his eyes. Then he took him to the abode of the gods.

It was not long before Orion had speech with Diana, the lovely goddess of the hunt, and also queen of the moon. He pleased her by his skill in the chase, and soon she fell deeply in love with him. This was great good fortune for him, and at last they determined to be married. This, if Orion had but known it, was the worst thing he could have done, for when his friend Apollo heard of it, he was very angry indeed.

It was not strange that Apollo should dislike the intimacy between Diana and Orion, for she was his twin sister, and they were the closest of companions. In order to prevent her marriage to Orion, therefore, he did everything he could. He scolded her, he reasoned with her, he warned her, but all to no purpose. At last, one day, when he found Orion alone, wading through the water with only his head showing above its surface, he thought of a plan.

Orion was so far away that it was not possible to see clearly what he was, and Apollo called to his sister to come and try her skill with him. Both of them were excellent archers, and, pointing out the head to her, Apollo declared that she could not shoot to hit it. She replied indignantly that she was quite able to do so, and, to prove it, she launched an arrow so accurately that she killed Orion instantly. The waves rolled his body to the shore, and only then did she discover what she had done.

Great was Diana's grief when she realized that Orion was dead, and Apollo sympathized with her, though he was glad that she could no longer marry him. In order that she might never forget him, Diana set Orion among the stars in heaven, where he may still be seen, wearing

his wide girdle, his broad sword, and his club. Even the dog who followed him in the chase is there with him, Sirius, the dog-star; and placed in the sky he can still watch his mistress, the moon, as she journeys through the heavens at night, and can follow her silvery chariot as it crosses the firmament.

ODYSSEUS AND HIS WILES.

(GREEK)

ONE of the most powerful of the Greek chieftains was the king of rocky Ithaca, Odysseus, to whom the Greeks all turned in their perplexities. A short, strongly built man, he was not handsome, like Agamemnon, but whenever he spoke, men made haste to follow his advice.

At the time when the princes of Greece were come to seek the beautiful Helen in marriage, Odysseus, himself a young man, made one of them. Even then he was wiser than the rest, and he observed with anxiety the numbers of young men who were gathered together. One afternoon, when they were considering the possibilities of Helen's choice, he came to them with a suggestion.

"Friends," said he thoughtfully, "the lady cannot choose all of us, and it were pity if we should break our friendship one with the other on her account."

"What you say is true," admitted one of the suitors, "but what can we do? How should we foresee trouble as yet far off?"

"Think, friend," replied Odysseus. "Shall you rest contented if you are not chosen to wed the beautiful Helen?"

"It may be so," replied the other, "but I think he would be a fool who would grow quarrelsome over a woman."

"Mayhap you are wiser than most," laughed Odysseus, "but there are others here who would gladly seize the excuse to make war on their neighbors."

"What do you wish us to do?" asked another, speaking

for the group which had gathered about them as they talked.

“This,” said Odysseus. “Let us pledge ourselves now, before we have learned who shall be the choice of the woman, to support her husband, whoever he may be, in all his wars. Then, if a man be angered at the choice of Helen, and seek to steal her away by force, or to attack her husband’s kingdom for her sake, we will all rise up against him to conquer him. So shall Greece be saved from wars and tumult because of this woman.”

The princes listened thoughtfully, and instantly agreed. They realized that it would be good to do what he suggested, and before night came they had persuaded all the others to adopt Odysseus’ plan. On the following day all took an oath to support the husband of Helen, so soon as he should be chosen, against any man who dared to do him any harm. Not long after the choice was announced, and fell upon Menelaus. The suitors waited long enough to see the marriage performed, and then left for their different homes.

In time the proof of Odysseus’ wisdom was shown. For the Trojan prince, Paris, came one night and carried away Helen, and Menelaus called upon all his friends to help him punish the offender. Now it so happened that Odysseus himself had just married, and he was much distressed when the summons came. He told no one, and waited quietly at home, hoping that nobody would come for him.

But that was not to be his fate. One day a trusty runner arrived, bearing the news that the Greek kings were sending to bring him to join their forces in the expedition to Troy. Odysseus thought of his wife and his baby son, and more than ever he wished to stay at home. It was necessary for him to think of something to do to prevent it if he could. At last an idea occurred to him.

As soon as the news was brought to him that the ship containing Palamedes, the envoy of Menelaus, was in sight, Odysseus went out into his courtyard, and called for the keeper of the stables.

“Bring out the finest ox in the byre,” he commanded, and the wondering servant obeyed. Odysseus examined the beast all over, from the wide-spreading horns to the sleek sides, and smiled craftily.

“He will plough well,” he said, and he flung the yoke over the animal’s shoulders. “Where is the yoke-fellow for this beast?”

The servants knew the tone, and they brought out another ox, closely matching the first, and would have set him beside the other, had not Odysseus interfered.

“What!” he exclaimed, “you would not put that beast beside this? See you not that an ass is needed? Quick, lest you incur my anger!” The tone frightened the men, and they made haste to bring out an old ass, one that had seen service for many years. Odysseus looked at him thoughtfully, and nodded in approval.

“A fine team!” he said appreciatively. “I shall show you all how to plough the ground. Bring me the salt which is stored in the barn.”

The servants gasped. It was clear that their master was mad. They did not dare to disobey him, and fetched the salt as he bade them, and helped him as he fastened the beasts to the plough and turned their heads toward the seashore. The ox and the ass were not accustomed to each other, and moved slowly and haltingly forward. Odysseus appeared well pleased.

When he had reached the seashore, he began to plough industriously. Furrow after furrow of shining sand was turned over, and the salt he scattered about as he went. Those who watched him were sure that he was mad. Even Penelope, his wife, stood in the distance with white lips, and troubled eyes. In the midst of the commotion, the ship bearing Palamedes dropped anchor, and the envoy came toward Odysseus.

All watched to see what would happen. But the king of Ithaca gave no sign of recognition, and went on with his work, following the waves as they receded with the ebbing tide.

“This is very strange,” said Palamedes, as he watched. He questioned the servants closely, but they could tell

him little. "Surely this is the work of a man distraught."

Now Palamedes himself was a clever man, and presently he thought of a plan to test the madness of Odysseus. He himself went to the palace, and into the room where Penelope sat playing with her baby Telemachus. In words of grave politeness he begged her to give the child to him for a time, promising that no harm should come to him, and declaring that the mother must remain peacefully indoors. Then, having calmed her fears, he went back to the place where he had left Odysseus.

The ox and the ass were coming merrily toward him as he approached, and Palamedes smiled to himself as he watched them. Then he laid the baby down, right in the path of the plough, and stepped back to watch the result. On came Odysseus, singing a queer song to himself, and apparently interested in nothing save his strange team. But suddenly he caught sight of the child, almost under the feet of the beasts, and with a quick and skilful movement he guided the creatures past his son, so that the child was not harmed in the least. With a laugh of satisfaction Palamedes took up the baby, and gave him back into his mother's charge. He had made sure that Odysseus was not mad.

It was no longer possible for Odysseus to pretend that he was unfit to go to Troy with the Greeks, and he waited only long enough to make preparations for his journey before leaving Ithaca—for more than thirty years, as it proved.

The same quick wit that he had used in trying to avoid going to Troy made Odysseus one of the most trusted advisers of the Grecian host. There were many others, like himself, who had no wish to engage in a long and bitter war, and these Odysseus was sent to bring in. Chief among them was Achilles, a mighty hero, son of the sea-nymph Thetis, and a mortal. Thetis herself was immortal, but she knew that her son was only human, and that if he went to the siege of Troy, he would never come back. Accordingly she persuaded him to keep away from the chiefs who were preparing the expedition.

“It will only be for a short time,” she told him, as she carried him away in her chariot to the court of a friend of hers, King Lycomedes, among whose many daughters she hoped he would find safety. With much difficulty she persuaded him to put on the dress of a girl, and to take up the loom and distaff of a woman. He was sufficiently awkward, but, because he revered the goddess, his mother, he accepted the humiliation, and did as she wished.

In some way Odysseus learned of the hiding-place of Achilles, and he set himself the task of winning him back. He was clever at changing his own appearance, and he sent his servants to procure for him the dress of a peddler, and a pack full of jewels, embroideries, needles and pins, and such objects as would gladden the hearts of a household of women. Among these he put a few weapons, slender daggers, and a short spear of marvelous strength and temper. With these on his back, he made his way to the place where Achilles was living in disguise.

The young princesses were overjoyed when word was brought to them that there was a merchant at the door with goods to offer for sale, and they brought him into the chamber where they sat about weaving and spinning, and chattering softly together. Odysseus, with the cringing manner of a peddler, opened his pack, and began to show the things which he had brought, praising the girls one after the other, and glancing keenly around him in the search for Achilles.

One after one the girls took up the jewels, and tried them on, but they scarcely noticed the spear, which lay on the floor beside the peddler. At last, however, one of them spied it, picked it up, and handled it, felt its weight, and tested its edge, and laid it down, only to take up another of the weapons. Odysseus smiled to himself, for he recognized Achilles in the girl who studied the weapons so intelligently. A few swift words, and he had persuaded him to abandon his disguise; and Achilles was enlisted with the Greek armies.

As time went on, Odysseus was called upon to use all

his tact and skill in planning campaigns, and in preventing the dissensions among the leaders from imperilling the success of the cause. But it was not until his return home that his wisdom was most needed.

When the Greeks finally left Troy behind them, Odysseus and the ship-loads of men who came with them set sail with a favorable wind, and soon found themselves in sight of an island at which they stopped for water and provisions. This island belonged to Æolus, the king of the winds, who greeted Odysseus kindly, and made a great feast for him and his companions. When at last they came to depart, he presented Odysseus with a bag, tightly fastened at the mouth.

“Here,” said he, “are all the unfavorable winds, safely shut up so that they cannot trouble you on your journey. Guard them carefully, and you will have no trouble.”

Odysseus thanked him courteously, and went on board with his men. For several days they sailed, and they were almost within sight of home before he permitted himself to relax in vigilance. At last, wearied by continual care, he lay down to sleep for a little while. During that time the trouble began.

The sailors had noticed the bag containing the winds, and were certain that in it was hidden a special treasure which the king of the winds had given their master. Accordingly, they took the occasion to find out what was in it. Very carefully they opened it, when suddenly, with a great noise, the winds inside broke loose, raging and storming about the ships, and driving them in all directions save that in which they wanted to go. The tumult waked Odysseus, who was in despair when he saw what the men had done.

In the storm that followed some of the ships were lost, and Odysseus found himself as far from home as ever, with many of his sailors lost, and unknown perils before him. From most of them he could not protect himself, and his men were often disobedient, to their cost and his. One day Odysseus perceived that they were nearing the abode of the Sirens, and he set himself to think of a way to escape from them.

The Sirens were three beautiful sprites, who were accustomed to sit on the cliffs overlooking the channel. Here they sang, from morning to night, a strange, beautiful song, so exquisite that whoever heard it forgot to notice the dangers of the channel, and was dashed to death on the jagged rocks at the base of the cliff.

At last Odysseus decided what to do. He brought out some wax, and called the sailors to him one by one. Then he filled their ears, so that they could hear nothing. When the last one came, a trusted lieutenant, he explained to him what was to be done. He himself was to be bound to the mast, and fastened so firmly that he could not break loose to try to reach the Sirens, no matter how hard he might struggle. When they had passed the cliffs, so far that they could no longer hear the song, the sailors were to release their master, but not until then.

The thing occurred as Odysseus had foreseen. The sailors rowed stolidly past the Sirens, while Odysseus pulled and struggled at his bonds, but could not break them. At last the danger was over, and the faithful lieutenant released him. This was only the first of many trials which were in store for him.

Perhaps the greatest instance of the resourcefulness of Odysseus was shown in the manner in which he escaped from the cave of Polyphemus the one-eyed Cyclops. The giant had shut them all in, and closed the mouth of the cave with a stone so large that they could not move it, even with the greatest effort. They dared not kill him, lest they find themselves shut in for good. But Odysseus thought of a plan.

They had a little wine left, and this Odysseus gave to the giant, until he grew very drunken and sleepy. Then, when he was fairly asleep, with a sharpened pole Odysseus put out the single eye in the giant's head. The giant woke, and went raging about the cavern, but the men were sufficiently well hidden so that he was not able to catch them.

Now the giant's flocks were kept inside the cave at night, and it was by their help that Odysseus planned to

escape when day came. He chose the strongest of the rams, and tied a man to the belly of each one, for he had found that the giant was in the habit of sitting at the door of the cave and counting them as they went out, passing a hand over their backs to make sure that there was nobody on them. Odysseus himself, the last of the men, saved two of the strongest rams. These he fastened together, and clinging to their fleeces, was dragged out, past the giant in the doorway. In this way he effected his escape.

But the dangers of Odysseus did not end when he reached his home, for in his absence many things had occurred. A number of men, believing that he was surely dead, came to beg Penelope to choose another husband from among them; and they settled down to live at the palace until she had made her choice. They grew daily more and more insolent and overbearing, till Telemachus could endure it no longer.

At last, when Odysseus arrived, and made himself known, he and Telemachus agreed to kill all the suitors where they stood. They arranged a contest, in which the young men should try to bend the great bow which Odysseus had left behind when he went to the war. This was so stiff that only Odysseus himself could use it; and he was to take his place among them, and bend it when the time came.

Meanwhile, all the arms were carried out of the hall. The suitors tried in vain to bend the bow, until at last, Odysseus, disguised as an old beggar, lifted it and fitted the string to it. Then he began to shoot at them, and they fled for their lives, but all the doors were locked. With the help of Telemachus, all were killed, and Odysseus stood forth, the acknowledged king of Ithaca. His wiles and wisdom had saved his life and brought him home safe after ten years of fighting, and twenty years of wandering.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

(GREEK)

THERE was once a musician whose skill was so great that even the gods themselves took the greatest delight in his playing, and rejoiced whenever he was near. This was not strange, for he was the son of Apollo, god of music, as well as of the sun, and of Calliope, one of the Muses, and had been taught to play on the lyre by his father himself. So great was his skill that even the rocks and trees were moved whenever he touched the strings, and the wild beasts would not harm him, but crept out of their lairs whenever he approached.

Orpheus was married to a very beautiful woman named Eurydice, whom he loved dearly, and from whom he was never separated. Together they wandered through the forests, playing and singing, and leaving gladness wherever they had been.

One day, however, all this was changed, for Eurydice, following her husband through the wood, stepped on a poisonous adder, which drove its fangs into her foot. In vain did Orpheus apply soothing herbs, and balm to cleanse the wound; Eurydice was doomed. In a few hours she died, and was carried away to the lower world, where Pluto reigns as king with his queen Proserpina.

Orpheus was inconsolable. He drew such pitiful strains from his lyre that the forest wept with him in his grief, and it seemed almost as if he too would die, if only to rejoin his wife. At last he made up his mind to seek her in the regions of the dead, if by chance he might persuade Pluto to restore her to him.

It was a terrible journey. Down the weary road he went, crossing the river Styx in the boat which Charon poled across for him, and which creaked under the weight of a living mortal, for it had never before borne anything heavier than a shade, and coming at last to the grim three-headed dog, Cerberus, who guards the gates of the lower world. But the dog had only caresses for Orpheus, so charmed was he by the music of the lyre. Onward he went, until at last he stood before the throne of Pluto,

who gazed in surprise at a living man who so boldly entered the realm of the dead.

“What do you wish with me?” demanded Pluto, and Orpheus told how he had lost his wife, and begged that he might be permitted to take her back with him to the upper world. Then he touched his instrument, and sang of his grief in tones so melting that both the king and the queen wept to hear him. After much consideration, they granted his request.

“But,” said the king, “there is one condition which I must lay on you. Do not look back upon Eurydice until you reach the upper air, lest you lose her forever.” To this Orpheus joyfully agreed, and the happy pair set forth on their journey back to earth.

One by one the dangers were passed, and they had almost reached the sunlight when Orpheus, in a burst of longing and affection, turned to gaze upon his wife, when lo and behold, she vanished into thin air, calling mournfully her farewell as she was drawn backward by invisible hands. Then did Orpheus lament in earnest, and he tried to go back along the road he had travelled. But this time he found the gates fast closed to him, and Charon no longer could be persuaded to ferry him across the river. For seven days he lingered about, without food or drink, and at last in despair he returned to the sunlight.

Woods and forests, beasts and birds, all showed their sympathy for him, but they could not rouse him from his melancholy. He lived alone, continually mourning for Eurydice, and shunning the society of women. This angered the Thracian maidens, who were anxious to win him with their charms, and they became his enemies.

One day, as Orpheus was sitting alone beside a river, singing the story of his woe, these girls approached him, armed with spears and javelins, and determined to punish him for his neglect of them. With a cry they hurled their weapons at him, but no sooner did the steel come within reach of his music, than it dropped harmless at his feet. Again and again they tried to wound him, but in vain, until at last they raised such a shout of rage and fury that the music was drowned in their clamor and the steel

reached his breast. Then they all rushed upon him, and tore his body limb from limb, and scattered the parts on the waves of the river, where they floated down with the current, the head and the lyre still murmuring as they went.

And now Orpheus was with his beloved Eurydice at last, a shade with her, and while Jupiter set his lyre in the heavens, he wandered through the Elysian fields with his wife, content only in his possession of her, and happy in the freedom to gaze upon her to his heart's content.

ISIS AND OSIRIS.

(EGYPTIAN)

ON one occasion Isis, the queen of heaven, and her husband, Osiris, determined to do what they could to help mortals. After much thoughtful consideration, they descended from their palace in the skies, bearing gifts which they had chosen especially for the children of men. Isis carried the seeds of corn and barley and wheat, while her husband showed men the use of the tools of farming, and showed them how to harness the oxen that grazed on their fields, and train them to help in tilling the soil.

The human beings showed themselves most grateful for this service, and this encouraged Osiris to show them other aids to civilized living. He gave them laws, government, and religion, and then passed on from the Nile valley, where he had begun his work, to give equal benefit to the remoter parts of the world. Isis remained at home to govern in his absence.

Now it so happened that the brother of Osiris, Typhon, thought that while his brother was away he might take the government of the kingdom into his own hands, and accordingly he endeavored to place himself upon the throne. But always there was some faithful servant to warn Isis of the danger, and she was able to prevent him from carrying out his plan. Typhon grew more and more angry, but could do nothing. At last he learned that a day had been set for his brother's return.

Typhon set himself to think of a plan that would finally remove his brother from the kingdom. He spent many hours contriving, and at last an idea came to him. He sent for the cleverest workmen in the country, and bade them make a box for him, according to the exact measurements of Osiris. A wonderful thing it was when it was finished, for it was lined with gold, on the outside and the inside, and there were marvelous traceries of silver, and precious jewels set in its lid. Spices and perfume were placed inside it, and all that could make it goodly to behold.

As soon as the box was completed, Typhon summoned the best cooks that were to be found in all the land of Egypt, and told them to prepare a feast for the return of the king, with all the rarest and most delicate foods which they could devise, served in the most lavish manner. He proclaimed that on the day when Osiris returned from his journey he would give a great banquet in celebration, and invited all the great nobles, taking care to choose all those who were friendly to his own great ambition.

After the feast was over, the great box was brought in, and Typhon declared that it should be a gift to the man who could fit himself into it most perfectly. One by one the nobles tried it, while Osiris watched them laughingly, never for an instant suspecting that treachery was intended. At last, when all had tried and failed, he was persuaded to enter, and his frame filled it completely. At a signal, Typhon's friends pushed down the cover, and hurled the box over the parapet into the river below.

Now as soon as Isis heard of the murder of her husband, she was bitterly grieved, and she mourned greatly. Then she rose, and clothed herself in the garments of widowhood and went forth to seek for the body of Osiris.

For a long time she could find no trace of the body. The box had floated down the river, and she followed its course for days and days without success. At last she came to a city where she learned of a marvelous thing. A clump of reeds beside the river had been cut for a pillar for the palace of the king, and among them the men had dis-

covered the box which held the body of Osiris. It had caught in the reeds, and the reeds, conscious of the great treasure which they held, grew with unusual vigor, until they held the chest far above the reach of the waters.

Isis at once disguised herself as a slave, and so gained entrance to the palace of the king. As soon as she entered, she noticed the reeds, set up to form a column in one of the royal palace chambers. She threw off her disguise, and showed herself for the goddess she was, and with a touch of her wand caused the pillar to open and reveal the coffin of Osiris. Immediately she returned to her home with it, and carefully hid the body from the vengeance of Typhon.

Now the spies of Typhon were at work, and they soon discovered that the body had been found, and where it had been placed, and they went to tell their master all that they knew. Typhon was greatly enraged, and he determined to make Isis suffer still more, if that were possible. Accordingly, he went by stealth to the place where the coffin was lying, and cut the body of his brother into fourteen pieces. These he scattered broadcast, as far apart as his malice could reach. Well satisfied, he returned to the palace.

It was not long before Isis discovered this new treachery. With all kinds of lamentation she set about the search for the body so cruelly maltreated. Piece by piece she picked it up, and laid the fragments in a golden jar with sweet essences to preserve it. All over the earth she went, and at last there was but one piece lacking. This the fishes of the river had devoured, and Isis made haste to call together the cunning artificers, who made her a wooden part to replace it. Then, when this was finished, she had made a magnificent tomb, in which she placed the body, where soon the power of Osiris performed such wonders that the people came from far and near to worship at the shrine, and to tell of the wonderful devotion and self-sacrifice of the goddess, who had undertaken so much hardship to do honor to the remains of her lord.

SELF CULTURE QUESTIONS

Volume II.

MRS. W. D. McCLINTOCK,

Wife of the Dean of the University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

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78. What is taught by the story of the Rajah's Son and the Princess? (p. 237.)
79. Can you tell another story like the "Demon with the Matted Hair"? (p. 248.)
80. Do you think that Siva and Madhava deserved their good fortune? (pp. 251-260.)
81. Repeat the verses which the maiden sang to Connla. (p. 263.)
82. Where is the beautiful city at the bottom of the lake? (p. 269.)
83. Who were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos? (p. 269.)
84. Who were Prospero and Miranda? (pp. 283-296.)

85. Repeat Ariel's Song. (p. 296.)
86. How did the Monkey trick the Jelly-fish? (pp. 297-305.)
87. Do you know and can you tell any stories like the tale of "Urashima Taro"? (p. 308.)
88. What do you think of the intelligence and affection of the Good Woman in the Norwegian Fairy Tale? (pp. 317-323.)
89. Do you know any stories which are like the Roumanian Legend of "Jipi"? (p. 327.)
90. "Do good to others and they will do good to you." How many Fairy Tales do you know which teach this? (pp. 337-344.)
91. What is the chief characteristic of many of the Legends of Scandinavia and the Far North? (p. 344.)
92. Who were Loki and Siguna? (p. 351.)
93. What is the motto which was "the Terror of the Turks"? (p. 370.)
94. Where is the Medio Pollito to be seen? (p. 381.)
95. What do they call the weathercock on the church spire in Spain? (p. 386.)
96. What happened to the master Smith who took credit for his servant's work? (pp. 385-392.)
97. How did Gessler meet his death? (p. 393.)
98. Of how many different people is the story of shooting the apple from the boy's head told? (p. 392.)
99. What English story does the Turkish Tale of "The Piece of Liver" resemble? (p. 393.)
100. Repeat what the girl said to the farmer. (pp. 395-396.)



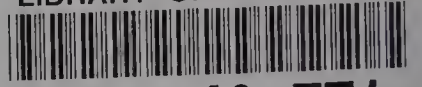
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